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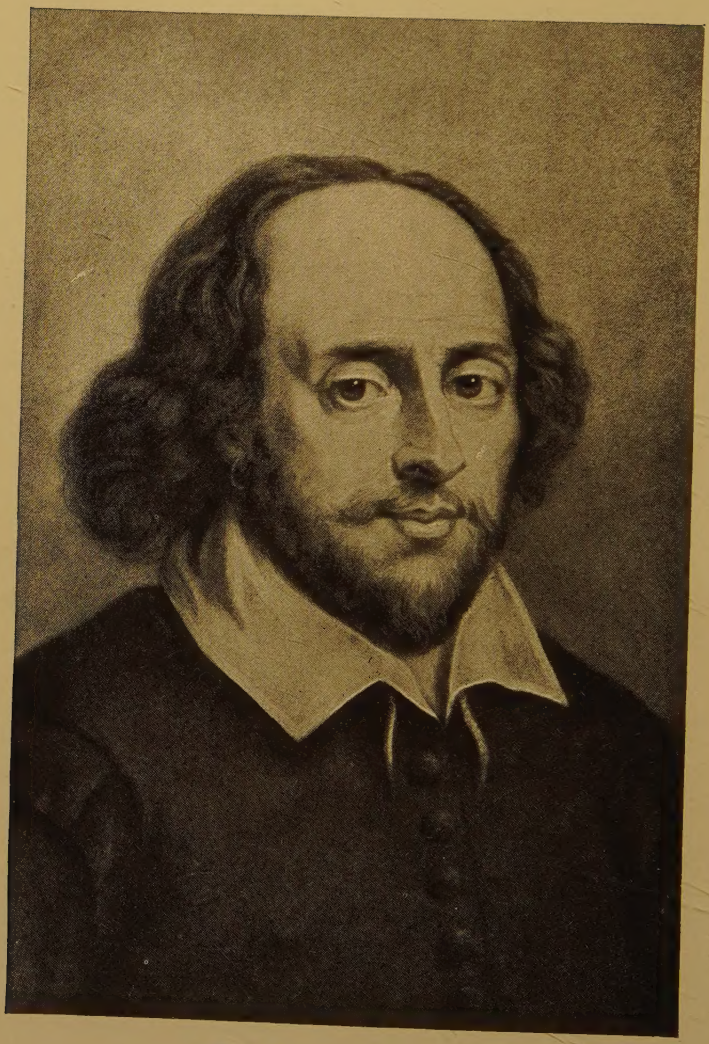

J. Wilhm Shakspere

Edition De Luxe

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME ONE

LIFE
THE TEMPEST
AS YOU LIKE IT
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

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vol.1

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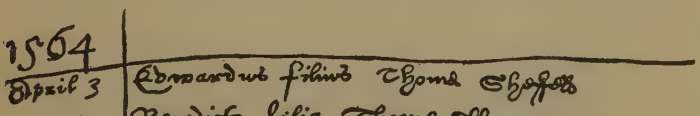
Annals of the
Life of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's Birthplace, 1769.
(*From the Gentleman's Magazine.*)

1564. In the Parish Register preserved in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, is enshrined the following brief record of Shakespeare's nativity—the entry of his baptism, which, it may be assumed, took place during the first week of the child's life:—

1564. *April 26. Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere.*

A fairly old tradition fixes April 22 or 23 as the poet's birthday; the latter date, the day of St. George, Eng-



(Facsimile of the Registry of Shakespeare's Baptism.)

land's patron saint, is fittingly associated with the birth of England's national poet.

The researches of generations of students have put us in possession of many minute facts connected with Shakespeare's family history, with the environments of his early life, and with the various elements that may have contributed to the fostering of his mighty intellect.

The "Johannes Shakespeare," William Shakespeare's father, mentioned in the entry of baptism, was a person of importance in the borough at the time of the birth of his first son and third child. The son of Richard Shakespeare, a farmer of Snitterfield, a village about three miles distant, he appears to have settled at Stratford about 1551, and to have traded in all sorts of agricultural produce and the like. The municipal books attest his growing prosperity, though the earliest notice, in April 1552, refers to a fine paid by him for having a dirt-heap before his house in Henley Street. Successively "ale-taster," town councillor, one of the four constables of the court-leet, affeeror (*i.e.* an assessor of fines for offences not expressly penalised by statute), chamberlain, he attained to the rank of alderman in 1565, head-bailiff in 1568, and chief alderman in 1571.

John Shakespeare's prosperity seems to date from the time of his marriage, in 1557, with Mary, youngest daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy farmer of Wilmcote, Aston Cantlowe, near Stratford, probably distantly connected with the ancient and distinguished Arden family of Warwickshire. Robert Arden possessed property at Snitterfield, and among his tenants there was Richard Shakespeare, John's father. Mary Arden was the youngest of seven daughters; her father, dying in 1556, left her the chief property at Wilmcote, called Ashbies, extending to fifty-four acres, together with a sum of money; she had also an interest in some property at Snitterfield; with her sister Alice she was appointed executrix of her father's will.

On September 15, 1558, their first child, Joan, was baptised in the church of Holy Trinity; the second, Margaret, on December 2, 1562; both children died in infancy.

Two or three months after the birth of their third child, William, a terrible plague ravaged Stratford.

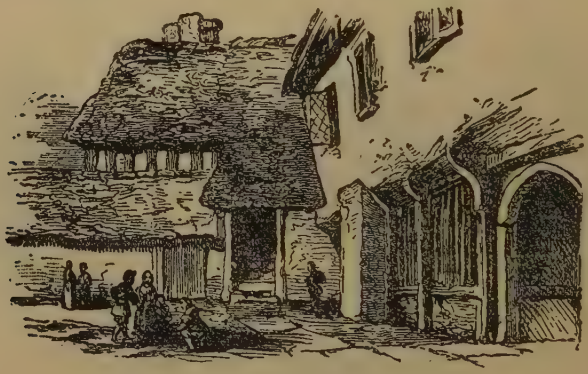
The birth-place of the poet was in one of two adjoining houses in Henley Street, possibly in the room now shown to reverent pilgrims. Of the two houses upon the

The village of Wilmecote or Wincot in 1852.

north side of the street, the one on the east was purchased by John Shakespeare in 1556, but that on the west (though there is nothing connecting it with him before 1575) has been known "from time immemorial" as "Shakespeare's Birthplace," perhaps from the circumstance of its being occupied until 1806 by descendants of the poet.

1568-9. As bailiff, John Shakespeare entertained actors at Stratford, the Queen's and Earl of Worcester's companies—evidently for the first time in the history of the town.

1571. At the age of seven, according to the custom of the time, William Shakespeare's school-life probably began: he no doubt entered the Free Grammar School at Stratford, known as "the King's New School." The teaching at the school during Shakespeare's school-course was under efficient control; Walter Roche, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, and rector of Clifford, was appointed master in 1570, and Thomas Hunt, curate (and subsequently vicar) of the neighbouring village of Luddington, held the office in 1577.



Court yard of the Grammar School, Stratford.
(*From an engraving by Fairholt.*)

1575. Queen Elizabeth visited the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth. William may have witnessed the Kenilworth festivities; in the next year two accounts were published (*cp. Preface to Midsummer Night's Dream*).

1577-8. About this time William was removed from school, owing to his father's financial difficulties. Fourteen was the usual age for boys to leave school and commence apprenticeship, if they were not preparing for a scholarly career.

The Stratford records give us the clearest evidence that John Shakespeare's prosperity had come to an end: his attendance at the council meetings became more and more irregular, and he was unable to pay, in 1578, an assessment of fourpence weekly for the relief of the poor levied on the aldermen of the borough, and in 1579 a levy for the purchase of weapons. In the former year he was forced to mortgage "the land in Wilmcote called Ashbies" for £40 to Edmund Lambert, his brother-in-law, to revert if repayment were made before Michaelmas 1580: in the latter year, their interest in the Snitterfield property was sold for £40 to Robert Webbe (Alexander Webbe was the husband of Agnes Arden, Shakespeare's aunt). Towards Michaelmas 1580 John Shakespeare sought to redeem the Wilmcote estate from Edmund Lambert, but his proposal was rejected on the plea that there were other unsecured debts.

On September 6, 1586, John Shakespeare was deprived of his position on the council, on the ground that he "doth not come to the halls when warned, nor hath not done of long time." About this time he lost an action brought against him by one John Brown, and it is reported that "*predictus Johannes Shackspere nihil habet unde distringi potest,*" *i.e.* "the aforesaid John Shakspeare has no goods on which distraint can be levied."

There were in all eight children born to John Shakespeare:—Two daughters who died in infancy; William; Gilbert, baptised October 13, 1566 (living at Stratford in 1609); Joan, baptised April 15, 1569, married William Hart of Stratford (died in 1646); Anne, baptised September 28, 1571 (died in 1579); Richard, baptised March 11, 1574 (died at Stratford in 1613); Edmund, baptised May 3, 1580 (became an actor, and died in London in December 1607).

Nothing is definitely known concerning William's occupation on his withdrawal from school. The oldest local tradition seems to point to his being apprenticed to "a

butcher,"—perhaps to his own father, who is variously described as "a dealer in wool," "a glover," "a husbandman," "a butcher," and the like.

1582. In November of this year William Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, who it would seem was the daughter (otherwise called Agnes) of Richard Hathaway, husbandman of the little village to the west of Stratford called Shottery; he had died during the year, his will, dated September 1, 1581, being proved on July 9, *i.e.* some four months before the marriage.

Anne Hathaway was twenty-seven years old, and William Shakespeare nineteen, when they became man and wife. The marriage did not take place at Stratford, but

Ann Hathaway's Cottage, 1827.

possibly at Luddington (three miles from Stratford and one from Shottery), or at Temple Grafton (about four miles from Stratford),—the registers of the old churches have disappeared. It is curious to note that in the Episcopal registers at Worcester there is a record of a license for a marriage between "Willielmum Shaxpere and An-

nam Whateley de Temple Grafton" dated 27th of November, 1582, where "Whateley" may be an error for "Hathwey," due to some exceptional accident or intended disguise; possibly (but less likely) the entry refers to some other "William Shakespeare." There is, however, preserved in the Bishop's Registry at Worcester, a bond dated November 28, 1582, "against impediments," in anticipation of the marriage of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway—"William Shagspere one thone parte, and Anne Hathwey of Stratford in the dioces of Worcester, maiden"; by this deed Fulke Sandells and John Richardson, husbandmen of Stratford (but more specifically farmers of Shottery, the former being "supervisor" of Richard Hathaway's will) bound themselves in a surety of £40 to "defend and save harmless the right reverend Father in God, John Lord Bishop of Worcester" against any complaint that might ensue from allowing the marriage between William and Anne with only once asking of the banns of matrimony. There is no reference to the bridegroom's parents; and all considerations seem to point to the conclusion that the marriage was hastened on by the friends of the bride.

1583. May 26: under this date we find the baptism of Susanna, daughter of William Shakespeare; on February 2nd, **1585,** were baptised his twin children, Hamnet and Judith, named after his Stratford friends Hamnet and Judith Sadler.

1587. On April 23rd of this year was buried Edmund Lambert, the mortgagee of Ashbies; in September a formal proposal was made that his son and heir, John, should, on cancelling the mortgage and paying £40, receive from the Shakespeares an absolute title to the estate. "'Johannes Shackespere and Maria uxor ejus, simulcum Willielmo Shackespere filio suo," were parties to this proposed arrangement, which, however, was not carried out, as we learn from a Bill of Complaint brought

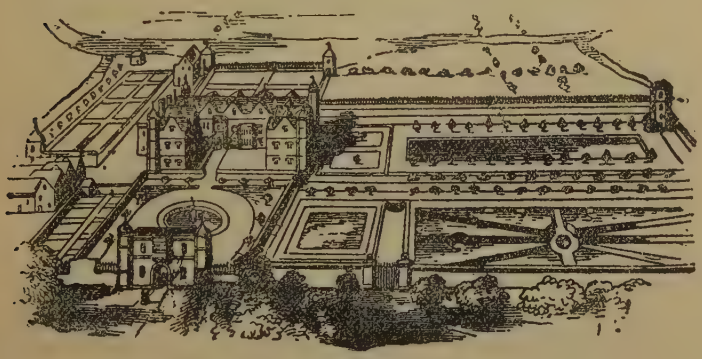
by the poet's father against John Lambert in the Court of Queen's Bench, 1589. There is no evidence that William was at Stratford at the time of the negotiations. In this same year, 1587, no less than five companies of actors visited Stratford-on-Avon, including the Queen's Players and those of Lord Essex, Leicester, and Stafford. Between the years 1576 and 1587, with the exception of the year 1578, the town was yearly visited by companies of players.

It may be inferred that these visits of the actors to Stratford stimulated Shakespeare's latent genius for the drama, and so caused him, under stress of circumstances, to seek his fortunes with the London players. According to a well-authenticated tradition, borne out by allusions in his own writings, the direct cause of his leaving Stratford was the well-known poaching incident—the deer-stealing from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy at Charlecote, about four miles from Stratford. "For this" (according to Rowe's account in 1709) "he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage be made a ballad upon him, and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire and shelter himself in London." It is just possible that the lampoon on Lucy may be more or less preserved in the following rather poor verses, recorded by Oldys, on the authority of a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford, where he died in 1703:—

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse:
If lousy is Lucy, as some volk miscall it,
Then Lucy is lousy, whatever befall it:
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass in his state

We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lousy, as some volk miscall it,
Sing lousy Lucy, whatever befall it."

It is noteworthy that Sir Thomas Lucy was a bitter persecutor of those who secretly favoured the old Faith, and acted as Chief Commissioner for the County of Warwick, "touching all such persons as either have been presented, or have been otherwise found out to be Jesuits, seminary priests, fugitives, or recusants . . . or vehemently suspected of such." In the second return, dated 1592, John Shakespeare's name is included among nine who "it is said come not to church for fear of proc-



A bird's-eye view of Charlecote in 1722.

ess of debt," but he was possibly under suspicion for some worse fault.

We have no separate information concerning Shakespeare between 1587 and 1592, and we cannot fix with absolute certainty the date of his leaving Stratford; but in all probability it may safely be assigned to 1585-7. He may have been in London at the time of the national mourning for Sir Philip Sidney at the end of 1586, and may even have seen the famous funeral procession. It

should, however, be noted that, so far as the stage was concerned, there was no employment in town for Shakespeare during 1586, when the theatres were closed owing to the prevalence of the plague.

The traditional accounts of his first connection with the theatres are evidently fairly authentic:—In "Aubrey's Lives of Eminent Men" (*c.* 1680) it is stated that "this Wm. being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London I guesse about 18, and was an actor at one of the play-houses and did act exceedingly well." The old parish clerk of Stratford narrated in 1693, being about eighty years old at the time, that "this Shakespeare was formerly in this town apprentice to a butcher, but that he ran from his master to London, and there was received into the play-house as a serviture, and by this means had an opportunity to be what he afterwards proved." Rowe's account (1709) is even more likely:—"He was received into the company then in being, at first, in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer."

In 1753 the compiler of the "Lives of the Poets" states that Shakespeare's "first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance." Rowe does not mention this tradition, though he is said to have received it from Betterton, who heard it from D'Avenant. Dr. Johnson elaborated the story, adding, we know not on what authority, that "he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present

themselves: 'I am Shakespeare's boy, sir.' In time Shakespeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's boys." According to another tradition, recorded by Malone (1780), "his first office in the theatre was that of prompter's attendant."

It is assumed that soon after his arrival in London Shakespeare became connected with one of the two London theatres, viz. "The Theatre," in Shoreditch, built by James Burbage, father of the great actor Richard Burbage, in 1576; or "The Curtain," in Moorfields—the second play-house, built about the same time (the name survives in Curtain Road, Shoreditch: both play-houses were built on sites outside the civic jurisdiction, the City Fathers having no sympathy with stage-plays. In all probability the former was the scene of Shakespeare's earliest activity, in whatever capacity it may have been. Shakespeare may have belonged, from the first, to Lord Leicester's Company, of which we know he soon became an important member, and with which, under various patrons, his dramatic career was to be associated. It is noteworthy that in 1587 the Earl of Leicester's men visited Stratford-on-Avon. In this same year, 1587, when the Admiral's men re-opened after the plague Marlowe's *Tamberlaine* was among the plays produced by them.

1588. In September of this year the Earl of Leicester died, and his company of actors found a new patron in Ferdinando, Lord Strange, who became Earl of Derby on September 25, 1592.

1589. On August 23, Greene's novel "*Menaphon*" was entered on the Stationers' Registers, and was soon issued, with a preface by the satirist Tom Nash, containing a reference to "a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none to leave the trade of *Noverint* (*i.e.* scrivener) whereto they were born,

and busy themselves with the endeavours of art that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse, if they should have need: yet English *Seneca*, read by candle light, yields many good sentences, *Blood in a Beggar*, and so forth; if you intreat him fair in a frostie morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls of tragical speeches, &c." This is the best evidence we have for the existence of a lost play on "Hamlet" at this early date: its author was almost certainly Thomas Kyd (born 1558, died 1594), famous as the author of "*The Spanish Tragedy*." In *Menaphon* Greene indulges in his sarcastic references to Marlowe, which are also found in his *Perimedes the Blacksmith* (1588). Peele, on the other hand, was held up, in Nash's *Preface*, as *primus verborum artifex*. It is clear that at this time Greene regarded Marlowe and Kyd as dangerous rivals; Shakespeare was not yet an object of fear. Greene was chief writer for the Queen's men, Marlowe and Kyd for Lord Pembroke's, Peele was joining Greene's company, leaving the Admiral's.

1591. In this year Florio, subsequently the translator of Montaigne's *Essays*, published *Second Fruites*—a book of Italian-English dialogues. A sonnet entitled *Phaeton to his friend Florio* may possibly have been written by Shakespeare; but there is no direct evidence.

In this year the Queen's players made their last appearance at Court; Lord Strange's men made the first of their many appearances at Court.

"*The Troublesome Raigne of King John*," the original of *King John*, was published this year; it was reissued in 1611 as written by "W. Sh.," and in 1622 as by "W. Shakespeare."

1592. On February 19, Lord Strange's men opened the Rose Theatre on Bankside, erected by Philip Henslowe, theatrical speculator. It would appear that they had generally acted at the Cross Keys, an inn-yard

in Bishopsgate Street. They played at the Rose from February to June. At this time we find the great actor Edward Alleyn, Henslowe's son-in-law, at the head of Lord Strange's men, but he was really the Lord Admiral's man: there was evidently a short-lived combination of the two companies: but they soon dissolved partnership.

On March 3, 1592, *Henry VI.* was acted at the Rose Theatre by Lord Strange's men: it was in all probability 1 *Henry VI.*, and was soon after referred to by Nash in his *Pierce Penniless* (licensed August 8):—"How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to think that after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times), who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding" (*cp.* iv. 6, 7).

With a short break the theatres were closed on account of the plague until after Christmas 1593. The company meanwhile travelled, and we have notices of their visits to Bristol and Shrewsbury during that year: similar notices of travel are extant for subsequent years.

In this same year, 1592, on September 4, died Robert Greene; on the 20th of the month his *Groatsworth of Wit* was published, edited by Chettle. In this work there is an address to his "quondam acquaintance that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise and wisdome to prevent his extremities." Marlowe, Nash, and Peele, are probably the scholar-playwrights warned by Greene no longer to trust the players. "Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned: for unto none of you, like me, sought those burrs to cleave—those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouth, those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they have all been beholding: is it not like that you, to whom they have all been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at

once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes fac-totum*, is in his own conceit the only shake-scene in a country. O that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses: and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. . . . Yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters! for it is a pity men of such rare wits should be subject to such rude grooms."

The original of the travestied line is to be found in 3 *Henry VI.*, "*O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide*" (*cp. Preface*), and there can be no doubt that here we have the first direct evidence of Shakespeare's growing pre-eminence as an actor and as a playwright.

In the month of December, following the publication of Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* we have even more important evidence of Shakespeare's recognised pre-eminence as a man of character. In his "*Kind Hartes Dreame*" Chettle, the publisher of the attack, penned the following apology:—"I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his (*i.e.* Shakespeare's) demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes, besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art."

Shakespeare probably referred to Greene's death soon afterwards:—

> "The thrice-three Muses, mourning for the death
> Of Learning, late deceased in beggary."[1]

1593. In this year was published "*Venus & Adonis*," dedicated by the poet to Henry Wriothesley,

[1] *Midsummer Night's Dream* (*cp. Preface*).

third Earl of Southampton as "the first heir of my invention" (*cf. Preface*). It is significant that the printer of the book was Richard Field, Shakespeare's fellow countryman. The title-page bore a quotation in Latin from Ovid's "*Amores*":—

> "*Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo*
> *Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*"[2]

(Seven editions from 1593-1602, *cp. Preface.*)

Under date "1 of June, 1593," the burial register of the parish church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, contains the following entry:—"Christopher Marlow, slain by Francis Archer," whom we know from another source to have been "a servingman, a rival of his in his lewd love." Shakespeare subsequently referred to Marlowe in the famous lines:—

> "Dead Shepherd! now I find thy saw of might,
> 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight.'"[1]

1594. At the beginning of the year "*Titus Andronicus*," described as a "new play," was acted by the Earl of Sussex's men.

Lord Derby died on April 16, and was succeeded as licenser and patron by Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain (he died in 1596, and was succeeded by his son, who became Lord Chamberlain in 1597). Shakespeare's company performed for a short time at the new theatre at Newington Butts, and subsequently between 1598 and 1599 at "The Curtain" and "The Theatre."

Roderigo Lopez, the Queen's Jewish physician, was hanged in June (*cf. Preface, Merchant of Venice*): Henslowe produced at the Rose on August 25 "the Venesyon

[2] "*Let base conceited wits admire vile things,*
Fair Phœbus lead me to the muses springs!"
[1] *cp. As You Like It*, III. v. 81.

Comedy" (probably an early version of "*The Merchant of Venice*")

In December of this year Shakespeare performed before the Queen at Greenwich Palace; he is named in the manuscript accounts of the Treasurer of the chamber:—"William Kempe, William Shakespeare and Richard Burbage"; they acted two comedies or "interludes."

On December 28, when he was thus engaged at Greenwich, "*The Comedy of Errors*" was played in the hall of Gray's Inn. There was considerable confusion brought about by the students of the Inner Temple: "and after such sports, a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus his Menechmus, was played by the players; so that night was begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors, whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors."

In this year "*The Taming of a Shrew*"—the original of Shakespeare's "*The Taming of the Shrew*"—was printed for the first time; and "*The first part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster*" (*cp. 2 Henry VI.*), was surreptitiously published.

Shakespeare's second volume of verse, "*Lucrece*," was published this year, printed by Richard Field, and dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. (Five editions, 1594-1616; *cp. Preface.*)

Soon after the publication of "*Lucrece*," "*Willobie his Avisa*" appeared, with a laudatory address referring to Shakespeare by name: "*And Shake-speare paints poor Lucrece' rape*" (the poem, re-published in 1596, 1605, 1609, is of interest in connection with the "*Sonnets*," *cp. Preface*).

A similar reference is perhaps found in "*Epicedium, a funeral song, upon the vertuous life and godly death of the right worshipful the lady Helen Branch*":—

> "You that have writ of chaste Lucretia
> Whose death was witness of her spotless life."

Michael Drayton, in the same year, referred to the poem in his "*Legend of Mathilda the Chaste*":—

> "Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,
> Lately reviv'd to live another age;" etc.

(found also in the 1596 edition, but expunged in later copies), while the pious poet Robert Southwell, executed Feb. 20, 1594-5, in his "*St. Peters Complaint, with other poems,*" alluded to "*Venus and Adonis*":—

> "Still finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose,
> In paynim toys the sweetest veins are spent,
> To christian works few have their talents lent."

In this year Spenser possibly referred to our poet in "*Colin Clout's Come Home Again*" as "Aetion," *i.e.* Eaglet:—

> "And there, though last not least is Aetion;
> A gentler shepherd may no where be found
> Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
> Doth like herself heroically sound."

1595. In a curious volume "*Polimanteia,*" published at Cambridge, there is a marginal reference to "*All praise worthy Lucretia | Sweet Shakespeare | Wanton Adonis.*"

A more valuable contemporary allusion is John Weever's sonnet "*ad Gulielmum Shakespeare,*" possibly belonging to the year 1595-6, though first printed in 1599 in "*Epigrams in the oldest cut, and newest fashion. A twice seven hours (in so many weeks) study. No longer (like the fashion) not unlike to continue*":—

> "Honey-tongued *Shakespeare,* when I saw thine issue,
> I swore Apollo got them and none other,
> Their rosy-tainted features clothed in tissue,
> Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother:
> Rose-cheek'd *Adonis* with his amber tresses,
> Fair fire-hot *Venus* charming him to love her,
> Chaste *Lucretia* virgin like her dresses,
> Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her:

Romeo, Richard: more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues, and power-attractive beauty,
Say they are saints, although that saints they shew not,
For thousands vow to them subjective duty:
They burn in love: thy children, Shakespeare, het[1] them:
Go, woo thy muse: more nymphish brood beget them."

Weever, like the author of the previous work, was "a Cambridge man"—"one weaver fellow . . . els could he never have had such a quick sight into my virtues."

Another reference belonging to 1595 is in Thomas Edwards' *L'Envoy* to "*Cephalus and Procris*":—

"*Adon* deftly masking thro'
Stately troops rich conceited,
Shew'd he well deserved too
Love's delight on him to gaze:
And had not Love herself entreated,
Other nymphs had sent him bays."

About this time Richard Carew wrote: "Will you read *Virgil*? Take the Earl of Surrey. *Catullus*? Shakespeare, and Marlow's fragment."

"*The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York, and the death of good King Henry the Sixth, as it was sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants*" (*cp.* 3 *Henry VI.*) issued from the press during the year.

On Dec. 1, "*Edward III.*," the pseudo-Shakespeare play (with its "*lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds*," *cp. Sonnets*, xciv) was licensed and was published the following year.

1596. August 11. Hamnet, the poet's only son, was buried in the parish church of Stratford. We may assume, but there is no evidence, that Shakespeare was present.

In this year, John Shakespeare—probably in accordance with the wishes of his son—made application to the

[1] *i.e.* heated.

College of Heralds for a coat-of-arms, stating that he had already, in 1568, applied to the College, and obtained a pattern. Two copies of the draft of the grant proposed to be conferred on John Shakespeare, in reply to his application, in the year 1596, are preserved at the College of Arms. In the margin are the arms and crest, with the motto "*Non sanz droict.*" After a preamble it is stated that being by "credible report informed that John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon in the county of Warwick, whose parents and late antecessors were for their valiant and faithful service advanced and rewarded by the most prudent prince King Henry the Seventh of famous memorie, sithence which time they have continued at those parts in good reputation and credit; and that the said John having married Mary, daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, in the said county, gent.[2] In consideration whereof, and for the encouragement of his posterity to whom these achievements might descend by the ancient custom and laws of arms, I have therefore assigned, granted, and by these presents confirmed this shield or coat of arms, *viz.*, gold, on a bend sable, a spear of the first, the point steeled, proper, and for his crest or cognisance a falcon, his wings displayed argent, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear gold steeled as aforesaid, set upon a helmet with mantles and tassles as hath been accustomed and more plainly appeareth depicted on this margent."

The draft was not executed this year.

At the end of the year James Burbage purchased from Sir William More a large portion of a house in the Blackfriars, formerly belonging to Sir Thomas Cawarden, Master of the Revels, and afterwards converted it into a theatre: it was subsequently leased by his sons, Richard and Cuthbert, to Henry Evans for the performances of the "Children of the Chapel" (*cp.* 1610).

At this time Shakespeare was probably lodging near

[1] "grandfather," in second draft. [2] "esquire" in second draft.

"The Bear-Garden in Southwark," and possibly soon after in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. The name is found in a list of residents there in 1598, but there is no definite evidence of identity.

1597. Henry Brooke succeeded to the title as eighth Lord Cobham; the family claimed descent from Sir John Oldcastle, the Lollard chief. Probably owing to Lord Cobham's objections, the character "Oldcastle" was at this time changed to "Falstaff."

On May 4, Shakespeare purchased (for sixty pounds) New Place, a mansion with about an acre of land in the centre of Stratford-on-Avon (the final legal transfer being made five years later); many years passed before he himself settled there; meanwhile he let the house or part of it, and generally improved the property.

In this year another effort was made to get back the mortgaged estate of Ashbies, but without success.

The first Quarto imperfect copy of "*Romeo and Juliet*" was surreptitiously published (*cp. Preface*).

"*Richard II.*" and "*Richard III.*" were published anonymously; the Deposition Scene was omitted from the previous play (*cp. Preface*), and so, too, in the next edition, published in the following year. The 3rd and 4th editions, 1608 and 1615, supply the omissions. "*Richard III.*" was re-published in 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612.

1598. This year was published Francis Meres' "*Palladis Tamia: Wit's Treasury, being the second part of Wit's Commonwealth*," containing the most important reference to Shakespeare's achievements up to that date:—

"As the soul of *Euphorbus* was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued *Shakespeare*, witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred sonnets among his private friends, &c.

As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Com-

edy and Tragedy among the Latins, so *Shakespeare* among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour's Lost*, his *Love's Labour's Won*, his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for *Tragedy*, his *Richard the II.*, *Richard the III.*, *Henry the IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speak with *Plautus'* tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English.

As *Ovid* saith of his work:—

> *Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
> *Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolore vetustas.*

And as *Horace* saith of his:—*Exegi monumentum ære perennius; Regalique, situ pyramidum altius; Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens possit diruere; aut innumerabiles annorum series, &c.*, so say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's and Warner's works."

[It is significant that Meres omits *Henry VI.* from his list of plays, but includes *Titus Andronicus.*]

The following is the approximate chronological order of plays mentioned by Meres (*cp. Prefaces* to individual plays):—*Love's Labour's Lost* (*c.* 1591), *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (*c.* 1591), *Comedy of Errors* (1592), *Romeo and Juliet* (1592-6, subsequently revised), *Richard II.* (1593), *Richard III.* (1593), *Titus Andronicus* (1594),[1] *Merchant of Venice* (1594, subsequently revised), *King John* (1594), *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (*c.* 1593-5, perhaps subsequently revised), the earlier

[1] The close connexion between the date of *Titus* and Peele's *Honour of the Garter*, to which Mr. Charles Crawford has recently called attention, inclines me to place the play after June, 1593. I do not accept Mr. Crawford's general conclusions (*cp. Jahrbuch der d. Shak. Gesell. xxxvi.*).

draft of *All's Well that Ends Well* (*i.e. Love's Labour Won*) (*before* 1595), *Henry IV.* (1597).

In this same year we have "*A Remembrance of some English Poets,*" probably by Richard Barnfield. Spenser is praised for his *Fairy Queen*, Daniel for his *Rosamond* and that "rare work" *The White Rose and the Red*, Drayton for his well-written "*Tragedies and sweet epistles*":—

> "And *Shakespeare* thou, whose honey-flowing vein
> (Pleasing the world) thy praises doth obtain:
> Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece*, sweet and chaste,
> Thy name in Fame's immortal Book hath placed.
> Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever,
> Well may the body die, but Fame dies never."

According to a tradition preserved by Rowe "Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of *Henry IV.* that she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love"; and another tradition (*cp.* Dennis' dedication to *The Comical Gallant*, 1702) states that it was finished in fourteen days. (*Cp. Epilogue, 2 Henry IV.*) The play of *The Merry Wives* may therefore safely be dated 1597. Justice Shallow with his "dozen white luces" was intended to suggest Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote.

Bust of Sir Thomas Lucy. From the monument in Charlecote Church.

The only other of Shakespeare's plays already written by the date of Meres' *Palladis Tamia* was probably *The Taming of the Shrew*, remarkable for the many allusions to Stratford and the neighbourhood in the Inductions [1] (*cp. Preface*).

[1] *e.g.* "Old Sly of Burton Heath" (=Barton-on-the-Heath); Marian Hacket of Wincot; "Old John Naps of Greece" (= Greet, in Gloucestershire); similarly in *2 Henry IV.* "William

The following allusion to Shakespeare appeared in John Marston's "*Scourge of Villainie*," published this year:—

"*Luscus*, what 's played to-day? Faith, now I know,
I set thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow
Nought but pure *Juliet* and *Romeo*.
Say, who acts best? Drusus or Roscio?
Now I have him, that ne'er of ought did speak
But when of plays or players he did treat.
'Hath made a common-place book out of plays,
And speaks in print: at least whate'er he says,
Is warranted by Curtain[1] plaudeties.
If e'er you heard him courting *Lesbia's* eyes;
Say, courteous sir, speaks he not movingly,
From out some new pathetic tragedy?
He writes, he rails, he jests, he courts what not,
And all from out his huge long-scraped stock
Of well-penned plays."

Soon after the publication of Marston's "*Scourge of Villainie*," the author of "*The Return from Parnassus*" (probably John Day)[2] was at work on the second of his three plays, which was probably acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, at Christmas, 1599. The following extracts suggest the character of Luscus:—

Bas-relief in plaster, formerly in Shakespeare's birth-place. It represents David and Goliath, and formerly bore the date 1606.

Visor of Woncot" (= Woodmancote) and "Clement Perks of the Hill" (= Stinchcombe Hill) are specific references to persons and places in Gloucestershire; so, too, "Will Squele, a Cotswold man."

[1] Perhaps a quibbling allusion to the "Curtain" theatre.

[2] *v.* "*Return from Parnassus*," edited by the present writer.

"*Gullio.* Pardon, fair lady, though sick-thoughted Gullio makes amain unto thee, and like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo thee.[1]

Ingenioso. (We shall have nothing but pure Shakespeare and shreds of poetry that he hath gathered at the theatres.)

Gullio. Pardon me, moi mistressa, as I am a gentleman, the moon, in comparison of thy bright hue's a mere slut, Anthonio's Cleopatra a black-brow'd milkmaid, Helen a dowdy.

Ingenioso. (Mark, Romeo and Juliet![2] O monstrous theft! I think he will run through a whole book of Samuel Daniels!)[3]

Gullio. Thrice fairer than myself—thus I began—"[4]

* * * * *

"O sweet Mr. Shakespeare! I'll have his picture in my study at the court."

* * * * *

"Let the duncified age esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, I'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honour him will lay his Venus and Adonis under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king) slept with Homer under his bed's head."

The revised *Love's Labour's Lost* was published this year, with Shakespeare's name for the first time on the title-page of a play.

[1] *cp.* "Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him."
Venus and Adonis, st. i.

[2] *cp. Romeo and Juliet, II. iv.*

[3] Evidently Daniel's debt to Shakespeare was recognised (*cp.* Preface. *Richard II.*)

[4] *cp. Venus and Adonis, st. ii.*

A

PLEASANT

Conceited Comedie

CALLED,

Loues labors loſt.

As it vvas preſented before her Highnes this laſt Chriſtmas.

Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakeſpere.

Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
for *Cuthert Burby.*
1598.

Robert Tofte's "*The Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover*" appeared this year, with important allusions to this play:—

> "Love's Labour Lost, I once did see a play
> Y-cleped so, so called to my pain," etc.

(*cp. Preface to Love's Labour's Lost*).

The First Part of Henry IV. was issued this year (and a revised edition, "newly corrected," the following year, and again in 1604, 1608, 1615).

Shakespeare acted in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, produced in September by the Lord Chamberlain's Company. According to a tradition recorded by Rowe, Shakespeare was answerable for the acceptance of the piece. His name is placed first in the list of original performers of the play.

Some interesting correspondence directly mentioning Shakespeare belongs to this year:—(i.) from Abraham Sturley, formerly bailiff, to his brother or brother-in-law in London, containing these words—"This is one special remembrance from our father's motion. It seemeth by him that our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare, is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yardland or other at Shottery, or near about us: he thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instruction you can give him thereof, and by the friends he can make therefore, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and would do us much good"; (ii.) from the same writer to Richard Quiney (father of Thomas Quiney, afterwards Shakespeare's son-in-law), at the time (November 4) staying in London, negotiating local affairs, probably seeking to obtain relief for Stratford from some tax. Sturley writes that Quiney's letter of October 25 had stated "that our countryman Mr. Wm. Shak. would procure us money," "which I like," he continues, "as I shall hear when, and where, and how; and I pray let not go that occasion if it may sort to any indifferent conditions"; (iii.) on the very day when Quiney had written the letter which called forth this reply from

Sturley, he had also addressed a communication "to my loving good friend and countryman Mr. Wm. Shakespeare"—the only letter addressed to Shakespeare which is known to exist:—

Facsimile of a letter from Richard Quiney to Shakespeare, soliciting a loan, 1598.

"Loveinge countrymán, I am bolde of yow as of a ffrende, craveinge yowr helpe with xxx£. Uppon Mr. Bushells and my securytee, or Mr. Myttons with me. Mr. Rosswell is nott come to London as yeate, and I have especiall cawse. Yow shall ffrende me muche in helpeing me out of all debettes I owe in London, I thancke God, and much quiet my mynde, which wolde not be indebted. I am nowe towardes the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my buysenes. Yow shall nether loase creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge; and nowe butt perswade yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare, butt, with all heartie thanckfullenes, I wyll holde my tyme, and content yowr ffrende, and yf we bargaine farther, yow shal be the paie-master yowrselfe. My tyme biddes me hestene to an ende, and soe I commit thys [to] yowr care and hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe thys night ffrom the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde be with yow and with vs all, Amen! Ffrom the Bell in Carter Lane the 25 October 1598.

"Yowrs in all kyndeness,

"Ric. Quyney."[1]

1599. In the early part of this year Shakespeare was at work on *Henry V.* In the Prologue of Act V. (lines 30-35) he alluded directly to Essex, "the general of our gracious empress," who left London on March 27 of this year for Ireland to suppress Tyrone's rebellion:—

> "Were now the general of our gracious empress,
> As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit
> To welcome him!"

Essex returned on September 28, and was put on his trial for neglect of duty, and imprisoned. At the time when Shakespeare wrote the Prologue in question it was

[1] The new Post Office Savings Bank has been built on the site of the Bell Inn in Carter Lane. A tablet has been placed on the building commemorating Quiney's stay there when he wrote this letter—"the only letter extant addressed to Shakespeare, and the original is preserved in the Museum at his birthplace, Stratford-upon-Avon. This tablet was placed upon the present building by leave of the Postmaster-General, 1899."

not yet foreseen that the expedition would fail. The Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's friend, accompanied Essex.

Richard Burbage and his brother Cuthbert built up, from the ruins of the old "Theatre," the "Globe Theatre" on the Bankside, to which Shakespeare probably referred in the opening chorus of *Henry V.* (*this wooden O*). Between 1595 and 1599 we have notices of Shakespeare's Company acting at "the Curtain" and "the Theatre."

Shares in the receipts of the Globe were leased out, for twenty-one years, to "those deserving men, Shakespeare, Hemings, Condell, Philips, and others."

Another application was made this year to the College of Heralds—this time for a "recognition" of the arms formerly assigned, and for permission to impale and quarter the coat of the Ardens of Wilmcote. The object of the petition was evidently to link the Ardens of Wilmcote with the great Arden family of Warwickshire. This was refused, and the arms of another Arden family—of Cheshire—were suggested. Shakespeare and his family ultimately assumed the Shakespeare arms without adding the Arden coat.

The second quarto—the true version—of "*Romeo and Juliet*," "newly corrected, augmented and amended" was issued this year (re-issued in two editions in 1609).

William Jaggard published the piratical "*Passionate Pilgrim*" "by W. Shakespeare" (*cp. Preface*). "I know" wrote Heywood in his "*Apology for Actors*" (1612) "he was much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name." (In this year, 1612, a 'third edition' appeared, with Shakespeare's name omitted from the title-page of some copies.)

1599. A play on the subject of "Troilus and Cressida" was taken in hand by Dekker and Chettle for the Earl of Nottingham's company.

In November of this year English actors visited Scotland, and were received by the King. Their chiefs were Laurence Fletcher and Martin (the former belonged to Shakespeare's company in 1603). The visit was repeated in 1601. There is no evidence that Shakespeare was one of these travellers to Scotland.

1600. In March of this year Shakespeare recovered in London the sum of £7 from one John Clayton.

On August 4, a memorandum was made in the Stationers' Register to the effect that "*As You Like It, Henry V., Every Man in His Humour*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*" were "to be stayed." On the 14th *Every Man in His Humour* was duly licensed; and on the 23rd, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *2 Henry IV.*, "*with the humours of Sir John Falstaff, written by* Master Shakespeare." *Henry V.* was printed, imperfectly, without license by Thomas Creede. *As You Like It* was not issued from the press during the poet's lifetime; it was probably written during the previous year; to the same year *Much Ado* may safely be assigned. In the quarto edition, William Kemp's name is prefixed to some of Dogberry's speeches, and Cowley to some of Verges' (*cp.* IV. ii.). In this year or 1599 "the new map of the world with the Augmentation of the Indies" was first issued with Hakluyt's Voyages; Shakespeare was evidently at work on *Twelfth Night* about this time, and referred to the map (III. ii. 83). According to the entry in the *Diary* of a barrister, Manningham, this piece was produced at Middle Temple Hall, Feb. 2, 1601-2 (*cp. Preface*).

The same Diary about this time recorded the following contemporary story:—"Upon a time when Burbage played Richard III., there was a citizen gone so far in liking with him, that before she went from the play she appointed him to come that night unto her by the name of Richard III. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was entertained, and at his game ere

Burbage came. The message being brought that Richard III. was at the door, Shakespeare caused return to be made that William the Conqueror was before Richard III."

"*The Merchant of Venice*," and "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" were published for the first time this year, two editions in each case, the former being printed from two independent copies. To this year belongs, too, the only quarto edition of "*Titus*."

"*The Second part of Henry IV.*" was printed this year, with the reference in the Epilogue to the change of character from "Oldcastle" to "Falstaff"—"*Oldcastle died a martyr*, and *this is not the man*." About the same time a poor play on the subject of "Sir John Oldcastle" was published in two editions, one having Shakespeare's name on the title-page.

John Weever, in "*The Mirror of Martyrs, or the life and death of Sir John Oldcastle, Knight, Lord Cobham*," referred to "*Julius Cæsar*," evidently Shakespeare's play:—

> "The many-headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious,
> When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
> His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?
> Man's memory, with new, forgets the old,
> One tale is good, until another's told."

1601. On February 5 a play on "Richard II." (probably Shakespeare's) was acted at the Globe Theatre (*cp. Preface* to *Richard II.*).

February 8 was the day fixed by Essex for stirring up a rebellion in London.

On February 17 Sir Gilly Meyricke was examined in connexion with the Essex Rebellion:—"He sayeth that upon Saturday last was sennight he dined at Gunter's in the company of the Lord Monteagle, Sir Christopher Blunt, Sir Charles Percy, Ellis Jones, and Edward Bushell, and who else he remembereth not and after dinner

that day and at the motion of Sir Charles Percy and the rest they all went together to the Globe over the water where the Lord Chamberlain's men use to play, and were there somewhat before the play began, Sir Charles telling them that the play would be of Harry the IVth. Whether Sir John Daviss were there or not this examinate cannot tell, but he said he would be there if he could. He cannot tell who procured that play to be played at that time except it were Sir Charles Percy, but as he thinketh it was Sir Charles Percy. Then he was at the same play and came in somewhat after it was begun, and the play was of King Harry the IVth, and of the killing of King Richard the second played by the L. Chamberlain's players."

Next day, February 18th, Augustine Phillipps, servant unto the Lord Chamberlain and one of his players, was examined:—"He sayeth that on Friday last was sennight, on Thursday Sir Charles Percy, Sir Joselyn Percy and the Lord Monteagle with some three more spake to some of the players in the presence of this examinate to have the play of the Deposing and Killing of King Richard the second to be played the Saturday next promising to get them XI. shillings more than their ordinary to play it. Where this examinate and his fellows were determined to have played some other play, holding that play of King Richard to be so old and so long out of use as that they should have small or no company at it. But at their request this examinate and his fellows were content to play it the Saturday and had their XI. shillings more than their ordinary for it and so played it accordingly."

On February 19th, Essex, with Southampton, were brought to trial on a capital charge of treason. Both were convicted and condemned to death. Essex was executed on the 25th; Southampton's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life (he was set free in 1603 by King James on his accession, *cp. Preface* to *Sonnets*).

In April there died one Thomas Whittington of Shottery, who was evidently identical with "my shepherd," mentioned by Richard Hathaway in 1581. In a will drawn up in May, Whittington bequeathed "unto the poor people of Stratford XLs. that is in the hand of Anne Shaxspere, wife unto Mr. Wyllyam Shaxspere, and is due debt unto me, being paid to mine executor by the said Wyllyam Shaxspere or his assignees according to the true meaning of this my will."

John Shakespeare, the poet's father, died, and was buried on September 8. The Henley Street property passed to his eldest son.

Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, containing the *Turtle and Phœnix* (*cp. Preface*) was first published in this year.

In "*The Return from Parnassus*"—the third play of the Parnassus trilogy—acted by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge, probably at their Christmas festivities this or next year, Burbage and Kemp were introduced, the former referring to his rôle of Richard III.:—

"*Kempe.* Few of the university pen plays well, they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talk too much of *Proserpina* and *Juppiter*. Why here's our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all down, aye, and Ben Jonson too. O that *Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit.

Burbage. He's a shrewd fellow, indeed: I wonder these scholars stay so long, they appointed to be here presently that we might try them: oh, here they come.

* * * * * *

I like your face, and the proportion of your body for *King Richard III.* I pray, *Mr. Philomusus*, let me see you act a little of it.

Philomusus. 'Now is the winter of our discontent,' &c."

In the same play a character *Judicio* passed this judgement on "*William Shakespeare*":

> "Who loves not *Adon's* love, or *Lucrece* rape?
> His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing line,
> Could but a graver subject him content,
> Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."[1]

The allusion in *The Return from Parnassus* to Ben Jonson's "purge" cannot be satisfactorily explained; it can only be understood in its connexion with the Stage-Quarrel between Ben Jonson and the so-called Poetasters (*cp. Preface* to *Troilus and Cressida*). About this time, too, the boy-actors became exceedingly popular (*cp. Hamlet* ii. 2). They performed *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, and *The Poetaster*, 1601.

1602. On May 1 Shakespeare purchased from William and John Combe one hundred and seven acres of arable land, which he added to New Place, also, on September 28, a cottage and garden in Chapel Lane held from the manor of Rowington. Shakespeare was not in Stratford at the former date: the conveyance was made to his brother Gilbert.

An imperfect version of *The Merry Wives* was published this year by Thomas Creede.

Under the date July 26, 1602, was entered in the Stationers' Registers, "*The Revenge of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, as yt was latelie acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servauntes.*"

1603. On Feb. 2 Shakespeare's company performed before the Queen at Richmond.

On February 7 a license obtained by James Roberts for "the booke of *Troilus and Cressida* as yt is acted by my Lord Chamberlens men" (probably Shakespeare's play,

[1] Other editions, "Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece rape," "heart-robbing life," and omit "lazy."

perhaps before revision; but the book was not published this year).

March 26th. Death of Queen Elizabeth. Henry Chettle in *England's Mourning Garment* (published after the burial, 28th of April) taxed the poets for not penning elegies:—

> "Nor doth the silver-tongued *Melicert*
> Drop from his honied muse one sable tear,
> To mourn her death that graced his desert,
> And to his lays opened her royal ear.
> Shepherd, remember our *Elizabeth*,
> And sing her rape, done by that *Tarquin*, death."

On May 7 King James arrived in London; on May 19th a license was granted to Shakespeare, Burbage and other members of the Lord Chamberlain's Company to perform stage plays "within their now usual house called the Globe" and anywhere else in the kingdom. They were henceforth to be "The King's Servants."

London was visited by the plague this year, the theatres were closed, and "the King's Players" went on tour, being forbidden "to present any plays publicly in or near London by reason of great peril that might grow through the extraordinary concourse and assembly of people to a new increase of the plague."

On December 2, the court being at that time at Wilton, the seat of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, the company by royal command, performed there, and received £30 "by way of his Majesty's reward." Subsequently they were summoned to appear at Hampton Court and Whitehall. Nine plays in all were acted at the Christmas and New Year festivities.

John Davies of Hereford in "*Microcosmos: the discovery of the Little World, with the government thereof*," 1603, addressed the players, and more particularly "W. S. R. B." (*i.e.* William Shakespeare and Richard Burbage), in the following eulogistic lines:

"Players, I love ye and your Quality,
As ye are men that pass time not abused:
And[1] some I love for[2] painting, poesie,
And say fell Fortune cannot be excused
That hath for better uses you refus'd:
Wit, courage, good shape, good parts, and all good,
As long as all these goods are no worse used,
And though the stage doth stain pure gentle blood,
Yet[3] generous ye are in mind and mood."

This year were published the the first quarto of *Hamlet*, surreptitiously printed (*cp. Preface*); Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, with Shakespeare's name in the list of actors; and Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* (*cp. Preface* to *Tempest*).

1604. On February 8th, owing to the continuance of the plague, £30 was given to Burbage "for the maintenance and relief of himself and company." On March 15th King James made his formal entry into London: nine actors belonging to the King's company walked in the procession, each being presented with four yards and a half of scarlet cloth. The nine actors named were "William Shakespeare, Augustine Phillipps, Laurence Fletcher, John Hemmings, Richard Burbage, William Slye, Robert Armyn, Henry Condell, Richard Cowley." Dekker's description of "*The Magnificent Entertainment*" with the speeches and songs ran through three or four issues during the year.

On April 9th a letter was sent by the King to the Mayor and Justices ordering them to permit playing by the King's men at the Globe, and the Queen's and Prince's

[1] "W. S. R. B.": in the margin.

[2] "Simonides saith that painting is a dumb Poesy, and Poesy a speaking painting": in the margin.

[3] "Roscius was said for his excellency in his quality, to be only worthy to come on the stage, and for his honesty to be more worthy than to come thereon": in the margin.

men at "their usual houses," viz., the Fortune and the Curtain, respectively.

In June Shakespeare must have been at Stratford: on the 25th of the month he lent the sum of two shillings to one Philip Rogers, who already owed him £1. 19s. 10d. for malt supplied between March 27th and the end of May. He paid six shillings off the debt. In July Shakespeare sued him in the local court at Stratford for the balance of £1. 15s. 10d.

The following letter from Sir Walter Cope to "*The Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Cranborne at the Court,*" belongs to this year:—

"SIR,—I have sent and been all this morning hunting for players, jugglers, and such kind of creatures, but find them hard to find, wherefore leaving notes for them to seek me, Burbage is come, and says there is no new play that the Queen hath not seen, but they have revived an old one, called *Love's Labour Lost,* which for wit and mirth he says will please her exceedingly. And this is appointed to be played to-morrow night at my lord of Southampton's, unless you send a writ to remove the *Corpus cum causa* to your house in Strand. Burbage is my messenger ready attending your pleasure,—Yours Most Humbly, WALTER COPE."

In August every member of the company was summoned to be in attendance at Somerset House, on the occasion of the visit of the Spanish Ambassador to England, but there is no evidence that their professional services were required.

The King's Company acted at court on November 1 and 4, December 26 and 28. It is almost certain that *Othello* was acted on November 1, and *Measure for Measure* on December 26.

Other performances by the company were given on the following January 7 and 8, February 2 and 3, and on Shrove Sunday, Shrove Monday, and Shrove Tuesday.

In January of this year "The Children of the Chapel" became "The Children of Her Majesty's Revels."

In this year the second Quarto of *Hamlet* was pub-

lished—"Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the new and perfect copy."

A tragedy of *Gowry* twice acted by the King's Players, "with exceeding concourse of people" gave offence, and is noticed towards the end of the year:—"Whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that princes should be played on the stage in their lifetime, I hear that some great councillors are much displeased with it, and so 'tis thought it shall be forbidden" (Chamberlain to Winwood).

On December 26, *Measure for Measure* was produced for the first time at Whitehall.

1605. Augustine Phillipps bequeathed "to my fellow, William Shakespeare, a thirty-shillings piece of gold."

On March 3, at Oxford, was baptised William D'Avenant (afterwards Sir W. D'Avenant), son of John D'Avenant, landlord of the *Crown Inn*, Shakespeare acting as godfather.

According to Aubrey:—"Mr. William Shakespeare was wont to go into Warwickshire once a year, and did commonly in his journey lie at this house in Oxon., where he was exceedingly respected."

In this year Shakespeare bought the unexpired lease of a moiety of the Stratford tithes.

1606. *Macbeth* was probably completed this year (*cp. Preface*).

On December 26 *King Lear* was produced, for the first time, before the Court at Whitehall.

1607. Shakespeare's daughter Susanna was married on June 5, of this year, to John Hall, who subsequently became "very famous" as a physician (*cp.* "Select Observations on English bodies, or cures both emperical and historical, performed upon very eminent persons in desperate diseases, first written in Latin by Mr.

John Hall, physician, living at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, where he was very famous, as also in the counties adjacent, as appeares by these Observations," etc., London, 1657).

In this year *The Puritan; or, the Widow of Watling Street* was published, containing a direct reference to Banquo's Ghost—" Instead of a jester we 'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table."

Shakespeare was probably at work on *Antony and Cleopatra.*

In this year was published *Mirrha, the Mother of Adonis, or Lustes Prodegies*, by William Barksted, containing the following concluding lines:—

> " But stay, my Muse, in thine own confines keep,
> And wage not war with so dear lov'd a neighbour;
> But having sung thy day-song, rest and sleepe;
> Preserve thy small fame and his greater favour.
> His song was worthy merit;—Shakespeare, he
> Sung the fair blossom, thou, the withered tree;
> Laurel was due to him; his art and wit
> Hath purchased it; cypress thy brow will fit."

On November 26 *King Lear* was entered on the " Stationers' Registers."

1608. Two quartos of *King Lear* issued from the press (*cp. Preface*).

On February 21 Elizabeth Hall, Shakespeare's only grand-daughter, was baptised in the church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-upon-Avon.

On September 9, Shakespeare's mother was buried.

On October 16, of this year, Shakespeare stood godfather to William, son of Henry Walker, mercer and alderman, Stratford-on-Avon.

Timon of Athens was probably being prepared for the stage during this year.

On May 20 Edward Blount entered in the " Stationers' Registers" " a booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*" (but no quarto edition was issued).

George Wilkins published in this year a novel, avowedly based on the acted drama of *Pericles*, with the following title-page:—"The Painful Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet, John Gower."

1609. Two editions of the play of *Pericles* were issued, "by William Shakespeare" [but evidently only in part by him, otherwise by George Wilkins: though reissued in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635, the play was not included in either the first or second folios, *cp Preface*].

1609. On January 28 Richard Bonian and Henry Walley obtained a license for "a booke called the history of Troylus and Cressida," *i.e.* Shakespeare's play, which soon after was published as a quarto, (i.) with a title-page stating that the play was printed "as acted by the King's Majesties servants at the Globe," and (ii.) with a title-page omitting this reference, and adding a preface to the effect that the play was "never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," etc. (*cp. Preface*).

On May 20 a license for the publication of "Shakespeare's *Sonnets*" was granted to the publisher, Thomas Thorpe; the volume was shortly afterwards published (*cp. Preface*).

Coriolanus probably belongs to this year (*cp. Preface*).

At the end of the year, Shakespeare's Company took possession of the Blackfriars Theatre after the departure of the Children of the Chapel.

1610. [possibly an error for 1611]. On April 20 of this year Dr. Simon Forman was present at a performance of *Macbeth* at the Globe, and recorded the fact, with observations, in his "Book of Plays."

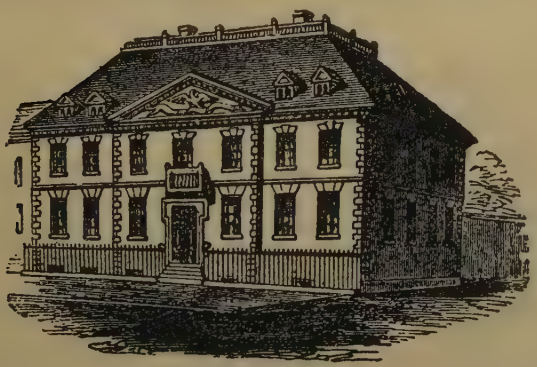
Dr. Simon Forman saw *Cymbeline* acted either this year or the next (the Diary contains reports of Shake-

spearian representations in 1610-1611, but no date is assigned to the *Cymbeline* entry, *cp. Preface*).

An interesting pamphlet was published this year by Sylvester Jourdain, entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Devils; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others.* (William Strachey's fuller account of the matter was printed in 1612, *Preface to Tempest*).

John Davies of Hereford's *The Scourge of Folly, consisting of satirical Epigrams and others in honour of many noble and worthy persons of our land*, contains the following verses addressed "To our English Terence, Mr Will: Shake-speare":—

"Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,
Had'st thou not played some kingly parts in sport,
Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
And been a King among the meaner sort.
Some others rail, but rail as they think fit,
Thou hast no railing, but a reigning wit;
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reap,
So to increase their stock which they do keep."



New Place, Stratford, 1702.
There is no authentic record of the appearance of the house as it was in Shakespeare's time.

In April Shakespeare purchased from the Combes 20 acres of land (*cp.* 1602).

1611. On May 15 Dr. Forman witnessed the performance of *A Winter's Tale* at the Globe Theatre—evidently a new play at the time (*cp. Preface*).

Malone stated, on evidence no longer accessible, that *The Tempest* was in existence in this year.

Shakespeare's name is found on the margin of a subscription list started at Stratford-on-Avon on September 11, "towards the charge of prosecuting the bill in Parliament for the better repair of the highway." By this time he had probably settled at New Place.

1613. On February 4 Shakespeare's third brother, Richard, was buried in the parish church, Stratford-upon-Avon. Soon afterwards Shakespeare was in London, and purchased a house, as an investment, in Blackfriars. The purchase-deed, dated March 10, with the poet's signature, is preserved in the Guildhall Library, London. Next day a mortgage-deed relating to the purchase was signed: this is also extant, and is now in the British Museum.

Signature of Shakespeare from the deed mortgaging his house in Blackfriars, on March 11, 1612-3, now in the British Museum.

To this year, July 15, belongs an entry by the Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court of Worcester, concerning an action for slander brought by Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, against a person of the name of Lane. Robert Whatcott, Shakespeare's friend, was the chief witness on behalf of the plaintiff, whose char-

acter was vindicated, and the defendant, who did not appear in court, was excommunicated.

The Tempest, one of a series of nineteen plays, was performed at the festivities in celebration of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Frederick.

Besides *The Tempest*, six more of Shakespeare's plays were produced on this occasion:—*Much Ado*, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*, *Sir John Falstaff* (*i.e. Merry Wives*), *Othello*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Hotspur* (probably 1 *Henry IV.*).

In the same list occurs the lost play of *cardenno* or *cardenna*, which on September 9, 1653, was entered on the "Stationers' Registers" as "by Fletcher and Shakespeare," but was never published.

On June 29th of this year the Globe Theatre was burned down during the performance of a play on the subject of *Henry VIII.* (*cp. Preface*).

"*A Sonnet upon the pitiful burning of the Globe playhouse in London*" was composed by one who was well acquainted with the details of the fire:—

"Now sit ye down, Melpomene,
Wrapt in a sea-cole robe,
And tell the doleful tragedy,
That late was played at Globe;
For no man that can sing and say
Was scared on St. Peter's daye.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

Out run the knights, out run the lords,
And there was great ado;
Some lost their hats and some their swords,
E'en out-run Burbidge too;
The reprobates though drunk on Monday,
Prayed for the fool and Henry Condye.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true.

The perriwigs and drum-heads fry,
Like to a butter firkin,
A woful burning did betide
To many a good buff jerkin.

Then will swoll'n eyes, like drunken Flemminges,
Distressed stood old stuttering Hemminges.
Oh sorrow, pitiful sorrow, and yet all this is true."

1614. Ben Jonson in the Introduction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, first acted in this year, alluded to *The Tempest*:—"If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the Fair, who can help it, he says? nor a nest of *Antics*. He is loth to make nature afraid in his Plays, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*."

A piece of glass, W.A.S. (William and Anne Shakespeare?) supposed to have come from New Place.

In July of this year John Combe died, leaving Shakespeare a legacy of £5.

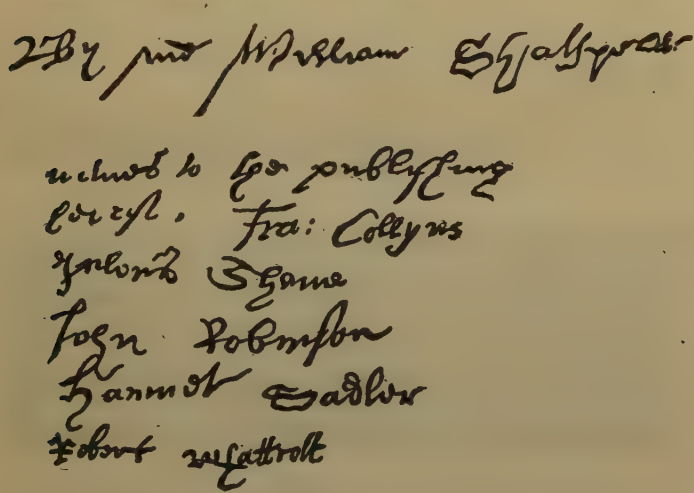
In the autumn an attempt was made by William Combe, John Combe's heir to enclose the common fields about his estate at Welcombe. Shakespeare's interest as landowner and leaseholder of tithes would have suffered if the project had been carried out. On October 18, Replingham, Combe's agent, agreed to give him full compensation for injury by "any inclosure or decay of tillage," and accordingly he did not oppose the inclosure. The Corporation, however, maintained its opposition.

In November Shakespeare went to London, and his cousin, Thomas Greene, town clerk of Stratford, visited him there to discuss the matter on behalf of the Corporation. On December 23, the Corporation addressed a formal letter to Shakespeare, supported by a private note to "my cousin" from T. Greene, asking him to support their opposition to the inclosure, which if carried out

would cause great inconveniences. The whole project was ultimately abandoned.

1615. In Thomas Greene's diary there is the following entry :—" Sept. Mr Shakespeare telling J. Greene that I was not able to beare the encloseing of Welcombe."

1616. Early in this year Francis Collins, a solicitor of Warwick, prepared the draft of Shakespeare's will; the engrossment was evidently to have been signed on January 25th, but after many interlineations and erasures, it was not finally signed until March. The signature was appended to each of the three sheets of the will; these three signatures, together with the two referred to above, are the only undisputed autographs of the poet.



Shakespeare's Will—signatures of the testator and witnesses.

In the interval, Judith, the poet's younger daughter, was married on February 10th, at Stratford Church, to

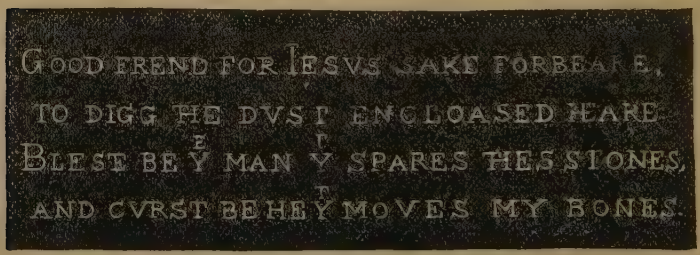
Thomas Quiney, vintner and wine-merchant, son of Richard Quiney, whose letter to the poet is extant (*cp.* 1598).

The marriage was somewhat irregular; and the parties were summoned a few weeks afterwards to the Ecclesiastical Court at Worcester, and fined for getting married without a license.

It would seem that at the time of revising and signing the will, the poet was seriously ill. According to a local tradition, recorded in the Diary of the Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon (1662), "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted," but it is quite clear that already, at the beginning of the year, the poet recognised his health was failing.

On April 23 (May 3, new style) he died, having completed his fifty-second year—the death-day in all probability being on his birthday.

Two days after his death, on the 25th of April, the remains of the poet were interred in the chancel of Stratford Church. On a flat stone over the grave the following words were subsequently inscribed:—



[A letter written in the year 1694 by William Hall, an Oxford graduate, to his intimate friend, Edward Thwaites, the eminent Anglo-Saxon scholar, contains the following noteworthy passage:—

"I very greedily embrace this occasion of acquainting

you with something which I found at Stratford-upon-Avon. That place I came unto on Thursday night, and the next day went to visit the ashes of the great Shakespear, which be interr'd in that church. The verses which in his life-time he ordered to be cut upon his tombstone, for his monument have others, are these which follow, 'Reader, for Jesus's sake forbear, etc.' The little learning these verses contain would be a very strong argument of the want of it in the author, did not they carry something in them which stands in need of a comment. There is in this church a place which they call the bone-house, a repository for all bones they dig up, which are so many that they would load a great number of waggons. The poet, being willing to preserve his bones unmoved, lays a curse upon him that moves them, and having to do with clerks and sextons, for the most part a very ignorant sort of people, he descends to the meanest of their capacities, and disrobes himself of that art which none of his co-temporaries wore in greater perfection. Nor has the design missed of its effect, for, lest they should not only draw this curse upon themselves, but also entail it upon their posterity, they have laid him full seventeen foot deep, deep enough to secure him."]

On June 22 the will was proved in London by John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law and joint-executor (see Appendix).

Some years after (before 1623) the monument, executed by Gerard Johnson, was erected against the north wall of the chancel; beneath the famous bust of Shakespeare is the following inscription:—

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

Stay passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument; Shakespeare with whome
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck y^{s} tombe

Far more than cost; sith all y^t he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.
Obiit Ano Do^i 1616
Ætatis 53, *die* 23 *Ap.*

Shakespeare's widow died on August 6, 1623, and was buried near the poet inside the chancel; Mrs. Susanna Hall, the elder daughter, died on July 11, 1649, and was buried beside her husband, who pre-deceased her in 1635; the inscription on her tombstone (*cp.* accompanying illustration) is especially noteworthy; Judith, the younger daughter, died at Stratford on February 9, 1661-2; Elizabeth, the poet's only grandchild, was married in 1626 to Thomas Nash, who died in 1647, and after his death, to Sir John Barnard of Abingdon, near Northampton; she died on the 17th of February, 1669-70, leaving no issue by either marriage. The three children of Judith Shakespeare died young: no one of them attained to man's estate. On the death of Lady Barnard the heir to the Henley Street property was Thomas Hart, the grandson of the poet's sister Joan—the last of the Hart family, in the male line, being John Hart, who died in 1800.

1619. In this year died Richard Burbage, the famous actor, Shakespeare's life-long friend. An elegy "*on Mr Richard Burbage an excellent both painter and player*," composed soon after his death, recorded his chief Shakespearian rôles:—

"Some skilful limner aid me; if not so,
Some sad tragedian help to express my woe;
But, oh! he 's gone, that could the best both limn
And act my grief; and it is only him
That I invoke this strange assistance to it,
And on the point intreat himself to do it;
For none but Tully Tully's praise can tell,
And as he could no man could do so well
This part of sorrow for him, nor here show
So truly to the life this map of woe,

COPIES OF THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE GRAVESTONES OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAMILY.

That grief's true picture which his loss hath bred.
He 's gone, and with him what a world is dead,
Which he revived; to be revived so
No more: young Hamlet, old Hieronimo,
King Lear, the grieved Moor, and more beside
That lived in him, have now for ever died.
Oft have I seen him leap into the grave,
Suiting the person (that he seemed to have)
Of a sad lover with so true an eye,
That then I would have sworn he meant to die.
Oft have I seen him play this part in jest
So lively, that spectators and the rest
Of his sad crew, whilst he but seemed to bleed,
Amazed thought even that he died indeed.
And did not knowledge check me, I should swear
Even yet it is a false report I hear,
And think that he that did so truly feign
Is still but dead in jest, to live again;
But now he acts this part, not plays, 'tis known;
Others he played, but acted hath his own."

In this year were published a second edition of *Merry Wives* and a fourth edition of *Pericles*.

1622. *Othello* first printed, as a quarto, and new editions (the sixth) of *Richard III.* and 1 *Henry IV.*

1623. In this year, under the editorship of Shakespeare's fellow-actors and friends, John Heming and Henry Condell, appeared *The First Folio*, containing twenty hitherto unprinted plays:—*The Tempest*, *The Two Gentlemen*, *Measure for Measure*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Comedy of Errors*, *As You Like It*, *All's Well*, *Twelfth Night*, *Winter's Tale*, *King John*, 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*, *Henry VIII.*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cymbeline*.

The play of *Troilus and Cressida*, though included in the First Folio, was omitted in the table of contents (*cp. Preface* to *Troilus and Cressida*).

The editors evidently purposely omitted *Pericles* (first

included, together with six pseudo-Shakespeare plays, in the Third Folio of 1663).

[*The Two Noble Kinsmen* was first published in 1634, as being "by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakespeare, gentlemen."]

The prefatory matter of the First Folio will be found in Vol. I. of the present edition; it should be noted that Ben Jonson in his lines "I will not lodge thee by Chaucer, or Spenser, or Lord Beaumont lie," etc., directly refers to William Basse's elegy on Shakespeare, then circulating in manuscript (first printed in the first edition of Donne's collected poems, 1633) :—

ON MR WM. SHAKESPEARE.

He died in April 1616.

"Renowned Spenser lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your three-fold, four-fold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until Doomsday, for hardly will a fift,
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain,
For whom your curtains will be drawn again.
If your precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare Tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone;
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave,
Possess as Lord, not Tenant, of thy grave,
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee."

(From Lansdowne MS. temp. James I., modernised.)

Among the commendatory verses prefixed to the First Folio are some lines by Leonard Digges: another poem by the same author is found prefixed to the edition of Shakespeare's poems published in 1640, but as the author died

in 1635, it is quite possible that the poem then first printed was originally intended for the 1623 Folio, and this is borne out by the general tone of the lines :—

"Poets are born not made,—when I would prove
This truth, the glad remembrance I must love
Of never-dying Shakespeare, who alone
Is argument enough to make that one.
First, that he was a poet none would doubt,
That heard th' applause of what he sees set out
Imprinted; where thou hast—I will not say,
Reader, his Works for to contrive a play
To him 'twas none,—the pattern of all wit,
Art without Art unparalleled as yet.
Next Nature only helped him, for look thorough
This whole book, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages translate,
Nor plagiary-like from others glean;
Nor begs he from each witty friend a scene
To piece his Acts with; all that he doth write,
Is pure his own; plot, language exquisite.
But oh! what praise more powerful can we give
The dead, than that by him the King's Men live,
His players, which should they but have shared the fate,
All else expired within the short term's date,
How could the Globe have prospered, since, through want
Of change, the plays and poems had grown scant?
But, happy verse thou shalt be sung and heard,
When hungry quills shall be such honour barred.
Then vanish, upstart writers to each stage,
You needy poetasters of this age;
Where Shakespeare lived or spake, vermin, forbear,
Lest with your froth you spot them, come not near;
But if you needs must write, if poverty
So pinch, that otherwise you starve and die,
On God's name may the Bull or Cockpit have
Your lame blank verse, to keep you from the grave:
Or let new Fortune's younger brethren see,
What they can pick from your lean industry.
I do not wonder when you offer at
Blackfriars, that you suffer: 'tis the fate

Of richer veins, prime judgments that have fared
The worse, with this deceased man compared.
So have I seen, when Cæsar would appear,
And on the stage at half-sword parley were,
Brutus and Cassius, oh how the audience
Were ravished! with what wonder they went thence,
When some new day they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well laboured, Catiline;
Sejanus too was irksome, they prized more
Honest Iago or the jealous Moor.
And though the Fox and subtle Alchemist,
Long intermitted, could not quite be missed,
Though these have shamed all the ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire
Acted, have scarce defrayed the seacoal fire
And doorkeepers: when, let but Falstaff come,
Hal, Poins, the rest,—you scarce shall have a room.
All is so pestered: let but Beatrice
And Benedick be seen, lo, in a trice
The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full
To hear Malvolio, that cross-gartered gull.
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look,
Like old coined gold, whose lines in every page
Shall pass true current to succeeding age.
But why do I dead Shakespeare's praise recite,
Some second Shakespeare must of Shakespeare write;
For me 'tis needless, since an host of men
Will pay, to clap his praise, to free my pen."

The Second Folio, reprinted from the First, was printed in 1632; it contained, by way of new prefatory matter, sundry verses by various writers, a fine eulogy, signed I. M. S., and, as a golden link between the poets, John Milton's anonymous *Epitaph on the Admirable Dramaticke Poet, W. Shakespeare*, written in 1630, practically the young poet's first appearance in print:—

"What need my *Shakespeare* for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones,

Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a stary-pointed Pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What needst thou such dull witness of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hath built thyself a lasting monument
For whil'st, to the shame of slow-endeavouring Art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,
And so, sepúlcher'd in such pomp dost lie
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die."

Shakespeare's Birth-place, 1899.

APPENDIX.

I.

License to FLETCHER, SHAKESPEARE, *and others to play comedies, &c.,* 17 *May,* 1603.

By the King.—Right trusty and wel beloved Counsellour, we greete you well, and will and commaund you that, under our Privie Seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our lettres to be directed to the Keeper of our Greate Seale of England, comaunding him that under our said Greate Seale he cause our lettres to be made patentes in forme following.—James, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, Fraunce and Irland, Defendor of the Faith, &c., to all justices, maiors, sheriffes, constables, hedboroughes, and other our officers and loving subjectes greeting. Know ye that we, of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge and meere motion, have licenced and authorized, and by these presentes doo licence and authorize, these our servantes, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Henninges[s], Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowlye and the rest of their associates, freely to use and exercise the arte and facultie of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralles, pastoralles, stage-plaies, and such other, like as they have already studied or heerafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our loving subjectes as for our solace and pleasure when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure. And the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morall[s], pastoralles, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infec-

tion of the plague shall decrease, as well within their now usuall howse called the Globe within our countie of Surrey, as also within any towne-halles or mout-halles, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedome of any other cittie, universitie, towne or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions, willing and comaunding you and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin without any your lettes, hinderances, or molestacions during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding and assisting to them, yf any wrong be to them offered, and to allowe them such former courtesies as hath bene given to men of their place and qualitie. And also, what further favour you shall shew to these our servantes for our sake we shall take kindely at your handes. In witness whereof &c. And these our lettres shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalf. Given under our Signet at our Mannor of Greenwiche the seavententh day of May in the first yeere of our raigne of England, Fraunce and Irland, and of Scotland the six and thirtieth.—Ex: per Lake.—To our right trusty and wel beloved Counsellour, the Lord Cecill of Esingdon, Keeper of our Privie Seale for the time being.

II.

MALONE'S MEMORANDA (*in the Bodleian Library*) *from the accounts at the Revels at Court for* 1604 *and* 1605; *the original source of the information* (*formerly at the Audit Office in Somerset House*) *cannot now be found. Cunningham's list, printed in* 1842, *was probably based on Malone's document:—*

1604 & 1605—Ed^{d}. Tylney—Sunday after Hallowmas —Merry Wyves of Windsor perf^{d} by the K's players—Hallamas—in the Banquetting ho^{s}. at Whitehall the Moor of Venis—perf^{d} by the K's players—on St Stephens Night —Mesure for Mesur by Shaxberd—perf^{d}. by the K's

players—On Innocents night Errors by Shaxberd perf^{d}. by the K's players—On Sunday following " How to Learn of a Woman to wooe by Hewood, perf^{d}. by the Q's players—On New Years Night—All fools by G. Chapman perf^{d}. by the Boyes of the Chapel—bet New y^{rs}. day and twelfth day—Loves Labour lost perf^{d}. by the K's p: ^{ts}—On the 7th Jan. K. Hen. the fifth perf^{d}. by the K.'s P^{rs}—On 8th Jan—Every one out of his humour—On Candlemas night Every one in his humour—On Shrove sunday the Marchant of Venis by Shaxberd—perf^{d}. by the K's P^{rs}—the same repeated on Shrove tuesd. by the K's Comm^{d}.

III.

The deed from SHAKESPEARE *and Trustees to* HENRY WALKER, *by which the Blackfriars Estate was mortgaged to the latter,* 11*th March,* 1612-13 (*in the* British Museum).

This Indenture made the eleaventh day of March, in the yeares of the reigne of our Sovereigne Lord James, by the grace of God, king of England, Scotland, Fraunce and Ireland, defender of the Faith, &c., that is to saie, of England, Fraunce and Ireland the tenth, and of Scotland the six and fortith; betweene William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon in the countie of Warwick, gentleman, William Johnson, citizein and vintener of London, John Jackson and John Hemmyng, of London, gentlemen, of th'one partie, and Henry Walker, citizein and minstrell of London, of th'other partie: Witnesseth that the said William Shakespeare, William Johnson, John Jackson and John Hemmyng, have dimised, graunted and to ferme letten, and by theis presentes doe dimise, graunt and to ferme lett unto the said Henry Walker all that dwelling-house or tenement, with th'appurtenaunces, situate and being within the precinct, circuit and compasse of the late Black Fryers, London, sometymes in the tenure of James Gardyner, esquiour, and since that in the tenure

of John Fortescue, gent., and now or late being in the tenure or occupacion of one William Ireland, or of his assignee or assignes, abutting upon a streete leading downe to Puddle Wharffe on the east part, right against the Kinges Majesties Wardrobe; part of which said tenement is erected over a greate gate leading to a pacitall mesuage which sometyme was in the tenure of William Blackwell, esquiour, deceased, and since that in the tenure or occupacion of the right honourable Henry, now Earle of Northumberland; and also all that plott of ground, on the west side of the same tenement, which was lately inclosed with boordes on two sides thereof by Anne Bacon, widow, soe farre and in such sorte as the same was inclosed by the said Anne Bacon, and not otherwise, and being on the third side inclosed with an olde brick wall; which said plott of ground was sometyme parcell and taken out of a great voyde peece of ground lately used for a garden; and also the soyle whereuppon the said tenement standeth, and also the said brick wall and boordes which doe inclose the said plott of ground, with free entrie, accesse, ingresse, egresse and regresse, in, by and through the said great gate and yarde there, unto the usuall dore of the said tenement; and also all and singuler cellours, sollers, romes, lightes, easiamentes, profittes, commodities and appurtenaunces whatsoever to the said dwelling-house or tenement belonging, or in any wise apperteyning: to have and to holde the said dwelling-house or tenement, cellers, sollers, romes, plott of ground, and all and singuler other the premisses above by theis presentes mencioned to bee dimised, and every part and parcell thereof, with th'appurtenaunces, unto the said Henrye Walker, his executours, administratours and assignes, from the feast of th'annunciacion of the blessed Virgin Marye next comming after the date hereof, unto th'ende and terme of one hundred yeares from thence next ensuing, and fullie to bee compleat and ended, without ympeachment of or for any manner of waste; yeelding and paying therefore yearlie

during the said terme unto the said William Shakespeare, William Johnson, John Jackson and John Hemmyng, their heires and assignes, a peppercorne at the feast of Easter yearlie, yf the same bee lawfullie demaunded, and noe more; provided alwayes that if the said William Shakespeare, his heires, executours, administratours or assignes, or any of them, doe well and trulie paie or cause to bee paid to the said Henry Walker, his executours, administratours or assignes, the some of threescore poundes of lawfull money of England in and upon the nyne and twentith day of September next comming after the date hereof, at or in the nowe dwelling-house of the said Henry Walker, situate and being in the parish of Saint Martyn neere Ludgate, of London, at one entier payment without delaie, that then and from thensforth this presente lease, dimise and graunt, and all and every matter and thing herein conteyned, other then this provisoe, shall cease, determyne, and bee utterlie voyde, frustrate, and of none effect, as though the same had never beene had ne made, theis presentes, or any thing therein conteyned to the contrary thereof, in any wise notwithstanding. And the said William Shakespeare, for himselfe, his heires, executours and administratours, and for every of them, doth covenaunt, promisse and graunt to and with the said Henry Walker, his executours, administratours and assignes and every of them, by theis presentes, that hee, the said William Shakespeare, his heires, executours, administratours or assignes, shall and will cleerlie acquite, exonerate and discharge, or from tyme to tyme, and at all tymes hereafter, well and sufficientlie save and keep harmles the said Henry Walker, his executours, administratours and assignes, and every of them, and the said premises by theis presentes dimised, and every parcell thereof, with th'appurtenaunces, of and from all and al manner of former and other bargaynes, sales, gūiftes, grauntes, leases, joyntures, dowers, intailes, statutes, recognizaunces, judgmentes, execucions, and of and from all and every other charges, titles, trobles and in-

cumbraunces whatsoever by the said William Shakespeare, William Johnson, John Jackson and John Hemmyng, or any of them, or by their or any of their meanes, had, made, committed or donne, before th'ensealing and delivery of theis presentes, or hereafter before the said nyne and twentith day of September next comming after the date hereof, to bee had, made, committed or donne, except the rentes and services to the cheefe lord or lordes of the fee or fees of the premisses, for or in respect of his or their seigniorie or seigniories onlie, to bee due and donne. In witnesse whereof the said parties to theis indentures interchaungablie have sett their seales. Yeoven the day and yeares first above written. 1612—*Wm. Shakspere.—Wm. Johnson.—Jo: Jackson.*—Sealed and delivered by the said William Shakespeare, William Johnson, and John Jackson, in the presence of Will: Atkinson; Ed. Ouery; Robert Andrewes, scr.; Henry Lawrence, servant to the same scr.

IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL (*preserved at* Somerset House).

(*The Italics represent interlineations.*)

Vicesimo quinto die Januarii *Martii*, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Anglie, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotie xlix° annoque Domini 1616.

T. Wmi. Shackspeare.—In the name of God, amen! I William Shackspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon in the countie of Warr. gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be praysed, doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, First, I comend my soule into the handes of God my Creator, hoping and assuredlie beleeving, through thonelie merittes of Jesus Christe, my Saviour, to me made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto

my sonne in L daughter Judyth one hundred and fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paied unto her in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, one hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage porcion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideracion after the rate of twoe shillinges in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shal be unpaied unto her after my deceas, and the fyftie poundes residewe thereof upon her surrendring *of*, or gyving of such sufficient securitie as the overseers of this my will shall like of to surrender or graunte, all her estate and right that shall discend or come unto her after my deceas, or *that shee* nowe hath, of, in or to, one copiehold tenemente with thappurtenaunces lyeing and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaied in the saied countie of Warr., being parcell or holden of the mannour of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heires for ever. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied daughter Judith one hundred and fyftie poundes more, if shee or anie issue of her bodie be lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensueing the daie of the date of this my will, during which tyme my executours to[s] paie her consideracion from my deceas according to the rate aforesaied; and if she dye within the saied terme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I doe gyve and bequeath one hundred poundes thereof to my neece Elizabeth Hall, and the fiftie poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my sister Johane Harte, and the use and proffitt thereof cominge shal be payed to my saied sister Jone, and after her deceas the saied l.[li.] shall remaine amongst the children of my saied sister equallie to be devided amongst them; but if my saied daughter Judith be lyving att the end of the saied three yeares, or anie yssue of her bodye, then my will ys and soe I devise and bequeath the saied hundred and fyftie poundes to be sett out *by my executours and overseers* for the best benefitt of her and her issue, and *the stock* not *to be* paied unto her soe long as she shalbe marryed and covert baron by my executours and overseers; but my will ys that she

shall have the consideracion yearelie paied unto her during her lief, and, after her deceas, the saied stock and consideracion to bee paied to her children, if she have anie, and if not, to her executours or assignes, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas, Provided that if such husbond as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed unto, or att anie after[s], doe sufficientle[s] assure unto her and thissue of her bodie landes awnswereable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudeged so by my executours and overseers, then my will ys that the saied cl.[li.] shalbe paied to such husbond as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx.[li.] and all my wearing apparrell, to be paied and delivered within one yeare after my deceas; and I doe will and devise unto her *the house* with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her naturall lief, under the yearelie rent of xij.[d.] Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three sonns, William Harte, ... Hart, and Michaell Harte, fyve poundes a peece, to be payed within one yeare after my deceas to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours, with thadvise and direccions of my overseers, for her best proffitt untill her marriage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paied unto her. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her *the saied Elizabeth Hall* all my plate *except my brod silver and gilt bole*, that I now have att the date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the poore of Stratford aforesaied tenn poundes; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell esquier fyve poundes, and to Frauncis Collins of the borough of Warr. in the countie of Warr., gent., thirteene poundes, sixe shillinges, and eight pence, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to Mr. Richard Tyler thelder *Hamlet Sadler* xxvj.[s.] viij.[d.] to buy him a ringe; to *William Raynoldes, gent., xxvj.[s.] viij.[d.] to buy him a ring*; to my godson William Walker xx.[s.] in gold; to Anthonye Nashe gent. xxvj.[s.] viij.[d.], and to Mr. John Nashe xxvj.[s.] *viij*[d.] in

gold, *and to my fellowes, John Hemynges, Richard Burbage and Henry Cundell, xxvj.s. viij.d. a peece buy them ringes.* Item, I gyve, will, bequeath and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, *for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towardes the performans thereof,* all that capitall messuage or tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, *in Stratford aforesaied*, called the Newe Place, wherein I nowe dwell, and twoe messuages or tenementes with thappurtenaunces, scituat lyeing and being in Henley streete within the borough of Stratford aforesaied; and all my barnes, stables, orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat, lieing and being, or to be had, receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, hamlettes, villages, fieldes and groundes of Stratford-upon-Avon, Oldstratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in anie of them in the saied countie of Warr. And alsoe all that messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, scituat lyeing and being in the Blackfriers in London nere the Wardrobe; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, To have and to hold all and singuler the saied premisses with their appurtenaunces unto the saied Susanna Hall for and during the terme of her naturall lief, and after her deceas, to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied first sonne lawfullie yssueinge, and for defalt of such issue, to the second sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, and of to the heires males of the bodie of the saied second sonne lawfullie yssueinge, and for defalt of such heires, to the third sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna lawfullie yssueing, and of the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing, and for defalt of such issue, the same soe to be and remaine to the fourth sonne, fyfth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing one after another, and to the heires males of the bodies of the saied fourth, fifth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt ys before lymitted to be and remaine

to the first, second and third sonns of her bodie, and to their heires males, and for defalt of such issue, the saied premisses to be and remaine to my sayed neece Hall, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and for defalt of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, and for defalt of such issue, to the right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever. *Item, I gyve unto my wiefe my second best bed with the furniture.* Item, I gyve and bequeath to my saied daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuffe whatsoever, after my dettes and legasies paied, and my funerall expences discharged, I gyve, devise, and bequeath to my sonne-in-lawe, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wief, whom I ordaine and make executours of this my last will and testament. And I doe intreat and appoint *the saied* Thomas Russell, esquier, and Frauncis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof, and doe revoke all former wills, and publishe this to be my last will and testament. In witnes whereof I have hereunto put my seale *hand* the daie and yeare first above written.—By me William Shakspeare.

Witnes to the publishing hereof,—Fra: Collyns; Julius Shawe; John Robinson; Hamnet Sadler; Robert Whattcott.

V.

"De Shakespeare nostrati" (Of Shakespeare, our fellow-countryman), *from* Ben Jonson's "*Timber, or Discoveries, being Observations on Men and Manners*," *printed* 1641; *but the entry was probably written about* 1620 (*cp.* Ben Jonson's "*Timber*" in the "*Temple Classics*"; *and Notes to* "*Julius Cæsar*").

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*,"[1] as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too! Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause"; and such like, which were ridiculous.[2] But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

[1] "He ought to have been clogged"; *cp.* Seneca, *Exc. Controv.* iv. *Proœm.* 7.

[2] *Cp. Julius Cæsar*, iii. i. 47, where the First Folio reads: Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied. (Cæsar is the speaker.)

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Shakespeare—the Man.

Shakespeare—the Man.

BY WALTER BAGEHOT.

THE greatest of English poets, it is often said, is but a name. "No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary," have been extracted by antiquaries from the piles of rubbish which they have sifted. Yet of no person is there a clearer picture in the popular fancy. You seem to have known Shakespeare—to have seen Shakespeare—to have been friends with Shakespeare. We would attempt a slight delineation of the popular idea which has been formed, not from loose tradition or remote research, not from what some one says some one else said that the poet said, but from data which are at least undoubted, from the sure testimony of his certain works.

Some extreme sceptics, we know, doubt whether it is possible to deduce anything as to an author's character from his works. Yet surely people do not keep a tame steam-engine to write their books; and if those books were really written by a man, he must have been a man who could write them; he must have had the thoughts which they express, have acquired the knowledge they contain, have possessed the style in which we read them. The difficulty is a defect of the critics. A person who knows nothing of an author he has read, will not know much of an author whom he has seen.

First of all, it may be said that Shakespeare's works could only be produced by a first-rate imagination working on a first-rate experience. It is often difficult to make out whether the author of a poetic creation is drawing from fancy, or drawing from experience; but for art

on a certain scale, the two must concur. Out of nothing, nothing can be created. Some plastic power is required, however great may be the material. And when such works as *Hamlet* and *Othello*, still more, when both they and others not unequal, have been created by a single mind, it may be fairly said, that not only a great imagination but a full conversancy with the world was necessary to their production. The whole powers of man under the most favourable circumstances, are not too great for such an effort. We may assume that Shakespeare had a great experience.

To a great experience one thing is essential, an experiencing nature. It is not enough to have opportunity, it is essential to feel it. Some occasions come to all men; but to many they are of little use, and to some they are none. What, for example, has experience done for the distinguished Frenchman*, the name of whose essay is prefixed to this paper? M. Guizot is the same man that he was in 1820, or, we believe, as he was in 1814. Take up one of his lectures, published before he was a practical statesman; you will be struck with the width of view, the amplitude and the solidity of the reflections; you will be amazed that a mere literary teacher could produce anything so wise; but take up afterwards an essay published since his fall—and you will be amazed to find no more. Napoleon the First is come and gone—the Bourbons of the old *régime* have come and gone—the Bourbons of the new *régime* have had their turn. M. Guizot has been first minister of a citizen king; he has led a great party; he has pronounced many a great *discours* that was well received by the second elective assembly in the world. But there is no trace of this in his writings. No one would guess from them that their author had ever left the professor's chair. It is the same, we are told, with small matters: when M. Guizot walks the street, he seems to see nothing; the head is thrown back, the eye fixed, and the mouth working. His mind is no doubt at work, but

* M. Guizot.

it is not stirred by what is external. Perhaps it is the internal activity of mind that overmasters the perceptive power. Anyhow there might have been an *émeute* in the street and he would not have known it; there have been revolutions in his life, and he is scarcely the wiser. Among the most frivolous and fickle of civilised nations he is alone. They pass from the game of war to the game of peace, from the game of science to the game of art, from the game of liberty to the game of slavery, from the game of slavery to the game of license; he stands like a schoolmaster in the playground, without sport and without pleasure, firm and sullen, slow and awful.

A man of this sort is a curious mental phenomenon. He appears to get early—perhaps to be born with—a kind of dry schedule or catalogue of the universe; he has a ledger in his head, and has a title to which he can refer any transaction; nothing puzzles him, nothing comes amiss to him, but he is not in the least the wiser for anything. Like the book-keeper, he has his heads of account, and he knows them, but he is no wiser for the particular items. After a busy day, and after a slow day, after a few entries, and after many, his knowledge is exactly the same: take his opinion of Baron Rothschild, he will say: "Yes, he keeps an account with us"; of Humphrey Brown: "Yes, we have that account, too." Just so with the class of minds which we are speaking of, and in greater matters. Very early in life they come to a certain and considerable acquaintance with the world; they learn very quickly all they can learn, and naturally they never, in any way, learn any more. Mr. Pitt is, in this country, the type of the character. Mr. Alison, in a well-known passage, makes it a matter of wonder that he was fit to be a Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, and it *is* a great wonder. But it is to be remembered that he was no more fit at forty-three. As somebody said, he did not grow, he was cast. Experience taught him nothing, and he did not believe that he had anything to learn. The habit of mind in smaller degrees is not very rare, and

might be illustrated without end. Hazlitt tells a story of West, the painter, that is in point: When some one asked him if he had ever been to Greece, he answered: "No; I have read a descriptive catalogue of the principal objects in that country, and I believe I am as well conversant with them as if I had visited it." No doubt he was just as well conversant, and so would be any *doctrinaire*.

But Shakespeare was not a man of this sort. If he walked down a street, he knew what was in that street. His mind did not form in early life a classified list of all the objects in the universe, and learn no more about the universe ever after. From a certain fine sensibility of nature, it is plain that he took a keen interest not only in the general and coarse outlines of objects, but in their minutest particulars and gentlest gradations. You may open Shakespeare and find the clearest proofs of this; take the following:—

"When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen," etc.. etc.*

* *As You Like It*, IV. III.

Or the more celebrated description of the hunt:—

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any." *

It is absurd, by the way, to say we know *nothing* about the man who wrote that; we know that he had been after a hare. It is idle to allege that mere imagination would tell him that a hare is apt to run among a flock of sheep,

* *Venus and Adonis.*

or that its so doing disconcerts the scent of hounds. But no single citation really represents the power of the argument. Set descriptions may be manufactured to order, and it does not follow that even the most accurate or successful of them was really the result of a thorough and habitual knowledge of the object. A man who knows little of Nature may write one excellent delineation, as a poor man may have one bright guinea. Real opulence consists in having many. What truly indicates excellent knowledge, is the habit of constant, sudden, and almost unconscious allusion, which implies familiarity, for it can arise from that alone,—and this very species of incidental, casual, and perpetual reference to "the mighty world of eye and ear,"* is the particular characteristic of Shakespeare.

In this respect Shakespeare had the advantage of one whom, in many points, he much resembled—Sir Walter Scott. For a great poet, the organization of the latter was very blunt; he had no sense of smell, little sense of taste, almost no ear for music (he knew a few, perhaps three, Scotch tunes, which he avowed that he had learnt in sixty years, by hard labour and mental association), and not much turn for the minutiæ of Nature in any way. The effect of this may be seen in some of the best descriptive passages of his poetry, and we will not deny that it does (although proceeding from a sensuous defect), in a certain degree, add to their popularity. He deals with the main outlines and great points of Nature, never attends to any others, and in this respect he suits the comprehension and knowledge of many who know only those essential and considerable outlines. Young people, especially, who like big things, are taken with Scott, and bored by Wordsworth, who knew too much. And after all; the two poets are in proper harmony, each with his own scenery. Of all beautiful scenery the Scotch is the roughest and barest, as the English is the most complex and cultivated. What a difference is there between the

* Wordsworth: *Tintern Abbey*.

minute and finished delicacy of Rydal Water and the rough simplicity of Loch Katrine! It is the beauty of civilisation beside the beauty of barbarism. Scott has himself pointed out the effect of this on arts and artists.

"Or see yon weather-beaten hind,
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England's laughing meads he goes,
And England's wealth around him flows;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between?
No! not for these would he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range:
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

"Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime,
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between,
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew

Recesses where the wall-flower grew
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.

. . . . .

"For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conned task?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimm'd the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays;
Since oft thy judgement could refine
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale."*

And this is wise, for there is beauty in the North as well as in the South. Only it is to be remembered that the beauty of the Trossachs is the result of but a few elements —say birch and brushwood, rough hills and narrow dells, much heather and many stones—while the beauty of England is one thing in one district and one in another; is here the combination of one set of qualities, and there the harmony of opposite ones, and is everywhere made up of many details and delicate refinements; all which require an exquisite delicacy of perceptive organisation, a seeing eye, a minutely hearing ear. Scott's is the strong admiration of a rough mind; Shakespeare's, the nice minuteness of a susceptible one.

A perfectly poetic appreciation of nature contains two elements, a knowledge of facts, and a sensibility to charms. Everybody who may have to speak to some naturalists will be well aware how widely the two may be separated. He will have seen that a man may study butterflies and forget that they are beautiful, or be perfect

* *Marmion*: Introduction to Canto iii

in the "Lunar theory" without knowing what most people mean by the moon. Generally such people prefer the stupid parts of nature—worms and Cochin-China fowls. But Shakespeare was not obtuse. The lines—

> "Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath."*

seem to show that he knew those feelings of youth, to which beauty is more than a religion.

In his mode of delineating natural objects Shakespeare is curiously opposed to Milton. The latter, who was still by temperament, and a schoolmaster by trade, selects a beautiful object, puts it straight out before him and his readers, and accumulates upon it all the learned imagery of a thousand years; Shakespeare glances at it and says something of his own. It is not our intention to say that, as a describer of the external world, Milton is inferior; in *set* description we rather think that he is the better. We only wish to contrast the mode in which the delineation is effected. The one is like an artist who dashes off any number of picturesque sketches at any moment; the other like a man who has lived at Rome, has undergone a thorough training, and by deliberate and conscious effort, after a long study of the best masters, can produce a few great pictures. Milton, accordingly, as has been often remarked, is careful in the choice of his subjects; he knows too well the value of his labour to be very ready to squander it; Shakespeare, on the contrary, describes anything that comes to hand, for he is prepared for it whatever it may be, and what he paints he paints without effort. Compare any passage from Shakespeare—for example, those quoted before—and the following passage from Milton:—

* *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv.

"Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had thrown
That mountain as His garden mound high raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable (Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only), and of delicious taste;
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose."*

Why, you could draw a map of it. It is *not* "Nature boon," but "nice art in beds and curious knots"; it is exactly the old (and excellent) style of artificial gardening, by which any place can be turned into trim hedgerows, and stiff borders, and comfortable shades; but there

* *Paradise Lost.* Book IV

are no straight lines in Nature or Shakespeare. Perhaps the contrast may be accounted for by the way in which the two poets acquired their knowledge of scenes and scenery. We think we demonstrated before that Shakespeare was a sportsman, but if there be still a sceptic or a dissentient, let him read the following remarks on dogs:—

> "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
> In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly."*

"Judge when you hear."† It is evident that the man who wrote this was a judge of dogs, was an out-of-door sporting man, full of natural sensibility, not defective in "daintiness of ear," and above all things, apt to cast on Nature random, sportive, half-boyish glances, which reveal so much, and bequeath such abiding knowledge. Milton, on the contrary, went out to see Nature. He left a narrow cell, and the intense study which was his "portion in this life," to take a slow, careful, and reflective walk. In his treatise on education he has given us his notion of the way in which young people should be familiarised with natural objects. "But," he remarks, "to return to our institute; besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining pleasure from pleasure itself abroad; in those vernal seasons of the year when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature, not to go out and see her riches and partake in her rejoicing in heaven and earth. I should not therefore be a persuader to them of studying much in these, after two or three years, that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in companies, with prudent and staid guides, to all quarters of the

* *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. i. 124. † *Ibid.*, next line.

land; learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities of building and of soil, for towns and tillage, harbours and ports of trade. Sometimes taking sea as far as our navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical knowledge of sailing and of sea-fight." Fancy "the prudent and staid guides." What a machinery for making pedants. Perhaps Shakespeare would have known that the conversation would be in this sort: "I say, Shallow, that mare is going in the knees. She has never been the same since you larked her over the fivebar, while Moleyes was talking clay and agriculture. I do not hate Latin so much, but I hate 'argillaceous earth'; and what use is *that* to a fellow in the Guards, *I* should like to know?" Shakespeare had himself this sort of boyish buoyancy. He was not "one of the staid guides." We might further illustrate it. Yet this would be tedious enough, and we prefer to go on and show what we mean by an experiencing nature in relation to men and women, just as we have striven to indicate what it is in relation to horses and hares.

The reason why so few good books are written, is that so few people that can write know anything. In general an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the style and sentiments of the best authors, but he is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears. He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. His life is a vacuum. The mental habits of Robert Southey, which about a year ago were so extensively praised in the public journals, are the type of literary existence, just as the praise bestowed on them shows the admiration excited by them among literary people. He wrote poetry (as if anybody could) before breakfast; he read during breakfast. He wrote history until dinner; he corrected proof-sheets between dinner and tea; he wrote an essay for the *Quarterly* afterwards; and after supper, by way of relaxation, composed the "Doctor"—a lengthy and elaborate jest. Now, what can any one think of such a life—except how clearly it

shows that the habits best fitted for communicating information, formed with the best care, and daily regulated by the best motives, are exactly the habits which are likely to afford a man the least information to communicate. Southey had no events, no experiences. His wife kept house and allowed him pocket-money, just as if he had been a German professor devoted to accents, tobacco, and the dates of Horace's amours. And it is pitiable to think that so meritorious a life was only made endurable by a painful delusion. He thought that day by day, and hour by hour, he was accumulating stores for the instruction and entertainment of a long posterity. His epics were to be in the hands of all men, and his history of Brazil, the "Herodotus of the South American Republics." As if his epics were not already dead, and as if the people who now cheat at Valparaiso care a *real* who it was that cheated those before them. Yet it was only by a conviction like this that an industrious and caligraphic man (for such was Robert Southey), who might have earned money as a clerk, worked all his days for half a clerk's wages, at occupation much duller and more laborious. The critic in *The Vicar of Wakefield* lays down that you should *always* say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains; but in the case of the practised literary man, you should often enough say that the writings would have been much better if the writer had taken less pains. He says he has devoted his life to the subject—the reply is: "Then you have taken the best way to prevent your making anything of it." Instead of reading studiously what Burgersdicius and Ænœsidemus said men were, you should have gone out yourself, and seen (if you can see) what they are.

After all, the original way of writing books may turn out to be the best. The first author, it is plain, could not have taken anything from books, since there were no books for him to copy from; he looked at things for himself. Anyhow, the modern system fails, for where are the amusing books from voracious students and habitual

writers? Not that we mean exactly to say that an author's hard reading is the cause of his writing that which is hard to read. This would be near the truth, but not quite the truth. The two are concomitant effects of a certain defective nature. Slow men read well, but write ill. The abstracted habit, the want of keen exterior interests, the aloofness of mind from what is next it, all tend to make a man feel an exciting curiosity and interest about remote literary events, the toil of scholastic logicians, and the petty feuds of Argos and Lacedæmon; but they also tend to make a man very unable to explain and elucidate those exploits for the benefit of his fellows. What separates the author from his readers, will make it proportionably difficult for him to explain himself to them. Secluded habits do not tend to eloquence; and the indifferent apathy which is so common in studious persons is exceedingly unfavourable to the liveliness of narration and illustration which is needed for excellence in even the simpler sorts of writing. Moreover, in general it will perhaps be found that persons devoted to mere literature commonly become devoted to mere idleness. They wish to produce a great work, but they find they cannot. Having relinquished everything to devote themselves to this, they conclude on trial that this is impossible. They wish to write, but nothing occurs to them. Therefore they write nothing, and they do nothing. As has been said, they have nothing to do. Their life has no events, unless they are very poor. With any decent means of subsistence, they have nothing to rouse them from an indolent and musing dream. A merchant must meet his bills, or he is civilly dead and uncivilly remembered. But a student may know nothing of time and be too lazy to wind up his watch. In the retired citizen's journal in Addison's *Spectator*, we have the type of this way of spending the time: Mem. Morning 8 to 9, "Went into the parlour and tied on my shoe-buckles." This is the sort of life for which studious men commonly relinquish the pursuits of business and the society of their fellows.

Yet all literary men are not tedious, neither are they all slow. One great example even these most tedious times have luckily given us, to show us what may be done by a really great man even now, the same who before served as an illustration—Sir Walter Scott. In his lifetime people denied he was a poet, but nobody said that he was not "the best fellow" in Scotland—perhaps that was not much—or that he had not more wise joviality, more living talk, more graphic humour, than any man in Great Britain. "Wherever we went," said Mr. Wordsworth, "we found his name acted as an *open sesame*, and I believe that in the character of the *sheriff's* friends, we might have counted on a hearty welcome under any roof in the border country." Never neglect to talk to people with whom you are casually thrown, was his precept, and he exemplified the maxim himself. "I believe," observes his biographer, "that Scott has somewhere expressed in print his satisfaction, that amid all the changes of our manners, the ancient freedom of personal intercourse may still be indulged between a master and an *out-of-door* servant; but in truth he kept by the old fashion, even with domestic servants, to an extent which I have hardly ever seen practised by any other gentleman. He conversed with his coachman if he sat by him, as he often did, on the box—with his footman, if he chanced to be in the rumble. Indeed, he did not confine his humanity to his own people; any steady-going servant of a friend of his was soon considered as a sort of friend too, and was sure to have a kind little colloquy to himself at coming or going." "Sir Walter speaks to every man as if he was his blood relation," was the expressive comment of one of these dependants. It was in this way that he acquired the great knowledge of various kinds of men, which is so clear and conspicuous in his writings; nor could that knowledge have been acquired on easier terms, or in any other way. No man could describe the character of Dandie Dinmont, without having been in Liddesdale. Whatever has been once in a book may be put into a book

again; but an original character, taken at first hand from the sheepwalks and from Nature, must be seen in order to be known. A man, to be able to describe—indeed, to be able to know—various people in life, must be able at sight to comprehend their essential features, to know how they shade one into another, to see how they diversify the common uniformity of civilised life. Nor does this involve simply intellectual or even imaginative prerequisites, still less will it be facilitated by exquisite senses or subtle fancy. What is wanted is, to be able to appreciate mere clay—which mere mind never will. If you will describe the people,—nay, if you will write for the people, you must be one of the people. You must have led their life, and must wish to lead their life. However strong in any poet may be the higher qualities of abstract thought or conceiving fancy, unless he can actually sympathise with those around him, he can never describe those around him. Any attempt to produce a likeness of what is not really *liked* by the person who is describing it, will end in the creation of what may be correct, but is not living—of what may be artistic, but is likewise artificial.

Perhaps this is the defect of the works of the greatest dramatic genius of recent times—Goethe. His works are too much in the nature of literary studies; the mind is often deeply impressed by them, but one doubts if the author was. He saw them as he saw the houses of Weimar and the plants in the act of metamorphosis. He had a clear perception of their fixed condition and their successive transitions, but he did not really (if we may so speak) comprehend their motive power. So to say, he appreciated their life, but not their liveliness. Niebuhr, as is well known, compared the most elaborate of Goethe's works—the novel *Wilhelm Meister*—to a menagerie of tame animals, meaning thereby, as we believe, to express much the same distinction. He felt that there was a deficiency in mere vigour and rude energy. We have a long train and no engine—a great accumulation of excellent matter, arranged and ordered with masterly skill,

but not animated with over-buoyant and unbounded play. And we trace this not to a defect in imaginative power, a defect which it would be a simple absurdity to impute to Goethe, but to the tone of his character and the habits of his mind. He moved hither and thither through life, but he was always a man apart. He mixed with unnumbered kinds of men, with courts and academies, students and women, camps and artists, but everywhere he was with them, yet not of them. In every scene he was there, and he made it clear that he was there with a reserve and as a stranger. He went there *to experience*. As a man of universal culture and well skilled in the order and classification of human life, the fact of any one class or order being beyond his reach or comprehension seemed an absurdity, and it was an absurdity. He thought that he was equal to moving in any description of society, and he was equal to it; but then on that exact account he was absorbed in none. There were none of surpassing and immeasurably preponderating captivation. No scene and no subject were to him what Scotland and Scotch nature were to Sir Walter Scott. "If I did not see the heather once a year, I should die," said the latter; but Goethe would have lived without it, and it would not have cost him much trouble. In every one of Scott's novels there is always the spirit of the old moss trooper—the flavour of the ancient border; there is the intense sympathy which enters into the most living moments of the most living characters—the lively energy which *becomes* the energy of the most vigorous persons delineated. *Marmion* was "written" while he was galloping on horseback. It reads as if it were so.

Now it appears that Shakespeare not only had that various commerce with, and experience of men, which was common both to Goethe and to Scott, but also that he agrees with the latter rather than with the former in the kind and species of that experience. He was not merely with men, but of men; he was not a "thing apart,"*

* Byron: *Don Juan*, I. cxciv.

with a clear intuition of what was in those around him; he had in his own nature the germs and tendencies of the very elements that he described. He knew what was in man, for he felt it in himself. Throughout all his writings you see an amazing sympathy with common people, rather an excessive tendency to dwell on the common features of ordinary lives. You feel that common people could have been cut out of him, but not without his feeling it; for it would have deprived him of a very favourite subject—of a portion of his ideas to which he habitually recurred.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?
Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.
Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.
Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.
Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.
Leon. What is it, my good friends?
Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.
Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.
Dog. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras,* neighbour Verges.
Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.
Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

. . . . . .

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.
Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.
Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God 's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must

ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.—etc., etc.*

Stafford. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it; not.†

Shakespeare was too wise not to know that for most of the purposes of human life stupidity is a most valuable element. He had nothing of the impatience which sharp logical narrow minds habitually feel when they come across those who do not apprehend their quick and precise deductions. No doubt he talked to the stupid players, to the stupid door-keeper, to the property man, who considers paste jewels "very preferable, besides the expense"—talked with the stupid apprentices of stupid Fleet Street, and had much pleasure in ascertaining what was their notion of *King Lear*. In his comprehensive mind it was enough if every man hitched well into his own place in human life. If every one were logical and literary, how would there be scavengers, or watchmen, or caulkers, or coopers? Narrow minds will be "subdued to what" they "work in." The "dyer's hand"‡ will not more clearly carry off its tint, nor will what is moulded more precisely indicate the confines of the mould. A patient sympathy, a kindly fellow-feeling for the narrow

* *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. v. †2 *King Henry VI.*, IV. ii.
‡ Shakespeare: *Sonnets*, CXI.

intelligence necessarily induced by narrow circumstances —a narrowness which, in some degrees, seems to be inevitable, and is perhaps more serviceable than most things to the wise conduct of life—this, though quick and half-bred minds may despise it, seems to be a necessary constituent in the composition of manifold genius. "How shall the world be served?" asks the host in Chaucer. We must have cart-horses as well as race-horses, draymen as well as poets. It is no bad thing, after all, to be a slow man and to have one idea a year. You don't make a figure, perhaps, in argumentative society, which requires a quicker species of thought, but is that the worse?

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.
Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.
Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.
Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.
Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!*

And such, we believe, was the notion of Shakespeare.

S. T. Coleridge has a nice criticism which bears on this point. He observes that in the narrations of uneducated people in Shakespeare, just as in real life, there is a want of prospectiveness and a superfluous amount of regressiveness. People of this sort are unable to look a long way in front of them, and they wander from the right path. They get on too fast with one half, and then the other hopelessly lags. They can tell a story exactly as it is told to them (as an animal can go step by step where it has been before), but they can't calculate its bearings beforehand, or see how it is to be adapted to those to whom they are speaking, nor do they know how much they have thoroughly told and how much they have not. "I went up the street, then I went down the street; no, first went down and then—but you do not follow me; I

* *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i.

go before you, sir." Thence arises the complex style usually adopted by persons not used to narration. They tumble into a story and get on as they can. This is scarcely the sort of thing which a man could foresee. Of course a metaphysician can account for it, and, like Coleridge, assure you that if he had not observed it, he could have predicted it in a moment; but, nevertheless, it is too refined a conclusion to be made out from known premises by common reasoning. Doubtless there is some reason why negroes have woolly hair (and if you look into a philosophical treatise, you will find that the author could have made out that it would be so, if he had not, by a mysterious misfortune, known from infancy that it was the fact),—still one could never have supposed it oneself. And in the same manner, though the profounder critics may explain in a satisfactory and refined manner, how the confused and undulating style of narration is peculiarly incident to the mere multitude, yet it is most likely that Shakespeare derived his acquaintance with it from the fact, from actual hearing, and not from what may be the surer, but is the slower, process of metaphysical deduction. The best passage to illustrate this is that in which the nurse gives a statement of Juliet's age; but it will not exactly suit our pages. The following of Mrs. Quickly will suffice:—

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t' other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name': now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I 'll no swaggerers.*

* *2 King Henry IV.*, II. iv.

Now, it is quite impossible that this, any more than the political reasoning on the parentage of Cade, which was cited before, should have been written by one not habitually and sympathisingly conversant with the talk of the illogical classes. Shakespeare felt, if we may say so, the force of the bad reasoning. He did not, like a sharp logician, angrily detect a flaw, and set it down as a fallacy of reference or a fallacy of amphibology. This is not the English way, though Dr. Whately's logic has been published so long (and, as he says himself, must now be deemed to be irrefutable, since no one has ever offered any refutation of it). Yet still people in this country do not like to be committed to distinct premises. They like a Chancellor of the Exchequer to say: "It has during very many years been maintained by the honourable member for Montrose that two and two make four, and I am free to say, that I think there is a great deal to be said in favour of that opinion; but, without committing her Majesty's Government to that proposition as an abstract sentiment, I will go so far as to assume two and two are not sufficient to make five, which with the permission of the House, will be a sufficient basis for all the operations which I propose to enter upon during the present year." We have no doubt Shakespeare reasoned in that way himself. Like any other Englishman, when he had a clear course before him, he rather liked to shuffle over little hitches in the argument, and on that account he had a great sympathy with those who did so too. He would never have interrupted Mrs. Quickly; he saw that her mind was going to and fro over the subject; he saw that it was coming right, and this was enough for him, and will be also enough of this topic for our readers.

We think we have proved that Shakespeare had an enormous specific acquaintance with the common people; that this can only be obtained by sympathy. It likewise has a further condition.

In spiritedness, the style of Shakespeare is very like to that of Scott. The description of a charge of cavalry in

Scott reads, as was said before, as if it was written on horseback. A play by Shakespeare reads as if it were written in a playhouse. The great critics assure you that a theatrical audience must be kept awake, but Shakespeare knew this of his own knowledge. When you read him, you feel a sensation of motions, a conviction that there is something "up," a notion that not only is something being talked about, but also that something is being done. We do not imagine that Shakespeare owed this quality to his being a player, but rather that he became a player because he possessed this quality of mind. For after, and notwithstanding, everything which has been, or may be, said against the theatrical profession, it certainly does require from those who pursue it a certain quickness and liveliness of mind. Mimics are commonly an elastic sort of persons, and it takes a little levity of disposition to enact even the "heavy fathers." If a boy joins a company of strolling players, you may be sure that he is not a "good boy"; he may be a trifle foolish, or a thought romantic, but certainly he is not slow. And this was in truth the case with Shakespeare. They say, too, that in the beginning he was a first-rate link-boy; and the tradition is affecting, though we fear it is not quite certain. Anyhow, you feel about Shakespeare that he could have been a link-boy. In the same way you feel he may have been a player. You are sure at once that he could not have followed any sedentary kind of life. But wheresoever there was anything *acted* in earnest or in jest, by way of mock representation or by way of serious reality, there he found matter for his mind. If anybody could have any doubt about the liveliness of Shakespeare, let them consider the character of Falstaff. When a man has created *that* without a capacity for laughter, then a blind man may succeed in describing colours. Intense animal spirits are the single sentiment (if they be a sentiment) of the entire character. If most men were to save up all the gaiety of their whole lives, it would come about to the gaiety of one speech in Falstaff. A

morose man might have amassed many jokes, might have observed many details of jovial society, might have conceived a Sir John, marked by rotundity of body, but could hardly have imagined what we call his rotundity of mind. We mean that the animal spirits of Falstaff give him an easy, vague, diffusive sagacity which is peculiar to him. A morose man, Iago, for example, may know anything, and is apt to know a good deal; but what he knows is generally all in corners. He knows number 1, number 2, number 3, and so on, but there is not anything continuous, or smooth, or fluent in his knowledge. Persons conversant with the works of Hazlitt will know in a minute what we mean. Everything which he observed he seemed to observe from a certain soreness of mind; he looked at people because they offended him; he had the same vivid notion of them that a man has of objects which grate on a wound in his body. But there is nothing at all of this in Falstaff; on the contrary, everything pleases him, and everything is food for a joke. Cheerfulness and prosperity give an easy abounding sagacity of mind which nothing else does give. Prosperous people bound easily over all the surface of things which their lives present to them; very likely they keep to the surface; there are things beneath or above to which they may not penetrate or attain, but what is on any part of the surface, that they know well. "Lift not the painted veil which those who live call life,"* and they do not lift it. What is sublime or awful above, what is "sightless and drear"† beneath,—these they may not dream of. Nor is any one piece or corner of life so well impressed on them as on minds less happily constituted. It is only people who have had a tooth out, that really know the dentist's waiting-room. Yet such people, for the time at least, know nothing but that and their tooth. The easy and sympathising friend who accompanies them knows everything; hints gently at the contents of the *Times*, and would cheer you with Lord Palmerston's replies. So, on

* Shelley: *Sonnet* (1818). † *Ibid.*

a greater scale, the man of painful experience knows but too well what has hurt him, and where and why; but the happy have a vague and rounded view of the round world, and such was the knowledge of Falstaff.

It is to be observed that these high spirits are not a mere excrescence or superficial point in an experiencing nature; on the contrary, they seem to be essential, if not to its idea or existence, at least to its exercise and employment. How are you to know people without talking to them, but how are you to talk to them without tiring yourself? A common man is exhausted in half an hour; Scott or Shakespeare could have gone on for a whole day. This is, perhaps, peculiarly necessary for a painter of English life. The basis of our national character seems to be a certain energetic humour, which may be found in full vigour in old Chaucer's time, and in great perfection in at least one of the popular writers of this age, and which is, perhaps, most easily described by the name of our greatest painter—Hogarth. It is amusing to see how entirely the efforts of critics and artists fail to naturalise in England any other sort of painting. Their efforts are fruitless; for the people painted are not English people: they may be Italians, or Greeks, or Jews, but it is quite certain that they are foreigners. We should not fancy that modern art ought to resemble the mediæval. So long as artists attempt the same class of paintings as Raphael, they will not only be inferior to Raphael, but they will never please, as they might please, the English people. What we want is what Hogarth gave us—a representation of ourselves. It may be that we are wrong, that we ought to prefer something of the old world, some scene in Rome or Athens, some tale from Carmel or Jerusalem; but, after all, we do not. These places are, we think, abroad, and had their greatness in former times; we wish a copy of what now exists, and of what we have seen. London we know, and Manchester we know, but where are all these? It is the same with literature, Milton excepted, and even Milton can hardly be called a pop-

ular writer; all great English writers describe English people, and in describing them, they give, as they must give, a large comic element; and, speaking generally, this is scarcely possible, except in the case of cheerful and easy-living men. There is, no doubt, a biting satire, like that of Swift, which has for its essence misanthropy. There is the mockery of Voltaire, which is based on intellectual contempt; but this is not our English humour—it is not that of Shakespeare and Falstaff; ours is the humour of a man who laughs when he speaks, of flowing enjoyment, of an experiencing nature.

Yet it would be a great error if we gave anything like an exclusive prominence to this aspect of Shakespeare. Thus he appeared to those around him—in some degree they knew that he was a cheerful, and humorous, and happy man; but of his higher gift they knew less than we. A great painter of men must (as has been said) have a faculty of conversing, but he must also have a capacity for solitude. There is much of mankind that a man can only learn for himself. Behind every man's external life, which he leads in company, there is another which he leads alone, and which he carries with him apart. We see but one aspect of our neighbour, as we see but one side of the moon; in either case there is also a dark half, which is unknown to us. We all come down to dinner, but each has a room to himself. And if we would study the internal lives of others, it seems essential that we should begin with our own. If we study this our *datum*, if we attain to see and feel how this influences and evolves itself in our social and (so to say) public life, then it is possible that we may find in the lives of others the same or analogous features; and if we do not, then at least we may suspect that those who want them are deficient likewise in the secret agencies which we feel produce them in ourselves. The metaphysicians assert that people originally picked up the idea of the existence of other people in this way. It is orthodox doctrine that a baby says: "I have a mouth, mamma has a mouth: therefore I'm the

same species as mamma. I have a nose, papa has a nose: therefore papa is the same genus as me." But whether or not this ingenious idea really does or does not represent the actual process by which we originally obtain an acquaintance with the existence of minds analogous to our own, it gives unquestionably the process by which we obtain our notion of that part of those minds which they never exhibit consciously to others, and which only becomes predominant in secrecy and solitude and to themselves. Now, that Shakespeare has this insight into the musing life of man, as well as into his social life, is easy to prove; take, for instance, the following passages:—

"This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails; and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;

How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him."*

"A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune':
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;

*3 *King Henry VI.*, II. v.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial."*

No slight versatility of mind and pliancy of fancy could pass at will from scenes such as these to the ward of Eastcheap and the society which heard the chimes at midnight. One of the reasons of the rarity of great imaginative works is that in very few cases is this capacity for musing solitude combined with that of observing mankind. A certain constitutional though latent melancholy is essential to such a nature. This is the exceptional characteristic in Shakespeare. All through his works you feel you are reading the popular author, the successful man; but through them all there is a certain tinge of musing sadness pervading, and, as it were, softening their gaiety. Not a trace can be found of "eating cares" or narrow and mind-contracting toil, but everywhere there is, in addition to shrewd sagacity and buoyant wisdom, a refining element of chastening sensibility, which prevents sagacity from being rough, and shrewdness from becoming cold. He had an eye for either sort of life:—

"Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, and some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away."†

In another point also Shakespeare, as he was, must be carefully contrasted with the estimate that would be formed of him from such delineations as that of Falstaff, and that was doubtless frequently made by casual, though only by casual, frequenters of the Mermaid. It has been said that the mind of Shakespeare contained within it the

* *As You Like It*, II. vii. † *Hamlet*, III. ii.

mind of Scott; it remains to be observed that it contained also the mind of Keats. For, beside the delineation of human life, and beside also the delineation of Nature, there remains also for the poet a third subject—the delineation of *fancies*. Of course these, be they what they may, are like to, and were originally borrowed from, either man or Nature—from one or from both together. We know but two things in the simple way of direct experience, and whatever else we know must be in some mode or manner compacted out of them. Yet "books are a substantial world, both pure and good," and so are fancies too. In all countries, men have devised to themselves a whole series of half-divine creations—mythologies Greek and Roman, fairies, angels, beings who may be, for aught we know, but with whom, in the meantime, we can attain to no conversation. The most known of these mythologies are the Greek, and what is, we suppose, the second epoch of the Gothic, the fairies; and it so happens that Shakespeare has dealt with them both, and in a remarkable manner. We are not, indeed, of those critics who profess simple and unqualified admiration for the poem of *Venus and Adonis*. It seems intrinsically, as we know it from external testimony to have been, a juvenile production, written when Shakespeare's nature might be well expected to be crude and unripened. Power is shown, and power of a remarkable kind; but it is not displayed in a manner that will please or does please the mass of men. In spite of the name of its author, the poem has never been popular—and surely this is sufficient. Nevertheless, it is remarkable as a literary exercise, and as a treatment of a singular, though unpleasant subject. The fanciful class of poems differ from others in being laid, so far as their scene goes, in a perfectly unseen world. The type of such productions is Keats's *Endymion*. We mean that it is the type, not as giving the abstract perfection of this sort of art, but because it shows and embodies both its excellences and defects in a very marked and prominent manner. In that poem there are no pas-

sions and no actions, there is no art and no life; but there is beauty, and that is meant to be enough, and to a reader of one and twenty it is enough and more. What are exploits or speeches? what is Cæsar or Coriolanus? what is a tragedy like *Lear,* or a real view of human life in any kind whatever, to people who do not know and do not care what human life is? In early youth it is, perhaps, not true that the passions, taken generally, are particularly violent, or that the imagination is in any remarkable degree powerful; but it is certain that the fancy (which though it be, in the last resort, but a weak stroke of that same faculty, which, when it strikes hard, we call imagination, may yet for this purpose be looked on as distinct) is particularly wakeful, and that the gentler species of passions are more absurd than they are afterwards. And the literature of this period of human life runs naturally away from the real world; away from the less ideal portion of it, from stocks and stones, and aunts and uncles, and rests on mere half-embodied sentiments, which in the hands of great poets assume a kind of semi-personality, and are, to the distinction between things and persons, "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."* The *Sonnets* of Shakespeare belong exactly to the same school of poetry. They are not the sort of verses to take any particular hold upon the mind permanently and for ever, but at a certain period they take too much. For a young man to read in the spring of the year among green fields and in gentle air, they are the ideal. As First of April poetry they are perfect.

The *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is of another order. If the question were to be decided by *Venus and Adonis,* in spite of the unmeasured panegyrics of many writers, we should be obliged in equity to hold, that as a poet of mere fancy Shakespeare was much inferior to the late Mr. Keats and even to meaner men. Moreover, we should have been prepared with some refined reasonings to show that it was unlikely that a poet with so much

* Tennyson: *Locksley Hall.*

hold on reality, in life and Nature, both in solitude and in society, should have also a similar command over *un*-reality: should possess a command not only of flesh and blood, but of the imaginary entities which the self-inworking fancy brings forth—impalpable conceptions of mere mind: *quædam simulacra miris pallentia modis*,* thin ideas, which come we know not whence, and are given us we know not why. But, unfortunately for this ingenious, if not profound suggestion, Shakespeare, in fact, possessed the very faculty which it tends to prove that he would not possess. He could paint Poins and Falstaff, but he excelled also in fairy legends. He had such

> "Seething brains,
> Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends."†

As, for example, the idea of Puck, or Queen Mab, of Ariel, or such a passage as the following:—

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I 'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

* *Lucretius*, I. xxiv. † *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i.

Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from beneath, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy? here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone![*]

* *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. i.

Probably he believed in these things. Why not? Everybody else believed in them then. They suit our climate. As the Greek mythology suits the keen Attic sky, the fairies, indistinct and half-defined, suit a land of wild mists and gentle airs. They confuse the "maidens of the villagery"; they are the paganism of the South of England.

Can it be made out what were Shakespeare's political views? We think it certainly can, and that without difficulty. From the English historical plays, it distinctly appears that he accepted, like everybody then, the Constitution of his country. His lot was not cast in an age of political controversy, nor of reform. What was, was from of old. The Wars of the Roses had made it very evident how much room there was for the evils incident to an hereditary monarchy, for instance, those of a controverted succession, and the evils incident to an aristocracy, as want of public spirit and audacious selfishness, to arise and continue within the realm of England. Yet they had not repelled, and had barely disconcerted, our conservative ancestors. They had not become Jacobins; they did not concur—and history, except in Shakespeare, hardly does justice to them—in Jack Cade's notion that the laws should come out of his mouth, or that the commonwealth was to be reformed by interlocutors in this scene.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them!*

* 2 *King Henry VI.*, IV. ii.

The English people did see them, and know them, and therefore have rejected them. An audience which, *bonâ fide*, entered into the merit of this scene, would never believe in everybody's suffrage. They would know that there is such a thing as nonsense, and when a man has once attained to that deep conception, you may be sure of him ever after. And though it would be absurd to say that Shakespeare originated this idea, or that the disbelief in simple democracy is owing to his teaching or suggestions, yet it may, nevertheless, be truly said, that he shared in the peculiar knowledge of men—and also possessed the peculiar constitution of mind—which engender this effect. The author of *Coriolanus* never believed in a mob, and did something towards preventing anybody else from doing so. But this political idea was not exactly the strongest in Shakespeare's mind. We think he had two other stronger, or as strong. First, the feeling of loyalty to the ancient polity of this country—not because it was good, but because it existed. In his time, people no more thought of the origin of the monarchy than they did of the origin of the Mendip Hills. The one had always been there, and so had the other. God (such was the common notion) had made both, and one as much as the other. Everywhere, in that age, the common modes of political speech assumed the existence of certain utterly national institutions, and would have been worthless and nonsensical except on that assumption. This national habit appears as it ought to appear in our national dramatist. A great divine tells us that the Thirty-nine Articles are "forms of thought"; inevitable conditions of the religious understanding: in politics, "kings, lords, and commons" are, no doubt, "forms of thought," to the great majority of Englishmen; in these they live, and beyond these they never move. You can't reason on the removal (such is the notion) of the English Channel, nor St. George's Channel, nor can you of the English Constitution, in like manner. It is to most of us, and to the happiest of us, a thing immutable, and

such, no doubt, it was to Shakespeare, which, if any one would have proved, let him refer at random to any page of the historical English plays.

The second peculiar tenet which we ascribe to his political creed, is a disbelief in the middle classes. We fear he had no opinion of traders. In this age, we know, it is held that the keeping of a shop is equivalent to a political education. Occasionally, in country villages, where the trader sells everything, he is thought to know nothing, and has no vote; but in a town where he is a householder (as, indeed, he is in the country), and sells only one thing—there we assume that he knows everything. And this assumption is, in the opinion of some observers, confirmed by the fact. Sir Walter Scott used to relate, that when, after a trip to London, he returned to Tweedside, he always found the people in that district knew more of politics than the Cabinet. And so it is with the mercantile community in modern times. If you are a Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is possible that you may be acquainted with finance; but if you sell figs it is certain that you will. Now we nowhere find this laid down in Shakespeare. On the contrary, you will generally find that when a "citizen" is mentioned, he generally does or says something absurd. Shakespeare had a clear perception that it is possible to bribe a class as well as an individual, and that personal obscurity is but an insecure guarantee for political disinterestedness.

> "Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
> His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
> On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
> And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
> To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
> Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?"*

He everywhere speaks in praise of a tempered and ordered and qualified polity, in which the pecuniary classes have a certain influence, but no more, and shows in every

* *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii.

page a keen sensibility to the large views and high-souled energies, the gentle refinements and disinterested desires, in which those classes are likely to be especially deficient. He is particularly the poet of personal nobility, though, throughout his writings, there is a sense of freedom, just as Milton is the poet of freedom, though with an underlying reference to personal nobility; indeed, we might well expect our two poets to combine the appreciation of a rude and generous liberty with that of a delicate and refined nobleness, since it is the union of these two elements that characterises our society and their experience.

There are two things—good-tempered sense and ill-tempered sense. In our remarks on the character of Falstaff, we hope we have made it very clear that Shakespeare had the former; we think it nearly as certain that he possessed the latter also. An instance of this might be taken from that contempt for the perspicacity of the *bourgeoisie* which we have just been mentioning. It is within the limits of what may be called malevolent sense, to take extreme and habitual pleasure in remarking the foolish opinions, the narrow notions, and fallacious deductions which seem to cling to the pompous and prosperous man of business. Ask him his opinion of the currency question, and he puts "bills" and "bullion" together in a sentence, and he does not seem to care what he puts between them. But a more proper instance of (what has an odd sound), the malevolence of Shakespeare is to be found in the play of *Measure for Measure.* We agree with Hazlitt, that this play seems to be written, perhaps more than any other, *con amore,* and with a relish; and this seems to be the reason why, notwithstanding the unpleasant nature of its plot, and the absence of any very attractive character, it is yet one of the plays which take hold on the mind most easily and most powerfully. Now the entire character of Angelo, which is the expressive feature of the piece, is nothing but a successful embodiment of the pleasure, the malevolent pleasure, which a warm-blooded and expansive man takes in watching the

rare, the dangerous and inanimate excesses of the constrained and cold-blooded. One seems to see Shakespeare, with his bright eyes and his large lips and buoyant face, watching with a pleasant excitement the excesses of his thin-lipped and calculating creation, as though they were the excesses of a real person. It is the complete picture of a natural hypocrite, who does not consciously disguise strong impulses, but whose very passions seem of their own accord to have disguised themselves and retreated into the recesses of the character, yet only to recur even more dangerously when their proper period is expired, when the will is cheated into security by their absence, and the world (and, it may be, the "judicious person" himself) is impressed with a sure reliance in his chilling and remarkable rectitude.

It has, we believe, been doubted whether Shakespeare was a man much conversant with the intimate society of women. Of course no one denies that he possessed a great knowledge of them—a capital acquaintance with their excellences, faults, and foibles; but it has been thought that this was the result rather of imagination than of society, of creative fancy rather than of perceptive experience. Now that Shakespeare possessed, among other singular qualities, a remarkable imaginative knowledge of women, is quite certain, for he was acquainted with the soliloquies of women. A woman we suppose, like a man, must be alone, in order to speak a soliloquy. After the greatest possible intimacy and experience, it must still be imagination, or fancy at least, which tells any man what a woman thinks of herself and to herself. There will still —get as near the limits of confidence or observation as you can—be a space which must be filled up from other means. Men can only divine the truth—reserve, indeed, is a part of its charm. Seeing, therefore, that Shakespeare had done what necessarily and certainly must be done without experience, we were in some doubt whether he might not have dispensed with it altogether. A grave reviewer cannot know these things. We thought indeed

of reasoning that since the delineations of women in Shakespeare were admitted to be first-rate, it should follow,—at least there was a fair presumption,—that no means or aid had been wanting to their production, and that consequently we ought, in the absence of distinct evidence, to assume that personal intimacy as well as solitary imagination had been concerned in their production. And we meant to cite the "questions about Octavia," which Lord Byron, who thought he had the means of knowing, declared to be "women all over."

But all doubt was removed and all conjecture set to rest by the coming in of an ably-dressed friend from the external world, who mentioned that the language of Shakespeare's women was essentially female language; that there were certain points and peculiarities in the English of cultivated English women, which made it a language of itself, which must be heard familiarly in order to be known. And he added, "Except a greater use of words of Latin derivation, as was natural in an age when ladies received a learned education, a few words not now proper, a few conceits that were the fashion of the time, and there is the very same English in the women's speeches in Shakespeare." He quoted—

"Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall;
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one;" *

and the passage of Perdita's cited before about the daffodils that—

"take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath;"

and said that these were conclusive. But we have not, ourselves, heard young ladies converse in that manner.

Perhaps it is in his power of delineating women, that Shakespeare contrasts most strikingly with the greatest master of the art of dialogue in antiquity—we mean Plato. It will, no doubt, be said that the delineation of women did not fall within Plato's plan; that men's life was in that age so separate and predominant that it could be delineated by itself and apart; and no doubt these remarks are very true. But what led Plato to form that plan? What led him to select that peculiar argumentative aspect of life, in which the masculine element is in so high a degree superior? We believe that he did it because he felt that he could paint that kind of scene much better than he could paint any other. If a person will consider the sort of conversation that was held in the cool summer morning, when Socrates was knocked up early to talk definitions and philosophy with Protagoras, he will feel, not only that women would fancy such dialogues to be certainly stupid, and very possibly to be without meaning, but also that the side of character which is there pre-

* *As You Like It*, III. v.

sented is one from which not only the feminine but even the epicene element is nearly, if not perfectly, excluded. It is the intellect surveying and delineating intellectual characteristics. We have a dialogue of thinking faculties; the character of every man is delineated by showing us, not his mode of action or feeling, but his mode of thinking, alone and by itself. The pure mind, purged of all passion and affection, strives to view and describe others in like manner; and the singularity is, that the likenesses so taken are so good,—that the accurate copying of the merely intellectual effects and indications of character gives so true and so firm an impression of the whole character,—that a daguerreotype of the mind should almost seem to be a delineation of the life. But though in the hand of a consummate artist, such a way of representation may in some sense succeed in the case of men, it would certainly seem sure to fail in the case of women. The mere intellect of a woman is a mere nothing. It originates nothing, it transmits nothing, it retains nothing; it has little life of its own, and therefore it can hardly be expected to attain any vigour. Of the lofty Platonic world of the ideas, which the soul in the old doctrine was to arrive at by pure and continuous reasoning, women were never expected to know anything. Plato (though Mr. Grote denies that he was a practical man) was much too practical for that; he reserved his teaching for people whose belief was regulated and induced in some measure by abstract investigations; who had an interest in the pure and (as it were) geometrical truth itself; who had an intellectual character (apart from and accessory to their other character) capable of being viewed as a large and substantial existence, Shakespeare's being, like a woman's, worked as a whole. He was capable of intellectual abstractedness, but commonly he was touched with the sense of earth. One thinks of him as firmly set on our coarse world of common clay, but from it he could paint the moving essence of thoughtful feeling—which is the best refinement of the best women.

Imogen or Juliet would have thought little of the conversation of Gorgias.

On few subjects has more nonsense been written than on the learning of Shakespeare. In former times, the established tenet was, that he was acquainted with the entire range of the Greek and Latin classics, and familiarly resorted to Sophocles and Æschylus as guides and models. This creed reposed not so much on any painful or elaborate criticism of Shakespeare's plays, as on one of the *a priori* assumptions permitted to the indolence of the wise old world. It was then considered clear, by all critics, that no one could write good English who could not also write bad Latin. Questioning scepticism has rejected this axiom, and refuted with contemptuous facility the slight attempt which had been made to verify this case of it from the evidence of the plays themselves. But the new school, not content with showing that Shakespeare was no formed or elaborate scholar, propounded the idea that he was quite ignorant, just as Mr. Croker "demonstrates" that Napoleon Bonaparte could scarcely write or read. The answer is, that Shakespeare wrote his plays, and that those plays show not only a very powerful, but also a very cultivated mind. A hard student Shakespeare was not, yet he was a happy and pleased reader of interesting books. He was a natural reader; when a book was dull he put it down, when it looked fascinating he took it up, and the consequence is, that he remembered and mastered what he read. Lively books, read with lively interest, leave strong and living recollections; the instructors, no doubt, say that they ought not to do so, and inculcate the necessity of dry reading. Yet the good sense of a busy public has practically discovered that what is read easily is recollected easily, and what is read with difficulty is remembered with more. It is certain that Shakespeare read the novels of his time, for he has founded on them the stories of his plays; he read Plutarch, for his words still live in the dialogue of the "proud Roman" plays; and it is remarkable that Mon-

taigne is the only philosopher that Shakespeare can be proved to have read, because he deals more than any other philosopher with the first impressions of things which exist. On the other hand, it may be doubted if Shakespeare would have perused his commentators. Certainly, he would have never read a page of this review, and we go so far as to doubt whether he would have been pleased with the admirable discourses of M. Guizot, which we ourselves, though ardent admirers of his style and ideas, still find it a little difficult to *read*;—and what would he have thought of the following speculations of an anonymous individual, whose notes have been recently published in a fine octavo by Mr. Collier, and, according to the periodical essayists, "contribute valuable suggestions to the illustration of the immortal bard"?

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona

"Act I. Scene I.

"P. 92. The reading of the subsequent line has hitherto been
'"Tis true; for you are over boots in love';

but the manuscript corrector of the Folio, 1632, has changed it to
'"Tis true; *but* you are over boots in love,'

which seems more consistent with the course of the dialogue; for Proteus, remarking that Leander had been 'more than over shoes in love,' with Hero, Valentine answers, that Proteus was even more deeply in love than Leander. Proteus observes of the fable of Hero and Leander—

'That's a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love.'

Valentine retorts—

'"Tis true; *but* you are over boots in love.'

For instead of *but* was perhaps caught by the compositor from the preceding line."

It is difficult to fancy Shakespeare perusing a volume of such annotations, though we allow that we admire

them ourselves. As to the controversy on his school learning, we have only to say, that though the alleged imitations of the Greek tragedians are mere nonsense, yet there is clear evidence that Shakespeare received the ordinary grammar-school education of his time, and that he had derived from the pain and suffering of several years, not exactly an acquaintance with Greek or Latin, but, like Eton boys, a firm conviction that there are such languages.

Another controversy has been raised as to whether Shakespeare was religious. In the old editions it is commonly enough laid down that, when writing his plays, he had no desire to fill the Globe Theatre, but that his intentions were of the following description. "In this play, *Cymbeline*, Shakespeare has strongly depicted the frailties of our nature, and the effect of vicious passions on the human mind. In the fate of the Queen we behold the adept in perfidy justly sacrificed by the arts she had, with unnatural ambition, prepared for others; and in reviewing her death and that of Cloten, we may easily call to mind the words of Scripture," etc. And of *King Lear* it is observed with great confidence, that Shakespeare, "*no doubt*, intended to mark particularly the afflicting character of children's ingratitude to their parents, and the conduct of Goneril and Regan to each other; *especially* in the former's poisoning the latter, and laying hands on *herself*, we are taught that those who want gratitude towards their parents (who gave them their being, fed them, nurtured them to *man's* estate) will not scruple to commit more barbarous crimes, and easily to forget that, by destroying their body, they destroy their soul also." And Dr. Ulrici, a very learned and illegible writer, has discovered that in every one of his plays Shakespeare had in view the inculcation of the peculiar sentiments and doctrines of the Christian religion, and considers the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* to be a specimen of the lay or amateur sermon. This is what Dr. Ulrici thinks of Shakespeare; but what would Shakespeare have thought of Dr. Ulrici? We believe that

"*Via*, goodman Dull," is nearly the remark which the learned professor would have received from the poet to whom his very careful treatise is devoted. And yet, without prying into the Teutonic mysteries, a gentleman of missionary aptitudes might be tempted to remark that in many points Shakespeare is qualified to administer a rebuke to people of the prevalent religion. Meeting a certain religionist is like striking the corner of a wall. He is possessed of a firm and rigid persuasion that you must leave off this and that, stop, cry, be anxious, be advised, and, above all things, refrain from doing what you like, for nothing is so bad for any one as that. And in quite another quarter of the religious hemisphere, we occasionally encounter gentlemen who have most likely studied at the feet of Dr. Ulrici, or at least of an equivalent Gamaliel, and who, when we, or such as we, speaking the language of mortality, remark of a pleasing friend: "Nice fellow, so and so! Good fellow as ever lived!" reply sternly, upon an unsuspecting reviewer, with—"Sir, is he an *earnest* man?" To which, in some cases, we are unable to return a sufficient answer. Yet Shakespeare, differing, in that respect at least, from the disciples of Carlyle, had, we suspect, an objection to grim people, and we fear would have liked the society of Mercutio better than that of a dreary divine, and preferred Ophelia or "that Juliet" to a female philanthropist of sinewy aspect. And, seriously, if this world is not all evil, he who has understood and painted it best must probably have some good. If the underlying and almighty essence of this world be good, then it is likely that the writer who most deeply approached to that essence will be himself good. There is a religion of week-days as well as of Sundays, of "cakes and ale"* as well as of pews and altar cloths. This England lay before Shakespeare as it lies before us all, with its green fields, and its long hedgerows, and its many trees, and its great towns, and its endless hamlets, and its motley society, and

* *Twelfth Night*, II. iii.

its long history, and its bold exploits, and its gathering power, and he saw that they were good. To him, perhaps, more than to any one else, has it been given to see that they were a great unity, a great religious object; that if you could only descend to the inner life, to the deep things, to the secret principles of its noble vigour, to the essence of character, to what we know of Hamlet and seem to fancy of Ophelia, we might, so far as we are capable of so doing, understand the nature which God has made. Let us, then, think of him not as a teacher of dry dogmas, or a sayer of hard sayings, but as—

> "A priest to us all,
> Of the wonder and bloom of the world"—*

a teacher of the hearts of men and women; one from whom may be learned something of that inmost principle that ever modulates—

> "With murmurs of the air,
> And motions of the forests and the sea,
> And voice of living beings, and woven hymns,
> Of night and day and the deep heart of man."†

We must pause, lest our readers reject us, as the Bishop of Durham the poor curate, because he was "mystical and confused."

Yet it must be allowed that Shakespeare was worldly, and the proof of it is, that he succeeded in the world. Possibly this is the point on which we are most richly indebted to tradition. We see generally indeed in Shakespeare's works the popular author, the successful dramatist; there is a life and play in his writings rarely to be found, except in those who have had habitual good luck, and who, by the tact of experience, feel the minds of their readers at every word, as a good rider feels the mouth of his horse. But it would have been difficult quite to make out whether the profits so accruing had been profitably invested—whether the genius to create such illusions was

* Matthew Arnold: *The Youth of Nature.* † Shelley: *Alastor.*

accompanied with the care and judgement necessary to put out their proceeds properly in actual life. We could only have said that there was a general impression of entire calmness and equability in his principal works, rarely to be found where there is much pain, which usually makes gaps in the work and dislocates the balance of the mind. But happily here, and here almost alone, we are on sure historical ground. The reverential nature of Englishmen has carefully preserved what they thought the great excellence of their poet—that he made a fortune. It is certain that Shakespeare was proprietor of the Globe Theatre—that he made money there, and invested the same in land at Stratford-on-Avon, and probably no circumstance in his life ever gave him so much pleasure. It was a great thing that he, the son of the wool-comber, the poacher, the good-for-nothing, the vagabond (for so we fear the phrase went in Shakespeare's youth), should return upon the old scene a substantial man, a person of capital, a freeholder, a gentleman to be respected, and over whom even a burgess could not affect the least superiority. The great pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do. Why did Mr. Disraeli take the duties of the Exchequer with so much relish? Because people said he was a novelist, an *ad captandum* man, and—*monstrum horrendum!*—a Jew, that could not add up. No doubt it pleased his inmost soul to do the work of the red-tape people better than those who could do nothing else. And so with Shakespeare: it pleased him to be respected by those whom he had respected with boyish reverence, but who had rejected the imaginative man—on their own ground and in their own subject, by the only title which they would regard—in a word, as a moneyed man. We seem to see him eyeing the burgesses with good-humoured fellowship and genial (though suppressed and half-unconscious) contempt, drawing out their old stories, and acquiescing in their foolish notions, with everything in his head and easy sayings upon his tongue,—a full mind and a deep dark eye, that played upon an easy scene—

now in fanciful solitude, now in cheerful society; now occupied with deep thoughts, now, and equally so, with trivial recreations, forgetting the dramatist in the man of substance, and the poet in the happy companion; beloved and even respected, with a hope for every one and a smile for all.

Self-Revelation of Shakespeare.

Self-Revelation of Shakespeare.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

I AM reluctant to break the rule—or what ought to be the rule—that no one should write about Shakespeare without a special license. Heaven-born critics or thorough antiquaries alone should add to the pile under which his "honoured bones" are but too effectually hidden. I make no pretence of having discovered a new philosophical meaning in *Hamlet*, or of having any light to throw upon the initials "W. H." I confess too that, though I have read Shakespeare with much pleasure, I cannot say as much for most of his commentators. I have not studied them eagerly. I spent, however, some hours of a recent vacation in reading a few Shakespeare books, including Mr. Lee's already standard *Life* and Professor Brandes's interesting *Critical Study*. The contrast between the two raised an old question. Mr. Lee, like many critics of the highest authority, maintains that we can know nothing of the man. He shows that we know more than the average reader supposes of the external history of the Stratford townsman. But then he maintains the self-denying proposition that such knowledge teaches us nothing about the author of *Hamlet*. Professor Brandes, on the contrary, tries to show how a certain spiritual history indicated by the works may be more or less distinctly correlated with certain passages in the personal history. The process, of course, involves a good deal of conjecture. It rests entirely upon the assumption that the works, when properly interpreted, reveal character; for the facts taken by themselves are a manifestly insufficient ground for more than a few negative

inferences. If, with Mr. Lee, we regard this first step as impossible the whole theory must collapse. Upon his showing we learn little from the works except that Shakespeare, whatever he may have been as a man, had a marvellous power of wearing different masks. There is no reason to suppose that his mirth or melancholy, his patriotism or his misanthropy, reveal his own sentiments. He could inspire his puppets with the eloquence which would bring down the house and direct money to the till of the Globe. He could drop his mask and become a commonplace man of business when he applied for a coat of arms or requested his debtors to settle their little accounts.

This raises the previous question of the possibility of the general inference from the book to the man. Now I confess that to me one main interest in reading is always the communion with the author. *Paradise Lost* gives me the sense of intercourse with Milton, and the Waverley Novels bring me a greeting from Scott. Every writer, I fancy, is unconsciously his own Boswell, and, however "objective" or dramatic he professes to be, really betrays his own secrets. Browning is one of the authorities against me. If Shakespeare, he says, really unlocked his heart in the *Sonnets*, why "the less Shakespeare he." Browning declines for his part to follow the example, and fancies that he has preserved his privacy. Yet we must, I think, agree with a critic who emphatically declares that a main characteristic of Browning's own poetry is that it brings us into contact with the real "self of the author." Self-revelation is not the less clear because involuntary or quite alien to the main purpose of a book. I may read Gibbon simply to learn facts; but I enjoy his literary merits because I recognize my friend of the autobiography who "sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son." I may study Darwin's *Origin of Species* to clear my views upon natural selection; but as a book it interests me even through the defects of style by the occult personal charm of the candid, sagacious, patient seeker for truth. In

pure literature the case is, of course, plainer, and I will not count up instances because, in truth, I can hardly think of a clear exception. Whenever we know a man adequately we perceive that, though different aspects of his character may be made prominent in his life and his works, the same qualities are revealed in both, and we cannot describe the literary without indicating the personal charm.

Is Shakespeare the sole exception? There are obvious difficulties in the way of a satisfactory answer. Shakespearian criticism means too often reckless competition in hyperboles. So long as critics think it necessary to show their appreciative power by falling into hysterics, all distinctive characteristics are obliterated. When the poet is lost in such a blaze of light, we can make no inference to the man. Sometimes out of reverence for his genius he is treated like a prophet whose inspiration is proved by his commonplace character in other moments. The more colourless the man, the more impossible will be an explanation, and the greater will be the wonder. Some commentators, again, have displayed their affection by dwelling upon his proverbial "gentleness," till they make him a kind of milksop with no more of the devil in him than there was in the poet of *The Christian Year*. Others have been so impressed by the vigour of his fine frenzies, and the "irregularities" of which our forefathers complained, that they describe him as always on the border of insanity. Such discords between critics do not prove necessarily that the man was unknowable, but that to know him a critic must keep his head and be less anxious to exhibit his own enthusiasm and geniality than to form a tolerably sane judgement. The application of sound methods happily seems to be spreading, and may lead to more solid results.

One objection, indeed, if it could be sustained, would make the investigation impossible from the first. Shakespeare, we are reminded with undeniable truth, was a dramatist. We cannot assume that he is responsible for

the opinions which he formulates. It is Orsino, not his creator, who holds that wives should be younger than their husbands, and Shakespeare, when speaking through his puppets, may not have been thinking of Anne Hathaway. Some of us have personal reasons for hoping that when his characters express a dislike for the lean or for the unmusical, their words do not give his deliberate judgement. If this were a fatal difficulty it would follow that no competent dramatist reveals himself in his works. Yet, as a matter of fact, I suppose that dramatists are generally quite as knowable as other authors. We learn to know Ben Jonson from his plays, almost as well as we know his namesake the great Samuel. That surely is the rule. A dramatist lets us know, and cannot help letting us know, what is his general view of his fellow creatures and of the world in which they live. It is his very function to do so, and though the indication may be indirect, it is not the less significant of the observer's own peculiarities.

But, we are told, Shakespeare does not identify himself with any of his characters. He is not himself either Falstaff or Hamlet. This too applies to most dramatists, but it certainly suggests a difficulty. The most demonstrable, though it may not be the highest merit, of Shakespeare's plays is, I suppose, the extraordinary variety of vivid and original types of character. The mind which could create a Hamlet and a Falstaff, and an Iago and a Mercutio and a Caliban, a Cleopatra and a Lady Macbeth and a Perdita, must undoubtedly have been capable of an astonishing variety of moods and sympathies. That certainly gives a presumption that the creator must have been himself too complex to be easily described. The difficulty, again, is increased by the other most familiar commonplace about Shakespeare, the entire absence of deliberate didacticism. Profound critics, it is true, have discovered certain moral lessons and philosophical theories concealed in his plays. If so, they must also admit that he concealed them so cleverly that he has had to wait for

a profound critic to perceive them. If he really meant to enforce them upon the vulgar his attempt must be regarded as a signal failure. Anyhow, we are without one clue which is given by the didactic writer. To read Dante is to know whom he hated and why he hated them, and what, in his opinion, would be their proper place hereafter. To Shakespeare good men and bad are alike parts of the order of Nature, to be understood and interpreted with perfect impartiality. He gives a diagnosis of the case, not a judgement sentencing them to heaven or hell. His characters prosper or suffer, not in proportion to their merits, but as good and bad fortune decides or as may be most dramatically effective. It does not, indeed, follow that Shakespeare was without moral sympathies or ideals. It would be as erroneous as to infer that a physician who describes a disease accurately is indifferent to the value of health. Shakespeare no doubt held that Iago was a hateful person, and meant him to excite the aversion of his hearers. Only he did not infer, as inferior writers are apt to do, that Iago ought to be misrepresented. The devil ought to be painted just as black as he is and not a shade blacker. A perfectly impartial analysis of character is, surely, the true method of showing what is lovable in the virtuous and hateful in the vicious, and the man who gets angry with his own creatures, and denounces instead of explaining, is really perverting the true moral. When Cervantes makes us love Don Quixote in spite of the crack in his intellect and the absurdity of his career, he is really setting forth in the most effective way the beauty of the chivalrous character. That, I take it, is the true artistic method. It simply displays the facts and leaves the reader to be attracted or repelled according to his power of appreciating moral beauty or deformity. But, undoubtedly, so far as this method is characteristic of Shakespeare's work, it increases our difficulty. These are the facts, he says: make what you can of them; I do not draw the moral for you, or even deny that many very different morals may commend themselves to different

people. No great poet can be without some implicit morality, though his morality may be sometimes very bad. He is great because he has a rich emotional nature, and great powers of observation and insight. He must have his own views of what are the really valuable elements in life, of what constitutes true happiness, and what part the deepest instincts play in the general course of affairs. We have to translate his implicit convictions into an abstract theory in order to discover his moral system. To do that in the case of Shakespeare would no doubt be a specially difficult and delicate task. He refuses to give us any direct help towards divining his sympathies. Scott, in his most Shakespearian moods, has something of the same impartiality. When he describes an interesting person, Louis XI. in *Quentin Durward*, or James I. in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, he shows a power of insight, of making wicked and weak men intelligible and human, which reminds us of Shakespeare's methods. He hated Covenanters like a good Jacobite, and yet he could describe them kindly and sympathetically. But then he has sympathies which he cannot conceal. His love of the manly, healthy type represented in the Dandie Dinmonts and their like reveals the man, and, without reading Lockhart, we can see that, unlike Shakespeare, he is clearly identifying himself with some of his characters.

My inference then would be, not that Shakespeare cannot be known, but that a knowledge of Shakespeare must be attained through a less obvious process. His character, we must suppose, was highly complex, and we are without the direct and unequivocal clues which enable us to feel ourselves personally acquainted with such men as Dante or Milton, to say nothing of Wordsworth or Byron. A distinction, however, must be made before we can estimate the weight of this difficulty. There is such a thing as knowing a man thoroughly and yet being unable to put our knowledge into definite formulæ. I may know a man's face and the sound of his voice well enough to swear to him among a thousand others, and yet I may be

totally unable to describe him in such a way as to enable a detective to pick him out of a crowd. I can say that he is six feet high and has a red beard, but I cannot give the finer marks which distinguish tall red-bearded men from each other. So I can often divine instinctively what my friend will say and do and think on a given occasion; and yet be quite unable to give the reasons for my expectation. If I am not a trained psychologist, I shall not have the proper terms, or shall confuse different terms; and if I am a trained psychologist, I may too probably be misled by my own theories, and shall certainly find that all the common phrases by which we describe character are too vague and shifting to reflect the vast variety of delicate shades of emotional temperament which we can yet recognize in observation. Does not every critic of Shakespeare claim such a knowledge—vivid and yet difficult to grasp and analyze? He professes to recognize Shakespeare's style; he can tell you confidently which plays are Shakespeare's own, and which he produced in collaboration with others; he can point out the scene and even the particular speech at which Shakespeare dropped the pen and Fletcher took it up. Part of this knowledge is derived, it is true, from "objective" signs. One scene has a larger percentage than others of verses with eleven syllables. That observation requires no critical insight. Yet I do not suppose that any critic would admit that he was unable to discriminate qualities too delicate to be inferred from counting on the fingers. The point of which I am speaking corresponds to the distinction made by Newman in the *Grammar of Assent* between the "Illative Instinct" and such formal reasoning as can be put into syllogisms. He illustrates it by Falstaff's "babbling of green fields." Some readers, he says, are certain that this was Shakespeare's phrase, while others hold that they do not recognize the true Shakespearian ring. The certitude of either side is therefore not conclusive for the other. Yet the conviction implies that each reader has so vivid a conception of certain characteristics that the

verdict "this is" or "this is not Shakespearian" arises spontaneously at a particular phrase. "Shakespearian," then, must have a definite though not definable meaning. Something in the term of thought, in the play of humour, fits in or does not exactly fit in with our image, and we must therefore have such an image—whether like or unlike to the reality.

Two difficulties, in fact, are often confounded: the difficulty of knowing and the difficulty of analyzing and formulating our knowledge. Language is too rough and equivocal an instrument to enable us to communicate to others the finer shades of difference which we can clearly recognize. Critics, I fancy, were it not for their characteristic modesty, might be induced by a skilful cross-examination to confess that their knowledge of Shakespeare is much more precise and distinct than they venture to claim. If I had the skill required for the most difficult form of literary art, I should try to surmount their diffidence by a Socratic dialogue. I should not endeavour to reveal new truths to them, but endeavour, like Socrates, to deliver them of the truths with which their judgements are already pregnant. Much as critics of the poetry differ, they show a tendency to converge; there are certain commonplaces and at least many negations in which they would agree. As I do not profess to be an expert, I must limit myself to such generalities. What I would try to show is that what is accepted about the poetry really implies certain conclusions about the man. I must leave it to those who unite more thorough knowledge with greater poetical insight to fill up the rough outlines which such as I can attempt to indicate.

One remark will be granted. A dramatist is no more able than anybody else to bestow upon his characters talents which he does not himself possess. If—as critics are agreed—Shakespeare's creatures show humour, Shakespeare must have had a sense of humour himself. When Mercutio indulges in the wonderful tirade upon Queen Mab, or Jaques moralizes in the forest, we learn

that their creator had certain powers of mind just as clearly as if we were reading a report of one of the wit combats at the "Mermaid." It is harder to define those qualities precisely than to say what is implied by Johnson's talk at the "Mitre," but the idiosyncrasy is at least as strongly impressed upon such characteristic mental displays. If we were to ask any critic whether such passages could be attributed to Marlowe or Ben Jonson, he would enquire whether we took him for a fool. If we were considering a bit of purely scientific exposition, the inference to character would not exist. A mathematician, I suppose, could tell me that the demonstration of some astronomical theorem was in Newton's manner, and the remark would not show whether Newton was amiable or spiteful, jealous or generous. But a man's humour and fancy are functions of his character as well as of his reason. To appreciate them clearly is to know how he feels as well as how he argues; what are the aspects of life which especially impress him, and what morals are most congenial. I do not see how the critic can claim an instinctive perception of the Shakespearian mode of thought without a perception of some sides of his character. You distinguish Shakespeare's work from his rivals' as confidently as any expert judging of handwriting. You admit, too, that you can give a very fair account of the characteristics of the other writers. Then surely you can tell me—or at least you know "implicitly"—what is the quality in which they are defective and Shakespeare pre-eminent.

Half my knowledge of a friend's character is derived from his talk, and not the less if it is playful, ironical and dramatic. When we agree that Shakespeare's mind was vivid and subtle, that he shows a unique power of blending the tragic and the comic, we already have some indications of character; and incidentally we catch revelations of more specific peculiarities. Part of my late reading was a charming book in which Mr. Justice Madden sets forth Shakespeare's accurate knowledge of field

sports. It seems to prove conclusively a proposition against which there can certainly be no presumption. We may be quite confident that he could thoroughly enjoy a day's coursing on the Cotswold Hills, and we know by the most undeniable proof that his sense of humour was tickled by the oddities of his fellow sportsmen, the Shallows and Slenders. It is at least equally clear that he had the keenest enjoyment of charms of the surrounding scenery. He could not have written *Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *As You Like It* if the poetry of the English greenwood had not entered into his soul. The single phrase about the daffodils—so often quoted for its magical power—is proof enough, if there were no other, of a nature exquisitely sensitive to the beauties of flowers and of springtime. It wants, again, no such confirmation as Fuller's familiar anecdote to convince us that Shakespeare could enjoy convivial meetings at taverns, that he could listen to, and probably join in, a catch by Sir Toby Belch, or make Lord Southampton laugh as heartily as Prince Hal laughed at the jests of Falstaff. Shakespeare, again, as this suggests, was certainly not a Puritan. That may be inferred by judicious critics from particular phrases or from the relations of Puritans to players in general. But without such reasoning we may go further and say that the very conception of a Puritan Shakespeare involves a contradiction in terms. He represents, of course, in the fullest degree, the type which is just the antithesis of Puritanism; the large and tolerant acceptance of human nature which was intolerable to the rigid and strait-laced fanatics, whom, nevertheless, we may forgive in consideration of their stern morality. People, indeed, have argued, very fruitlessly I fancy, as to Shakespeare's religious beliefs. Critics tell us, and I have no doubt truly, that it would be impossible to show conclusively from his works whether he considered himself to be an Anglican or a Catholic. But a man's real religion is not to be defined by the formula which he accepts or inferred even from the church to which he belongs. His outward

profession is chiefly a matter of accident and circumstance, not of character. We may, I think, be pretty certain that Shakespeare's religion, whatever may have been its external form, included a profound sense of the mystery of the world and of the pettiness of the little lives that are rounded by a sleep; a conviction that we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and a constant sense, such as is impressed in the most powerful sonnets, that our present life is an infinitesimal moment in the vast "abysm" of eternity. Shakespeare, we know, read Montaigne; and if, like Montaigne, he accepted the creed in which he was brought up, he would have sympathized in Montaigne's sceptical and humorous view of theological controversialists playing their fantastic tricks of logic before high Heaven. Undoubtedly, he despised a pedant, and the pedantry which displayed itself in the wranglings of Protestant and Papist divines would clearly not have escaped his contempt. Critics, again, have disputed as to Shakespeare's politics; and the problem is complicated by the desire to show that his politics were as good as his poetry. Sound Liberals are unwilling to admit that he had aristocratic tendencies, because they hold that all aristocrats are wicked and narrow-minded. It is, of course, an anachronism to transplant our problems to those days, and we cannot say what Shakespeare would have thought of modern applications of the principles which he accepted. But I do not see how any man could have been more clearly what may be called an intellectual aristocrat. His contempt for the mob may be good-humoured enough, but is surely unequivocal: from the portrait of Jack Cade promising, like a good Socialist, that the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, to the first, second and third citizens who give a display of their inanity and instability in *Coriolanus* or *Julius Cæsar*. Shakespeare may be speaking dramatically through Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida*; but at least he must have fully appreciated the argument for order, and understood by order that the cultivated and intelligent should rule and the common herd have as little

direct voice in State affairs as Elizabeth and James could have desired.

When we have got so far, we have already, as it seems to me, admitted certain attributes, which are as much personal as literary. If you admit that Shakespeare was a humourist, intensely sensitive to natural beauty, a scorner of the pedantry, whether of scholars or theologians, endowed with an amazingly wide and tolerant view of human nature, radically opposed to Puritanism or any kind of fanaticism, and capable of hearty sympathy with the popular instincts and yet with a strong persuasion of the depth of popular folly, you inevitably affirm at least some negative propositions about the man himself. You can say with confidence what are the characteristics which were thoroughly antipathetic to him, even though it may be difficult to describe accurately the characteristics which he positively embodied.

Another point is, it would seem, too plain to need much emphasis. The author of *Romeo and Juliet* was, I suppose, capable of Romeo's passion. We may "doubt that the sun is fire," but can hardly doubt that Shakespeare could love. In this case, it seems to me, the power of intuition is identical with the emotional power. A man would surely have been unable to find the most memorable utterance in literature of passions of which he was not himself abnormally susceptible. It may be right to describe a poet's power as marvellous, but why should we hold it to be miraculous? I agree with Pope's commonsense remark about Heloisa's "well-sung woes"; "he best can paint 'em who can feel 'em most." Surely that is the obvious explanation, and I am unable to see why there should be any difficulty in receiving it. When the blind poet, Blacklock, described scenery which he had never seen, wise critics puzzled over the phenomenon. It was explained by the obvious remark that he was simply appropriating the conventional phrases of other poets. But when a poet gives originality to the most commonplace of all themes, I infer that he has had the eyesight or

felt the emotions required for the feat. We must, no doubt, be careful as to further differences. If I had read the poems of Burns or Byron without any knowledge of their lives, I should be justified, I think, in modestly inferring that they were men of strong passions. I could not suppose that they were merely vamping up old material. No inference from conduct could be made more conclusive than the inference from the fire and force of their poetry. But it is, of course, doubtful what effect might be produced on their lives. Byron, brought up under judicious and firm management, might conceivably have become an affectionate husband and a respectable nobleman. Some men have greater powers of self-command than others, or may be prevented by other qualities of character from obeying in practice the impulses which govern their imaginations. It has been said that Moore, who in early days shocked his contemporaries by immoral poetry, lived the most domestic and well-regulated of lives; whereas Rogers was the most respectable of poets and a striking contrast to Moore in conduct. The fact, if it be a fact, may warn us against hasty conclusions. A man may have very good reasons for keeping some of his feelings out of his books; or may, out of mere levity, affect vices which he does not put in practice. We can be sure that he has certain propensities; but, of course, we cannot tell how far circumstance and other propensities may not hold them in check. Much smaller men than Shakespeare are still very complex organisms. We may judge from this and that symptom that they react, as a chemist may say, in certain ways to a given stimulus; but to put all the indications together, to say which are the dominant instincts and how different impulses will modify each other in active life; to decide whether a feeling which shapes the ideal world will have a corresponding force when it comes into contact with realities, is a delicate investigation. When an adequate biography is obtainable, the answer is virtually given. The facts of Shakespeare's life are as far as possible from adequate;

but we may ask how far what is known can check or confirm inferences from the works.

This brings us to the biographical problem. Minute students of Shakespeare have done one great service at least. They have established approximately the order of his works. The plays, when placed in a chronological series, show probably the most remarkable intellectual development on record. There is, I suppose, no great writer who shows so distinctly the growth and varying direction of his poetical faculty. We watch Shakespeare from the first period of authorship; beginning as a cobbler and adapter of other men's works; making a fresh start as a follower of Marlowe, and then improving upon his model in the great historical dramas. We can compare the gaiety and the ridicule of affectations in the early comedies with the more serious and penetrative portraits of life in the later works; or trace the development of his full powers in the great tragedies, and the mellower tone of the later romantic dramas. If some knowledge of Shakespeare is implied in a comparison between him and his contemporaries, there is still more significance in the comparison with himself. A century ago a critic put the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* at the end and *The Winter's Tale* at the beginning of his career. Such an inversion, we now perceive, would make the whole history of his mental development chaotic and contradictory. That Shakespeare, whom we know to have been a marvellously keen observer of life and character, and who lived, as literary historians so elaborately demonstrate, under the most stimulating intellectual and social conditions, must have had his reflections and learnt some lessons about human life is self-evident. To show how, for example, *Richard II.*, in which he followed Marlowe, differed from the *Henry IV.*, in which he has found his own characteristic breadth and strength, is to show what some of those lessons were, and therefore to throw light upon the man who learnt them so quickly. We see how certain veins of reflection become more prominent, how, for ex-

ample, humour checks the bombastic tendency, and the broader and deeper view of life "begets a temperance" which restrains the "whirlwind" of ungovernable passions. The critic who can exhibit the growth of a man's power implicitly exhibits also the character which is developed; and, in fact, I think that by taking such considerations into account a clearer perception of the man has been gradually worked out. The task, no doubt, would be easier if we could strengthen our case by some definite biographical data; and the misfortune is that we are tempted to construct the required data by the help of audacious conjectures. The natural failure of such enterprises has unduly discredited the value of mere modest inferences.

The hope of unveiling the man has in particular led to the controversy over the *Sonnets*. They are supposed to show that Shakespeare went through a spiritual crisis, which is indicated by the bitterness of some of the plays written at the time; and the inferences would be applicable if we could safely identify the dark lady with Mistress Fitton and "W. H." with the Earl of Pembroke. I humbly accept Mr. Lee's chief conclusions. He has insisted upon the fact that Shakespeare was falling in with a temporary fashion, or infected by a curious mania which led poets just at that period to pour out sonnets by the hundred. The inference that the *Sonnets* necessarily imply some personal catastrophe is thus deprived of its force. If half the early Victorian poets had been writing "In Memoriams," we might believe that Tennyson had no special friendship for Arthur Hallam, and had merely made a pretext of a commonplace attachment. It is possible, or rather it is highly probable, that Shakespeare took some real bit of personal history for a text, though many of the *Sonnets* are simply variations upon established poetical themes. But we cannot say that his emotion must have been caused by some thrilling events when it is at least equally likely that he merely took a trifling event as a pretext for expressing his emotions. Shake-

speare was certainly dramatist enough to discover a motive for poetry in a commonplace experience. The attempted identifications do little more than illustrate a common fallacy. The impossibility of conclusively proving a negative is confounded with the conclusive proof of the positive. "It is just possible," becomes "it is certainly true." The whole Pembroke-Fitton hypothesis rests (as Mr. Lee seems to show) upon the interpretation of the famous initials. The fact that a nobleman had an intrigue with a lady about the time when the *Sonnets,* or some of them, may have been written, cannot prove that they refer to the intrigue. Shakespeare could hardly have managed to write at a period when some intrigue was not going on. If, then, "W. H." did not mean William Herbert, the peg on which the whole argument hangs is struck out. Now "Mr. W. H." could not possibly suggest the Earl to any contemporary, and, in fact, did not suggest him to any one for more than two centuries. That, Professor Brandes seems to think, strengthens the case, because the dedication would naturally be reticent. The argument recalls the old retort:—

> My wound is great, because it is so small:
> Then it were greater were it none at all!

If there had been no dedication, the proof apparently would have been conclusive, because the reticence would have been absolute. The true argument is surely simple. If there were otherwise very strong reasons for believing in the Pembroke theory, it might be conceivable that the initials were suggested by association, though it would still be odd that reticence pushed so far did not go a step further. In the absence of such reasons, the obscurity cannot of itself be any ground for conviction. People forget how frequent are much closer and yet purely accidental coincidences; but when there is a chance of the glory of a discovery of such a bit of personal history, "trifles light as air" become demonstrative to enthusiastic worshippers.

There is a more fundamental objection to the whole theory. Were it proved that the *Sonnets* refer to the conjectured history, the fact would be interesting, but would hardly throw much light upon our problem. It is supposed to suggest a cause for Shakespeare's supposed pessimistic mood. To take a parallel case, we may find an explanation of Swift's misanthropy in his long ordeal of disappointed ambition. There is no doubt whatever that Swift's writings express a misanthropy as savage as that of Timon or Thersites; and on the other side, there is no doubt that his career was calculated to sour his nature. Putting the history of the man and his works together, both become the more intelligible. The fierce indignation shown by the author is explained and palliated by the life of the man. If Shakespeare had suddenly retired from the stage and taken to writing pamphlets like the Drapier's Letters or the Martin Marprelate tracts, we might admit the probability of some events which embittered his life. But then the conspicuous fact is that his life ran on as far as we can tell with perfect smoothness. Nobody can prove that he did not love Mistress Fitton; but it is quite clear that, if he did, it did not prevent him from making money, buying New Place, setting up as a gentleman and continuing a thoroughly prosperous career. The passion clearly did not dislocate his career. Therefore, even if the alleged fact be true, it had no permanent bearing on his life. On the other side, there is no proof of anything in the works to require explanation. Critics have indeed shown that at one period pessimistic sentiments (to speak roughly) become more prominent than before or afterwards. But we must, in the first place, make the proper allowance for the dramatic condition. He may have continued the "Thersites" or "Timon" vein because it was popular or because it suited the acting of one of his "fellows." And in the next place the whole argument that a man must be gloomy because he writes of horrors or indulges in misanthropical tirades is questionable. Sometimes the opposite

theory is more plausible. When we are young and our nerves strong we can bear excitement which becomes painful as our spirits fail; and in old age we like happy conclusions and soothing imagery, precisely because we are less cheerful. In any case, the works admittedly lose the pessimistic tone in the later years; and the presumption is that if Shakespeare suffered from any moral convulsion he was fortunate enough to be thoroughly cured. The conjectured story is required, if required at all, by the *Sonnets* alone. When we make proper allowance for the degree in which they were suggested by the contemporary fashion and were imitations of other poets or simple variations of commonplace themes, the necessity for believing in any romance at all vanishes. Thus there are not two histories, literary and personal, which explain each other, but two histories, both of which rest upon conjecture. Even if the conjecture be accepted in either case, the one thing that is clear is that the results were transitory. I can therefore accept Mr. Lee's opinion that the story may be put out of account altogether when we are trying to understand the man in his works.

The more modest inference however remains. If we can infer from his poetry that Shakespeare could be in love, we can surely infer with equal confidence that he could feel the emotions which embody themselves in pessimism. He had, one cannot doubt, satisfied the familiar condition of acquaintance with the heavenly powers. He knew what it was to eat his bread with sorrow and pass his nights in weeping. No one, I suppose, ever read the famous catalogue of the evils which made him pine for restful death, or the reference to the degrading influences of his profession, without feeling that a real man is speaking to us from his own experience. The poetical "intuition," as I must again hold, does not supersede the necessity for assuming the intense sensibility of which it is surely a product. When Thackeray, in the little poem *Vanitas Vanitatum,* almost repeats Shakespeare's catalogue of the evils which made him pine for restful death,

as a comment upon the saying of the "Weary King Ecclesiast," I know from his biography that he had gone through corresponding trials. I infer that Shakespeare had felt the emotions which he expressed with unequalled intensity. When we recall the main facts of his career, the society in which he had lived, the events of which he had been a close spectator, and admit, to put it gently, that he was a man of more than average powers of mind and feeling, the *a priori* probability that he had gone through trying experiences is pretty strong: and though we know none of the details we can hardly suppose that he got through life without abundant opportunities for putting Hamlet's question as to the value of life. This indeed suggests to some critics that the argument ought to be inverted. The life so far from explaining the genius makes it, as some people have thought, a puzzle. "I cannot," says Emerson, "marry this fact" (the fact that Shakespeare was a jovial actor and manager) "to his verse." The best of the world's poets led an "obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." Obscure and profane are perhaps rather harsh epithets; but they suggest the problem: Is there any real incompatibility between Shakespeare's conduct and the theory of life implied by his writings?

I leave a full answer to the accomplished critic whom I desiderate but do not try to anticipate. Yet, keeping to the region of tolerably safe commonplaces, I fancy that this supposed antithesis really admits of, or rather suggests, a natural mode of conciliation. Emerson laments, what we all admit, that Shakespeare was not a preacher with a mission. He had no definite ethical system to inculcate; and, moreover, so far as we can define his morality, it was not such as would satisfy the saint. If he clearly did not agree with John Knox, we may doubt whether he would have appreciated St. Francis. Martyrs and ascetics would have been out of place in his world. The exalted idealist despises fact: he is impressive precisely because his doctrine is impracticable: the ideal may

stimulate what is best in us, but it is too refined and exalted to be accepted by the mass. But Shakespeare does not idealize in the sense of neglecting the actual. He is intensely interested in the world as it is, the world moved by the great forces of love, hate, jealousy, ambition, pride, and patriotism. He "idealizes" so far as he has a keener insight than any one into the corresponding types of character, but he does not care, so far as we can see, for the religious enthusiast who retires to a hermitage or scornfully denounces the world, the flesh, and the devil. The men in whom he takes an interest have forgotten that they ever renounced these powers; they are soldiers, courtiers, and statesmen, who give us the secret of the ideal Raleighs and Essexes and Burleighs of his own day. The virtues of purity or self-devotion are left chiefly to the women, who are the most charming by contrast with the world of force and passion in which they move; though now and then a Cleopatra or a Lady Macbeth shows that a woman can be interesting by joining in the rude struggle. This, of course, is to say that Shakespeare is able to interpret in the most vivid way the characteristics of a period of extraordinary intellectual and social convulsion. But his interpretation shows also individual peculiarities which distinguish him from others who experience a similar internal influence. There is, I think, one distinct moral doctrine even in Shakespeare, and one which is a corollary from this position. Hamlet states it in explaining his regard for Horatio, the man

> "Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
> As I do thee."

In a world so full of passion and violence, the essential condition of happiness is the power of keeping your head. They, as he says in a remarkable sonnet, "who, moving

others, are themselves as stone," are the right inheritors of "Heaven's graces." The one character who, as commentators agree, represents a personal enthusiasm, is Henry V., and Henry V.'s special peculiarity is his superlative self-command. It is emphasized even at some cost of dramatic propriety. Critics at least have complained of the soliloquy [1 *Henry IV.*, I. ii.] beginning

> "I know you all, and will a while uphold
> The unyoked humour of your idleness,"

in which the prince expresses a deliberate intention of throwing off his wild companions. He is talking to the audience, it is suggested, and should not have so clear a theory of motives which he would scarcely avow to himself. I fancy indeed that many young gentlemen have indulged in similar excuses for the process of sowing their wild oats; and the main peculiarity of Henry V. is that he really means them and keeps to his resolution. Shakespeare obviously expects us to approve the exile of Falstaff, and rather scandalizes readers who have fallen in love with that disreputable person. A similar moral is implied in others of the most characteristic plays. Shakespeare, for example, sympathizes most heartily and unmistakably with the pride of Coriolanus and the passionate energy of Mark Antony. They are admirable and attractive because they have such hot blood in their veins; but come to grief because the blood is not "commingled" with judgement. The really enviable thing, he seems to say, would be to unite the two characteristics; to be full of energy which shall yet be always well in hand; to have unbounded strength of passion and yet never to be the slave of passion.

If this be a characteristic impression it is an obvious suggestion that it is illustrated by Shakespeare's life. The young lad from the country had the same temptations as Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe. He did not escape them by any coldness of temperament or inability to appreciate the pleasures of the town. He may, as two

or three stories suggest, have given way to weaknesses which would account for some of the expressions of remorse in the *Sonnets*. Anyhow, he had retained enough prudence and self-command to avoid the fate of a Pistol or a Falstaff. He became a highly respectable man as well as a world-poet. If he caught some stains from bad company, they were, as I may leave the critics to demonstrate, superficial. The appreciation of pure and lofty qualities develops instead of declines as years go on. It surely cannot be said that an eye for the main chance is inconsistent with the poetical character. The conventional poet, of course, lives in dreamland, and is an incapable man of business. But then it is the specialty of Shakespeare, that if he could dream, he must have been most keenly awake to a living world of men. Interest in and insight into our fellow creatures is surely a good qualification for business. Voltaire was a superlative man of business. Goethe knew the value of a good social position. Pope was a keen and successful money-maker. Dickens showed a similar capacity. Such cases may show that men can reconcile literary genius with business aptitudes. In one respect they may fall short of the case. They do not imply the actual preference of "gain" to "glory" attributed to Shakespeare. The closer parallel is, of course, Scott. If Scott's enjoyment of Abbotsford led to his ruin, while Shakespeare's more modest ambition was satisfied by New Place, the difference may have been that in the earlier period the arts of manufacturing paper credit were not so well understood. Still, Scott's estimate of the really valuable element of life naturally suggests Shakespeare. He held that the man of action was superior to the man of letters. He wondered that the Duke of Wellington should condescend to an interest in the author of a few "bits of novels." He meant frankly to make money by providing harmless amusement; but he did not fancy that the achievements of a novelist were comparable to the winning of battles or the making of laws. Shakespeare, we may guess,

would have agreed. Like Scott, he held aloof from literary squabbles, whether from good-nature, or from worldly wisdom, or a sense of the pettiness of such calculations. He had his literary vanity, but it was to be satisfied by the poems and by the circulation of the *Sonnets* in manuscript. The plays were in the first instance pot-boilers. He could not help putting his power into them when a situation laid hold of his imagination; but the haste, the frequent flagging of interest, the curious readiness with which he drops an interesting character or accepts an unsatisfactory catastrophe, tends to show a singular indifference. In the greatest play, as in *Othello*, the inspiration lasts throughout; but in most he does not take the trouble to keep up to the highest level.

I need not ask whether the opinions attributed to Scott and Shakespeare are defensible. Some people, I know, consider that "devotion to art" is the cardinal virtue, and that it is better to turn out a good poem and starve than to write down to the public and pay your bills. That is an old controversy; but, at any rate, Shakespeare's view is characteristic. He was never blind to the humourist's point of view, and humour has its questionable ethical quality. It helps some people to see the charm of the "simple faith miscalled simplicity," and Shakespeare's cordial appreciation of a fool shows one side of an amiable disposition. But a saint can hardly be a humourist. It is his nature to take things seriously, and to believe (bold as it appears) in the power of sermons. The humourist sees with painful distinctness the folly of the wise and the weakness of the hero and the general perversity of fortune. He may be capable of enthusiasm, or, at least, sympathy, with the enthusiastic; but he feels that there is always a lurking irony in the general order of things. He is specially conscious of the vanity of his own ambition, and aware that his highest success makes a very small ripple on the great ocean of existence. Shakespeare had the good (though not rare) fortune of living before his commentators. His head, therefore, was not turned,

and he held, we may suppose, that to defeat the Armada was a more important bit of work than to amuse the audience at the Globe. He could feel, indeed, the irony with which fate treats the great men of action. Masterful ambitions lead to catastrophes, and in the political world, where order and subordination are the essentials, even the ideal hero who can be calm in the storm, and hold his own amidst the struggling elements, is not much the better for it personally. Henry V. is still but a man made to bear the blame of all mishap, and "subject to the breath of every fool." He has nothing to show for it, "save ceremony," and cannot sleep so soundly as the vacant-minded slave. So the Spanish minister is said to have told the king: "Your Majesty is but a ceremony," an essential part, indeed, of the framework of the State, but not superior in personal happiness to the ordinary human being.

That, it seems to me, points to the most obvious solution of the supposed contrast between the man and the author. Nobody was more keenly alive to every vanity of enjoyment, or more capable of sympathizing with the passions and ambitions of all the amazingly vigorous life that was going on around him. He can be poet and lover and sportsman, a boon companion, and watch the great game that is played in the court or in the wars. He can act as they come every part in Jaques' famous speech, always with an eye to the end of the strange, eventful history; take everything as it comes, and yet ask, "What is it worth?" Never forget, he seems to have replied, that life is very short, and man very small, and the pleasure appropriate to each stage has drawbacks, and will disappear altogether as the powers decline. And by the time you are fifty it will be well to have a comfortable little place of your own in the quiet country town endeared by youthful memories.

If everything that I have said should be granted there would be great gaps in our knowledge of Shakespeare. We could only fill them by the help of data no longer

ascertainable. We do not know what scrapes he may have got into; only that he must have got out of them: nor how much he cared for his wife and children, or how he behaved in business transactions, or whether he was too obsequious to his patrons. If such questions could be answered we might know a great deal more of him. Yet I think also that some very distinct personal qualities are sufficiently implied. Shakespeare's life suggests a problem. We have, on the one hand, a man abnormally sensitive to all manner of emotions, and having an unrivalled power of sympathy with every passion of human nature. On the other hand, though exposed to all the temptations of a most exciting "environment," he accomplishes a prosperous and outwardly commonplace career. He could emerge from the grosser element, no doubt, because his powers of intellect and imagination raised him above the level of the sensualist whose tastes he sometimes condescended to gratify. But he could not be a Puritan, because their stern morality was radically opposed to the æsthetic enjoyment to which he was most sensitive. He cared little for the æstheticism of a different and more sentimental type, which condemns as worldly the great passions and emotions which are the really moving forces of the world. He sympathizes far too heartily with human loves and hatreds and political ambitions. But then he cannot, like Marlowe or Chapman, sympathize unequivocally with the heroic when it becomes excessive and overstrained. The power of humour keeps him from the bombastic and the affected, and he sees the facts of life too clearly not to be aware of the vanity of human wishes; the disappointments of successful ambition and the emptiness of its supposed rewards. He is profoundly conscious of the pettiness of human life and of the irony of fate—of which, indeed, he had plenty of instances before him. This, I fancy, implies personal characteristics which fall in very well, so far as they can be grasped, with what we know of the life. Be a Romeo while you can; love is delightful when you

are young; only think twice before you buy your dram of poison. As you grow older be a soldier, a hero, or a statesman, or, if you can be nothing better, be a playwright, so long as the inspiration comes with spontaneous and overpowering force. But always remember to keep your passions in check, and don't forget that the prize, even if you win it, may turn to ashes in your mouth. Fate is always playing ugly tricks, punishing the reckless, and exposing illusions. The struggle is fascinating while it lasts because it rouses the energies; but when the energies decay the position which it has won loses its charm. Literary glory, though one may talk about it in sonnets, is a trifle. Your rivals are many of them very good fellows, and make excellent society; it is both pleasant and prudent to be on good terms with them, and nothing is so contemptible as the rivalry of authors. But, after all, success only means a position among jealous dependents of great men, who themselves are very apt to get into the Tower and even to the scaffold. When youthful passions have grown feeble, and the delight of being applauded by the mob has rather palled upon one, the best thing will be to break the magical wand and sit down with, we will hope, "good Mistress Hall" for a satisfactory Miranda, at Stratford-upon-Avon. Though we can no longer write ballads to our mistress' eyebrow, we can heartily appreciate gentle, pure, and obedient womanhood, and may hope that some specimens may be found, while we still enjoy a chat and a convivial meeting with an old theatrical friend. This view of life suggests, I think, a very real person, and does not go beyond what is substantially admitted by literary critics.

The English Drama

The English Drama.*

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

The English drama, like the Greek, has a purely religious origin. The same is true of the drama of every civilized people of modern times. It is worthy of particular remark that the theatre, denounced by churchmen and by laymen of eminently evangelical profession, as base, corrupting, and sinful, not in its abuse and its degradation, but in its very essence, should have been planted and nourished by churchmen, having priests for its first authors and actors, and having been for centuries the chief school of religion and of morals to an unlettered people. Theatrical representations have probably continued without interruption from the time of Æschylus. Even in the dark ages, which we look back upon too exclusively as a period of gloom, tumult, and bloodshedding, people bought and sold, and were married and given in marriage, and feasted and amused themselves as we do now; and we may be sure that among their amusements dramatic representations of some sort were not lacking. The earliest dramatic performances in the modern languages of Europe of which we have any record or tradition were representations of the most striking events recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures and in the Christian Gospels, of some of the stories told in the Pseudo Evangelium, or Spurious Gospel, or of legends of the saints. On the continent these were called Mysteries; In England both Mysteries and Miracle-plays.

* An account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama to the time of Shakespeare.

The ancient Hebrews had at least one play. It was founded upon the exodus of their people from Egypt. Fragments of this play in Greek iambics have been preserved to modern times in the works of various authors. The principal characters are Moses, Zipporah, and God in the Bush. The author, one Ezekiel, is called by Scaliger the tragic poet of the Jews. His work is referred by one critic to a date before the Christian era; others suppose that he was one of the Seventy Translators; but Warton, my authority in this instance, supposes that he wrote his play after the destruction of Jerusalem, hoping by its means to warm the patriotism and revive the hopes of his dejected countrymen.

The Eastern Empire long clung to all the glories to which its name, its language, and its position gave it a presumptive title; and the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were performed after some fashion at Constantinople until the fourth century. At this period Gregory Nazianzen, archbishop, patriarch, and one of the fathers of the church, banished the pagan drama from the Greek stage, and substituted plays founded on subjects taken from the Hebrew or the Christian Scriptures. St. Gregory wrote many plays of this kind himself; and Warton says that one of them, called *Χριστος Πασχων*, or Christ's Passion, is still extant. In this play, which, according to the Prologue, was written in imitation of Euripides, the Virgin Mary was introduced upon the stage, making then, as far as we know, her first appearance. St. Gregory died about A. D. 390. His dramatic productions more than rivalled his other theological writings in the favour of the people; for, as Warton also mentions, St. Chrysostom, who soon succeeded Gregory in the see of Constantinople, complained that in his day people heard a comedian with much more pleasure than a minister of the gospel. St. Chrysostom held the see of Constantinople from A. D. 398 to A. D. 404. In this quarter also another kind of dramatic representation—that of mummery or masking—developed itself in a Christian or a

modern form. It is known that many of the Christian festivals which have come down to us from the dark ages were the fruits of a grafting of Christian legends upon pagan ceremonies—a contrivance by which the priests supposed that they had circumvented the heathen, who would more easily give up their religion than their feasts and their holidays. And the introduction of religious mumming and masking by Theophylact, patriarch of Constantinople, about the year 990, has been reasonably attributed to a design of giving the people a Christian performance which they could and would substitute in place of the Bacchanalian revels. He is said by an historian of the succeeding generation to have "introduced the practice which prevails even at this present day of scandalizing God and the memory of his saints, on the most splendid and popular festivals, by indecent and ridiculous songs, and enormous shoutings, . . . diabolical dances, exclamations of ribaldry, and ballads borrowed from the streets and brothels." The Feast of Fools and the Feast of Asses—the latter of which was instituted in honour of Balaam's beast—had this origin. Such mingling of revelry and religion as these Feasts, and of amusement and instruction in the faith as the Mysteries, suited both the priestly and the popular need of the time; and they soon found their way westward, and particularly into France. There, not long after, the Feast of Asses was performed in this manner: The clergy walked on Christmas day in procession, habited to represent Moses, David, the prophets, other Hebrews, and Assyrians. Balaam, with an immense pair of spurs, rode on a wooden ass, which enclosed a speaker. Virgil was one of the procession, which moved on, chanting versicles and dialoguing in character on the birth of Christ, through the body of the church, until it reached the choir. The fairs of those days, which were the great occasions of profit and amusement, offered opportunities for the performance of these "holy farces," or of the soberer mysteries or miracle-plays, of which the priests did not fail to avail them-

selves; and thus this rude form of religious drama spread gradually, but not slowly, throughout Europe.

Warton and his editor Price found that religious plays were performed in Italy at a period very much earlier than either Riccoboni or Crescembini, the principal Italian authorities on this subject, supposed; in fact, that they were common as early as 1250. In the natural order of things this species of performance would pass from Italy to France and from France to England; and the supposition that it was brought into the latter country across the channel is supported by the fact that there is evidence that the first religious plays performed in England were translations from the French. Some yet extant have passages in that language scattered through them—a fact which can be most reasonably accounted for by the supposition that these isolated passages are parts of the original, left untranslated in the manuscripts which have come down to us. It has even been supposed that the first miracle-plays produced in England were performed in French. Possibly this supposition is well founded; but we may be sure that these plays soon received an English dress. For the miracle-plays were used by the priesthood for the religious instruction, not only of those who could not read—among whom were the Norman nobles who could understand French—but also, and chiefly, of the middle and lower classes, to whom French was almost as incomprehensible as the Latin in which their prayers were vicariously mumbled. Miracle-plays seem to have been, in some measure at least, the fruit of the same laudable desire on the part of the Roman Catholic priesthood for the instruction of their people in religious truth, to which we owe the rhymed homilies or gospel paraphrases of the thirteenth century, in which the lesson of the day, read of course in Latin, was translated, amplified, and illustrated in octosyllabic rhymes, which were read to the people by the priest. Six ancient manuscript collections of these homilies are known to exist; and in the prologue to the oldest one of them, which is of the fourteenth cen-

tury, and which has recently been printed, the writer expressly says that he has undertaken his task of thus preaching in English that all may understand what he says, because both clerks and ignorant men understand English, but all men cannot understand Latin and French.

The earliest performance of a miracle-play in England of which any record has been discovered took place within about ten years previous to 1119. The play, founded upon the legend of St. Catherine, was written by Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Alban's, before he became abbot, and was performed in Dunstable. So says Matthew Paris in his *Lives of the Abbots*, which was written before 1240. Geoffrey, a Norman monk and a member of the University of Paris, became Abbot of St. Alban's in 1119. But his miracle-play was no novelty; for Budæus, the historian of the University of Paris, tells us that it was at that time common for teachers and scholars to get up these performances.* Fitz-Stephen, Thomas à Becket's contemporary and biographer, also records that in London, during the life or soon after the death of that stiff-necked priest, who was put to death in 1170, there were performed in London religious plays representing the miracles wrought by saints, or the sufferings and constancy of martyrs.† These miracle-plays or mysteries derived their name from the fact that, whether founded upon the Old or the New Testament, the spurious Gospel attributed to Nicodemus, or church tradition, they almost without exception represented a display of supernatural power. Made the means of teaching not only religious history, but religious dogmas, these miracle-plays often represented a display of supernatural power in the support of those dogmas; and naturally that one most in need of such extra-rational aid, transubstantiation, received most of this bolstering. One of the oldest

* I have seen neither Matthew Paris's *Historia Major*, etc., nor Budæus's *Historia Universitatis Parisiensis*. Both are cited by Markland and Warton, who are my authorities.

† Fitz-Stephens's *Description of London*, ed. Pegge, 1773, p. 73.

manuscript miracle-plays extant, the manuscript being, in the judgement of experts, as old as 1460-70, is upon this subject. It is called *The Play of the Blessed Sacrament*, and dramatizes a miracle said to have been worked in the forest of Aragon in the year 1461; but doubtless the tradition is older. Among the characters are Christ, five Jews, a bishop, a curate, a Christian merchant, and a physician. The merchant steals the Host and sells it to the Jews, on condition that they shall become Christians if they find that it has miraculous powers. To test its character, they stab it; it bleeds, and one of them goes mad at the sight: one attempts to nail it to a post; he has his hand torn off: the physician is called in, but after a comic scene is turned out as a quack. They then boil the Host, and the water turns to blood. Finally, they try to consume it in a blazing furnace, when the oven bursts asunder and an image of Christ arises, before which the Jews prostrate themselves, and become Christians on the spot. The bishop now forms a procession, enters the Jew's house, and addresses the image, which changes to bread again. He then "improves the occasion" offered by this comic-pantomime-like performance, in an epilogue, which is a rhymed homily on transubstantiation.

There were neither theatres nor professional actors in England, indeed in Europe, at the period when miracle-plays first came in vogue. Their first performers were clergymen; the first stages or scaffolds on which they were presented were set up in churches. Evidence that this was the case has been discovered in such profusion that it is needless to specify it more particularly in this place, than to remark that councils and prelates finally found it necessary to forbid such performances, either in churches or by the clergy. After the exclusion of the clergy from the religious stage, lay brothers, parish clerks, and the hangers-on of the priesthood naturally took the place of their spiritual fathers, under whose superintendence, or, to speak precisely, management, the

miracle-plays were brought out. Excluded from the church itself, like the strange *Danse Macabre*, or Dance of Death, like that dance the miracle-play found fitting refuge in the churchyard. But it was finally forbidden within all hallowed precincts, and was then presented upon a movable scaffold or pageant, which was dragged through the town, and stopped for the performance at certain places designated by an announcement made a day or two before. At last the presentation of these plays fell entirely into the hands of laymen, and the handicraftsmen became their actors; the members of the various guilds undertaking respectively certain plays which they made for the time their specialty. Thus the Shearmen, or Tailors, would represent one, the Cappers another, and so with the Smiths, the Skinners, the Fishmongers, and others. In the Chester series Noah's Flood was very appropriately assigned to the Water Dealers and Drawers of the Dee. It is almost needless to remark that the female characters were always played by striplings and young men. Women did not appear upon the English stage until the middle of the seventeenth century. It would seem that the priests appeared only as amateurs, and that their performances were gratuitous. But when the laymen, or at least when the handicraftsmen, undertook the business, they were paid, as we know by the memorandums of account still existing.*

*The following items of account are taken from one of many memorandums discovered by Mr. Sharp in the archives of Coventry, and published in his Essay on the Coventry Mysteries:—

Md. payd to the players for corpus christi daye

Imprimis, to God	ij^{s}
Itm to Cayphas	iij^{s} iiij^{d}
Itm to Heroude	iij^{s} iiij^{d}
Itm to Pilatt is wyff	ij^{s}
Itm to the Bedull	iiij^{s}
Itm to one of the knights	ij^{s}
Itm to the devyll and Judas	xviij^{d}

The oldest manuscript of an English miracle-play known to exist is that of *The Harrowing of Hell,* which is among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. This manuscript is believed to have been written about 1350; but that date of course does not help us to determine the period when the play was composed, or give it priority in this respect to others which have been preserved only in more modern writing. *The Harrowing of Hell* is supposed with probability to have been one of a series; and its subject, the descent of Christ into hell for the purpose of bringing away thence the saints and prophets, has its place in collections or series which have from their completeness greater interest and importance.

The three most important sets of miracle-plays in our language are known as the Townley, the Coventry, and the Chester collections. The Townley collection is supposed to have belonged to Widkirk Abbey, and is hence sometimes called the Widkirk collection. The manuscript, in the opinion of Mr. Collier, is of the time of Henry VI.* The Coventry collection is so called because there is reason to believe that it was the property of the Gray Friars of Coventry, who were famous for the performance of miracle-plays at the feast of Corpus Christi. The principal part of the manuscript copy extant was written in the year 1468, as appears by that date upon one

* The following are the titles of the thirty plays in the Townley series: I. The Creation and the Rebellion of Lucifer. II. Mactatio Abel. III. Progressus Noæ cum Filiis. IV. Abraham. V. Jacob and Esau. VI. Processus Prophetarum. VII. Pharao. VIII. Cæsar Augustus. IX. Annunciato. X. Salutatio Elizabethæ. XI. Pastorum. XII. Alia eorundem. XIII. Oblatio Magorum. XIV. Fugatio Josephi et Maræ in Egiptum. XV. Magnus Herodus. XVI. Purificatio Mariæ. XVII. Johannes Baptista. XVIII. Conspiratio Christi. XIX. Colaphizatio. XX. Flagellatio. XXI. Processus Crucis. XXII. Processus Talentorum. XXIII. Extractio Animarum. XXIV. Ressurectio Domini. XXV. Peregrini. XXVI. Thomas Judiæ. XXVII. Ascensio Domini. XXVIII. Judicium. XXIX. Lazarus. XXX. Suspensio Judæ.

page of the volume.* The Chester series, of which there are three existing manuscript copies, the oldest only of the year 1600, belonged to the city of Chester. Its author was one Randle, a monk of Chester Abbey. They were played upon Whitsunday by the tradesmen of that city, and Mr. Markam, one of the earliest, and, in the phrase of his day, most ingenious writers upon this subject has pretty clearly established that they were first produced in 1268, four years after the establishment of the feast of Corpus Christi, under the auspices of Sir John Arneway, mayor of Chester.† A brief analysis of some of the plays

* The Coventry series contains forty-two plays, upon the following subjects: I. The Creation. II. The Fall of Man. III.. The Death of Abel. IV. Noah's Flood. V. Abraham's Sacrifice. VI. Moses and the Ten Tables. VII. The Genealogy of Christ. VIII. Anna's Pregnancy. IX. Mary in the Temple. X. Mary's Betrothment. XI. The Salutation and the Conception. XII. Joseph's Return. XIII. The Visit to Elizabeth. XIV. The Trial of Joseph and Mary. XV. The Birth of Christ. XVI. The Adoration of the Shepherds. XVII. The Adoration of the Magi. XVIII. The Purification. XIX. The Slaughter of the Innocents. XX. Christ disputing in the Temple. XXI. The Baptism of Christ. XXII. The Temptation. XXIII. The Woman taken in Adultery. XXIV. Lazarus. XXV. The Council of the Jews. XXVI. The Entry into Jerusalem. XXVII. The Last Supper. XXVIII. The Betraying of Christ. XXIX. King Herod. XXX. The Trial of Christ. XXXI. Pilate's Wife's Dream. XXXII. The Crucifixion. XXXIII. The Descent into Hell. XXXIV. The Burial of Christ. XXXV. The Resurrection. XXXVI. The three Marys. XXXVII. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen. XXXVIII. The Pilgrims of Emmaus. XXXIX. The Ascension. XL. Descent of the Holy Ghost. XLI. The Assumption. XLII. Doomsday.

† The Chester series contains but twenty-four plays, upon the following subjects: I. The Fall of Lucifer. II. De Creatore Mundi. III. De Deluvio Noæ. IV. De Abrahamo Melchisedech, et Loth. V. De Mose et Rege Balak, et Balaam Propheta. VI. De Salutatione at Nativitate Salvatoris. VII. De Pastoribus Greges pascentibus. VIII. De Tribus Regibus Orientalibus. IX. De Oblatione Tertium Regum. X. De Occisione Innocentium.

of the Coventry series will give a correct notion of the character of these queer compositions.

A prologue, in stanzas, spoken alternately by three vexillators, tells in detail the subjects of the forty-two plays. The first, *The Creation*, is opened by God, who, after declaring in Latin that he is alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, goes on in English to assert his might and his triune existence, and then announces his creative intentions. A chorus of angels then sing in Latin the *Tibi omnes angeli*, etc., of the *Te Deum*. Lucifer next appears, and asks the angels whether they sing thus in God's honour, or in his, asserting that he is the most worthy. The good angels declare for God; the bad for Lucifer. God then dooms him to fall from heaven to hell. Lucifer submits to his sentence without murmuring, and expresses his emotion only in a manner most likely to deprive the scene of any dignity it might otherwise have exhibited. The second play, *The Fall of Man*, opens with a speech by Adam and a reply by Eve, in which they set forth their happy condition and the command concerning the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The serpent then appears, and tempts Eve to violate this command. The action, if action it must be called, follows in the most servile manner, and with no expansion, the narrative in Genesis; and Adam and Eve are expelled from paradise.* It is clear that the representatives of the

XI. De Purificatione Virginis. XII. De Tentatione Salvatoris. XIII. De Chelidomo et Resurrectio Lazari. XIV. De Jesu intrante Domum Simeonis Leprosi. XV. De Cœna Domini. XVI. De Passione Christi. XVII. De Descensu Christi ad Inferos. XVIII. De Resurrectione Jesu Christi. XIX. De Christo ad Castellum Emmaus. XX. De Ascensione Domini. XXI. De Electione Matthæ. XXII. Ezekiel. XXIII. De Adventu Antichristi. XXIV. De Judicio Extremo.

* Here is Eve's lamentation:—

Eva. Alas! alas! and wele away,
That evyr towchyd I the tre;
I wende as wrecche in welsome way,
In blake busshys my bou[illegible] xal be.

types of our race appeared upon the stage innocently free from "the troublesome disguises that we wear"; and that they afterward faithfully followed the Hebrew lawgiver's narrative in the use of fig leaves.* In the third play, *Cain and Abel*, the only noteworthy points are, first, that Cain speaks very disrespectfully of Adam and his counsels, saying that he cares not a hair if he never sees him; and next that, when Abel's offering is accepted and consumed by fire, Cain breaks out into abuse of him, calling him a "stinking losel."† This, by the way, is one of

In paradys is plente of playe,
ffayr frutys ryth gret plente,
The 3atys be schet with Godys keye,
My husbond is lost because of me.
Leve spowse now thou fonde,
Now stomble we on stalk and ston.
My wyt awey is fro me gon,
Wrythe on to my necke bon
With hardnesse of thin honde.

*In the Chester miracle-play the stage direction is "*Here shall Adam and Eve stand nackede and shall be not ashamed.*" In the Coventry play Adam speaks thus immediately after he has eaten the apple:—

Adam dicet sic.
Alas! alas! ffor this fals dede,
My fleshy frend my fo I fynde,
Schameful synne doth us unhede,
I se us nakyd before and behynde.
Our lordes wurd wold we not drede,
Therefore we be now caytyvys unkynde,
Oure pore prevytes ffor to hede,
Somme ffygge-levys fayn wolde I fynde,
ffor to hyde oure schame.
Womman, ley this leff on thi pryvyte,
And with this leff I xal hyde me,
Gret schame it is us nakyd to se,
Oure lord God thus to grame.

†Cain's speech, which here follows, will give a notion of the language and the action of the play at the point of highest interest:—

the few representations of contemporary manners furnished by these miracle-plays. If we accept them as truthful in this regard, we must credit our forefathers with a ready resort to foul language when they were angered. Afterward, in the play on *Noah's Flood*, Lamech calls a young man "a stinking lurdane," and in that on the Woman taken in Adultery, the Scribes and Pharisees call her forth to be taken to judgement in language more pharisaic than decent. The Townley mystery, which represents the first fratricide, is even more grotesque and indecent than that in the collection which we are examining. Cain comes upon the stage with a plough and team, and quarrels with his ploughboy for refusing to drive the oxen. Abel enters, bids speed the plough to Cain, and in reply is told to do something quite unmentionable. After Abel is killed, the boy counsels flight for fear of the bailiffs. Cain then makes a mock proclamation, which his boy blunderingly repeats; and after this clownish foolery, Cain bids the audience farewell before he goes to hell. The personages in the fourth play, *Noah's Flood*, are God, Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives, an angel, Cain, Lamech, and a young man. Noah and his family talk pharisaic morality for about the first third of the play. God then declares his displeasure, and that he "wol be vengyd"; to which end he will destroy all the world, except Noah and his family. The angel announces the coming flood

Caym. What? thou stynkyng losel, and is it so?
Doth God the love and hatyht me?
Thou xalt be ded I xal the slo,
Thi Lord thi God thou xalt nevyr se!
Tything more xalt thou nevyr do,
With this chavyl bon I xal sle the,
Thi deth is dyht, thi days be go,
Out of myn handys xalt thou not fle,
With this strok I the kylle.—
Now this boy is slayn and dede,
O hym I xal nevyr more han drede,
He xal hereafter nevyr ete brede,
With this gresse I xal him hylle.

to Noah, and bids him build a ship to save his household, and "of every kynds bestes a cowpyl." Noah and his family go out to build the ship, and Lamech enters blind and conducted by a young man. In spite of his infirmity, at the suggestion of his guide, he shoots at a supposed beast in a bush; but, like another hapless person known to rhyme who "bent his bow," he hits what he did not shoot at, and kills Cain, who mysteriously happens to be in the bush. Aroused to wrath, and moved by fear of the fate predicted of him who should slay Cain, Lamech kills the young man who had misled him into shooting at the beast. He goes out, and Noah comes in with his ship—"*et statim intrat Noe cum navi cantantes* [sic]." This ship, as we learn from the direction in the corresponding play of the Chester Mysteries, was customarily painted over with figures of the beasts supposed to be within, as if they had struck through, and come out like an eruption. In that play, too, and also in the corresponding Townley play, Noah's wife refuses to enter the ark. Indeed, in those plays she is represented as an arrant scold. In the first scene she berates Noah, who gives her as good as she sends, and both swear roundly by the Virgin Mary; and as to going into the ark, the patriarch, "the secunde fathyr," as he styles himself, edified the female part of the audience by fairly flogging his wife on board with a cart-whip. The flood comes on (we have returned to the Coventry plays); Noah and his wife speak thirty lines of dialogue, and then he says:—

> "xl^{ti} days and nightes hath lasted thys rayn,
> And xl^{ti} days this grett flood begynnyth to slake;
> This crowe xal I sende out to seke sum playn,
> Good tydynges to brynge this message I make."

The crow does not return, and the dove is sent, "*qua redeunte cum ramo viride olivæ*," as the stage direction says, Noah and his family leave the ark, singing, "*Mare videt et fugit*," etc.

The fourteenth play, which represents *The Trial of Joseph and Mary* on accusations based upon the latter's

mysterious pregnancy, is opened by a crier, who summons the jurors and people who have causes to come into court. Although the trial is supposed, of course, to take place in Palestine before the Christian era, it is presided over by "my lorde the buschop," and the people summoned are English folk of the lower class, whose surnames have plainly been given to them on account of their occupation or their personal traits.* The crier lets us into a judge's secret, by warning those who have causes to be tried to put money in their purses, or their cause may speed the worse. Plainly there were properties, and even machinery, upon the stage at this rude and early period; and, indeed, the lists of properties (for they seem always to have been so called) which have been preserved show that no small pains were taken to portray the glories and the horrors of the various scenes presented. The seventeenth play, *The Adoration of the Magi*, introduces the most famous character in these dramas—Herod. He is always represented in them not only as wicked and cruel, but as a tremendous braggart. He raves and swaggers and swears without stint; his favorite oath being by Mahound, *i. e.*, Mohammed; for in all respects these miracle-plays set chronology at defiance. The speeches put into his mouth, more than any others, are written in the old Anglo-Saxon alliterative style, of which *Piers Ploughman's Vision* is a well-known example.† Herod,

* John Jurdon, Geffrey Gile, Malkin Milkdoke, Stephen Sturdy, Tom Tinker, Peter Potter Lucy Liar, Miles Miller, etc.

† Perhaps the most characteristic speech of his in every respect is the following from *The Slaughter of the Innocents*:—

Herodes Rex. I ryde on my rowel ryche in my regne,
Rybbys fful rede with rape xal I sende;
Popetys et paphawkes I xal putten in peyne,
With my spere prevyn, pychen, and to-pende.
The gowys with gold crownys gete thei nevyr ageyn,
To seke tho sottys sondys xal I sende;
Do howlott howtyn hoberd heyn,
Whan here barnys blede undyr credyl bende;
Sharply I xal hem shende!

in spite of his heathenism, his cruelty, his profanity, and his braggadocio—perhaps by reason of them—used to be

The knave childeryn that be
In alle Israel countré,
Thie xul have blody ble,
ffor on I calde unkende.
It is told in Grw,
His name xulde be Jhesu
I fownde.
To have hym 3e gon,
Hewe the flesche with the bon.
And gyff hym wownde!
Now kene knyghtes kythe your craflys.
And kyllyth knave childreyn and castyth hem in clay;
Shewyth on 3our shulderes scheldys and schaftys,
Schapyht amonge schel chowthys ashyrlyng shray;
Doth rowncys rennen with rakynge raftys,
Tyl rybbys be to rent with a reed ray.
Lete no barne beleve on bete baftys,
Tyl a beggere blede be bestys baye,
Mahound that best may;
I warne 3ow my knyghtes,
A barn is born I plyghtes,
Wold clymbyn kynge and kyknytes,
And lett my lordly lay.
Knyghtes wyse
Chosyn ful chyse
Aryse! aryse!
And take 3our tolle!
And every page
Of ij. 3ere age
Or eveyr 3e swage,
Sleythe ilke a fool.
On of hem alle
Was born in stalle
ffolys hym calle
Kynge in crown
With byttyr galle,
He xalle down falle.—
My myght in halle
Xal nevyr go down.

a favourite character with young men of spirit and parts who were stage-struck. Chaucer, it will be remembered, says, in the *Miller's Tale*, of his "Absolon, that joly was and gay":—

> "Sometime to shew his lightness and maistrie
> He plaieth Herode on a skaffolde hie."

But more than by the indecency, the coarseness, the bombast, and the vapidity of these miracle-plays, we are astonished and repulsed by the degrading familiarity with which they treat the most awful and most moving incidents of the Gospel history. The Last Supper was actually played; the Crucifixion was actually played; and even the Resurrection was not too sacred or mysterious a subject to be represented. Conforming both to the religious spirit and the taste of the time, the clerical dramatist spared his audience the sight of no indignity, of no torture, suffered by Christ, but took delight in representing all the physical circumstances attending his death with gross and bald particularity.* And as we close our examination of the miracle-plays, a reflection of their mingled childishness and temerity must be uppermost in the mind of every reader. Had it not been done, it would

* The following passage, it will be seen, shows that the crucifixion was represented even to the minutest of its attendant circumstances:—

Than xul thei pulle Jhesu out of his clothis, and leyn them togedyr; and then thei xul pullyn hym down and leyn along on the cros, and after that naylyn hym thereon.

Primus Judæus. Come on now here, we xal asay
Yf the cros for the be mete;
Cast hym down here in the devyl way,
How long xal he standyn on his fete?

Secundus Judæus. Pul hym down, evyl mote he the
And gyf me his arm in hast;
And anon we xal se
Here good days thei xul be past!

seem almost impossible that such subjects could be so unworthily treated by men of sense and education, which the better class of Roman Catholic priests were even in the days when these plays were written. Here were the grandest themes handled by authors to whom they were matters of religious faith and supreme concern; and all that was done was to degrade, to belittle, and to make ridiculous. The rudeness of the people for whose instruction and pleasure the miracle-plays were produced, and the gross and material character of religion in that day, account in a great measure for this shocking contrast between subject and treatment. But yet it would seem that, though rude and simple, these compositions might have preserved some little of the spirit of the Hebrew writers from whom their subjects were taken, and who themselves wrote for people only a little advanced beyond the pale of semi-barbarism. And one subject, by remarkable coin-

Tertius Judæus. Gef hese other arm to me,—
Another take hed to hese feet;
And anon we xal se
Yf the borys be for hym mete.
Quartus Judæus. This is mete, take good hede;
Pulle out that arm to the sore.
Primus Judæus. This is short, the devyl hym sped,
Be a large fote and more.
Secundus Judæus. ffest on a rop and pulle hym long,
And I xal drawe the ageyn;
Spare we not these ropys strong,
Thow we brest both flesch and veyn!
Tertius Judæus. Dryve in the nayle anon, lete se,
And loke and the flesch and sennes welle last.
Quartus Judæus. That I graunt, so mote I the;
Lo! this nayl is dreve ryth wel and fast.
Primus Judæus. ffest a rope than to his feet,
And draw hym down long anow.
Secundus Judæus. Here is a nayl for both good and greet,
I xal dryue it thorwe, I make a vow!

Here xule thei leve of and dawncyn abowte the cros shortly.

cidence, was treated with a certain degree of simplicity and pathos by the writers of all of the three great collections of English miracle-plays. This was the story of Abraham and Isaac. And it is worthy of special remark that it was a subject of which the interest is purely human, or at least that part of the subject in question which exhibited paternal love on the one side and filial love and devotion on the other, which raised all these writers out of their slough of coarseness and buffoonery into the region of healthy sentiment. The Coventry series, which we have been examining, offers the best treatment of this incident; which in itself, and in the barest relation of it, if one can repress an outbreak of rebellious indignation and disbelief, the most pathetic and heart-breaking told in all the Hebrew Scriptures. With an extract from this composition, which I shall put in modern language, I shall close this notice of English miracle-plays:—

Isaac. All ready, father, even at your will
And at your bidding I am you by,
With you to walk over dale and hill;
At your calling I am ready.
To the father ever most comely
It behoveth the child ever obedient to be;
I will obey, full heartily,
To every thing that ye bid me.

Abraham. Now, son, in thy neck this fagot thou take,
And this fire bear in thy hand;
For we must now sacrifice go make,
Even after the will of God's command.
Take this burning brand
My sweet child, and let us go;
There may no man that liveth upon land
Have more sorrow than I have woe.

Isa. Father, father, you go right still;
I pray now, father, speak unto me.
Abra. My good child, what is thy will?
Tell me thy heart, I pray to thee.

Isa. Father, fire and wood here is plenty;
But I can see no sacrifice;
What ye will offer fain would I see,
That it were done at best advice.

Abra. God shall that ordain that is in heaven,
My sweet son, for this offering;
A dearer sacrifice may no man name
Than this shall be, my dear darling.

Isa. Let be, dear father, your sad weeping;
Your heavy looks agrieve me sore.
Tell me, father, your great mourning,
And I shall seek some help therefor.

Abra. Alas, dear son, for needs must me
Even here thee kill, as God hath sent;
Thine own father thy death must be,—
Alas, that ever this bow was bent!
With this fire bright thou must be brent;
An angel said to me right so;
Alas, my child, thou shalt be shent!
Thy careful father must be thy foe.

Isaac yields to what Abraham tells him is the divine command, which yet he says makes his heart "cling and cleave as clay."

Isa. Yet work God's will, father, I you pray,
And slay me here anon forthright;
And turn from me your face away
My head when that you shall off smite.

Abra. Alas! dear son, I may not choose,
I must needs here my sweet son kill;
My dear darling now must me lose,
Mine own heart's blood now shall I spill.
Yet this deed ere I fulfil,
My sweet son, thy mouth I kiss.

Isa. All ready, father, even at your will
I do your bidding, as reason is.

Abra. Alas! dear son, here is no grace,
But need is dead now must thou be.
With this kerchief I hide thy face;
In the time that I slay thee,
Thy lovely visage would I not see,
Not for all this world's good.

It is true that the incident here represented is in itself the most touching that can be conceived; but the author of the play has amplified the very brief account in Genesis, and worked it out in a dialogue, which, rude although it be, is full of nature and simple pathos. The conditions of the action are monstrous and incredible, if we leave out the supernatural element; and the situation, unrelieved by the ever-present consciousness that the sacrifice is not to be made, would be too heartrending for contemplation. But an unquestioning belief in the supernatural, even to the literal acceptance of the figurative style and extravagant phraseology of the Orient, was assumed by the writers of miracle-plays. The son's love, submission, and self-devotion, and the father's anguish, are expressed with tenderness and truth. Abraham's silent woe, as they walk together, is exhibited with really dramatic power in Isaac's exclamation, "Father, father, you go right still"; and Abraham's reply, "Tell me thy heart," and his after exclamation, "Alas, that ever this bow was bent!" are full of pathos. And when at last the child tells the father to work God's will, yet begs him to turn away his face when he strikes, and Abraham kisses his son, and hides from his own eyes the boy's lovely visage, the interest is wrought up to such a pitch that supernatural intervention is demanded by the holiest instincts of that very nature which supernatural intervention has so pitilessly outraged.

II. Rude, gross, and childish as were the miracle-plays, they yet contained the germ of our drama; and from them its development, for a long time slow, but never checked, can be traced up to the sudden splendid maturity of the Elizabethan era. The Coventry series, which we have just been examining, differs from the

Townley and the Chester series by the introduction of allegorical personages into some of the plays. In the earlier miracle-plays the personages all belonged to the religious history which the plays were written to teach; and the author confined his work to the putting of the scriptural story or saintly legend into the form of dialogue and soliloquy. But as time wore on, virtues, vices, and even modes of mental action, were impersonated, and mingled upon the pageant or the scaffold with patriarchs, apostles, and saints. Thus the eighth of the Coventry series, *The Barrenness of Anna*, is opened with a kind of prologue or introductory chorus by Contemplation, a character which reappears in the series; and in *The Salutation and Conception* the Virtues, collectively embodied, with Truth, Pity, and Justice, perform functions like those of the Greek chorus. At last, in *The Slaughter of the Innocents*, Death (Mors) takes part in the action; and in some of the other plays impersonal Detractors, Accusers, and Consolers also appear. In the three Digby Miracle-plays* there is one formed upon the life of Mary Magdalen, which is interesting in this respect. And in the first of the set which represents the Conversion of St. Paul, it is noteworthy that of two devils which are among the characters, one is named Belial and the other Mercury! The first is instructed to enter thus: "Here to enter a Dyvel with thunder and fyre, and to avaunce hym selfe saying as folowyth; and his spech spoken to syt downe in a chayre." While he is thus making himself comfortably at home in a devilish way, and complaining of the lack of news, his attendant or messenger comes in, according to this direction: "Here shall entyre a nother devyll, calld Mercury, with a fyering, coming in hast, cryeing and roryng." After a consultation as to the bad way their friend Saul appears to be in, to wit, peril of salvation, body and soul, they both "vanyshe away with a

* So called because they are preserved among the Digby MSS. in the Bodleian Library.

fyrye flame and a tempest." The play on *The Life of Mary Magdalen*, rather a late miracle-play, was intended to be a spectacle of unusual attraction. It required four pageants or scaffolds. Tiberius, Herod, Pilate, and the Devil—personages of apparently equal dramatic dignity —had each his own station before the audience; and the entrance of the latter is thus directed: "Here shal entyr the prynce of devylls in a stage, and hell onder neth that stage." Indeed, the representation of hell, or of hell-mouth, into which demons and their victims were sent, was a standing, and, it would seem, a much prized effect in the performance of the miracle-plays. In the account books of the expenses of the Coventry plays, there are many charges for "the repayring of Helmought." To return to the play of *Mary Magdalen*: A ship appears between the scaffolds; the mariners spy the castle of Mary, which the Devil and the Seven Deadly Sins besiege and capture. Lechery addresses the heroine in a speech, the following extract from which will give a notion of the style of the composition:—

> "Heyl, lady, most lawdabyll of alyauns!
> Heyl, orient as the sonne in his reflexite!
> Much pepul be comfortyd be your benignaunt affyauns;
> Brighter than the bornyd is your bemys of bewte,
> Most debonarious with your aungelly velycyte."

The appearance of the Seven Deadly Sins and of the Kings of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil in this play as ten distinct characters, is not only very curious, but is a noteworthy step toward the next stage of our drama, which now took the allegorical form of the moral-play. Of character and action, in a true dramatic sense, the miracle-plays, with one or two exceptions to be noticed hereafter, had really none. The personages came upon the stage and described themselves, giving a dry catalogue of their qualities, conditions, and relations, and then went formally through the speech and action prescribed for them in Scripture or legend. But when allegorical per-

sonages began to multiply, as they did in the miracle-plays, they began also to interfere with and modify this slavish adherence to Scripture story and church tradition; until finally these personages, who, it will be seen upon a moment's reflection, represent an extraneous human element, and are, in fact, clumsy embodiments alternately of the mental conditions of the other characters and of the audience, obtained possession of the stage, and completely expelled the angels, saints, and patriarchs, in aid of whose waning power to interest the people they had been created.

In a moral-play, pure and simple, the personages are all embodiments of abstract ideas, and the motive of the play is the enforcement of moral truth as a guide to human conduct. The abstract ideas may be virtues, as Justice, Mercy, Compassion; or vices, as Avarice, Malice, Falsehood; or a state, condition, or mode of life, as Youth, Old Age, Poverty, Abominable Living; or an embodiment of the human race, as in the character Every Man in the moral-play of that name; or of a part of it, in the play of Lusty Juventus; or of the end of all men, for in these compositions Death itself is not unfrequently embodied. But there were two prominent, and, so to speak, stock characters, which were as essential to a moral-play as Harlequin and Columbine to an old pantomime. These were the Devil and the Vice; the former being an inheritance from the miracle-plays, but the latter a new creation. Exactly why and how this personage came into being with the moral-play, we do not know; but may it not have been with the purpose of having ever present an embodied antithesis to the motive of the play—morality? That the name was derived from the nature of the character would seem manifest without a word, were it not that other and fantastic derivations have been suggested. The Devil was represented as the hideous monster evolved by the morbid religious imagination of the dark ages, having horns, at least one hoof, a tail, a shaggy body, and a visage both frightful and ridiculous. The Vice wore generally, if not always, the costume of the domestic fool, or jester,

of the period, which is now worn by clowns of the circus. He was at first called the Vice; but as the Vice became a distinct line of character, as much as walking gentleman on our stage, or *père noble* on the French, his name and his functions were afterward those of Infidelity, Hypocrisy, Desire, and so forth. Sometimes the part of a gallant or bully was written for the Vice, and was named accordingly; and sometimes he was called Iniquity. When he bore this name he would seem to have been not a mere buffoon or clown, making merriment with gibes and antics, but a sententious person, with all his fun; for Shakespeare (*Richard III.*, III. i.) makes the following descriptive mention of this kind of Vice:—

> "Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
> I moralize two meanings in one word."

But the Vice generally performed the mingled functions of scamp, braggart, and practical joker. There was a conventional make-up for his face. Barnaby Rich, in *Adventures of Brusanus*, published 1592, says that a certain personage had "his beard cut peecke a devant, turnde uppe a little, like the Vice of a playe." He was armed with a dagger or sword of lath, with which he beat the Devil; that personage having his revenge almost invariably, at the end of the play, by taking his tormenter upon his back and running off with him into "hellmought."

Moral-plays were first performed upon the pageants or scaffolds from which they were driving the miracle-plays. But at last it was thought that people might better go to the play than have the play go to them; and it was found that barns and great halls were more convenient for actors and audience than movable scaffolds. Yet later, people discovered that best of all available places were inn yards, where windows, and galleries, and verandas commanded a view of a court round which the house was built. Sometimes moral-plays were written to be played in the interval between a feast or dinner and a banquet; the banquet having corresponded to what we call the dessert,

and having been usually served in another room. Hence the name of *interlude*, which was frequently given to these plays. Yet the name interlude came to be almost confined to a kind of play shorter than a moral-play, and without allegorical characters or significance, and so better suited to the occasion for which it was intended. John Heywood was the master of this kind of play-writing, if indeed he were not its inventor; but his proper place is at a later period of our little history.

The oldest English moral-play yet discovered exists in manuscript, and is entitled *The Castle of Perseverance*. It was written about 1450. The principal character is Humanum Genus, an embodiment of mankind, whose moral enemies, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, (Mundus, Caro, and Belial,) open the play by a conference in which they boast of their powers. Mankind (Humanum Genus) then appears, and announces that he has just come into the world naked; and immediately a good and a bad angel present themselves, and assert their claims to his confidence. He gives himself up to the latter, who, through the agency of the World, places him in the hands of Voluptuousness and Folly (Voluptas and Stultitia—but let it suffice to say that the characters have Latin names). Backbiter then makes him acquainted with Avarice and the other deadly sins, of whom Luxury—in these plays always a woman—becomes his leman. The good angel sends Confession to him, who is told that he is come too soon, he having then more agreeable matters in hand than the confessing of sin. But at last, by the help of Penitence, Mankind is reclaimed, and got off into the strong Castle of Perseverance in company with the seven Cardinal Virtues. Belial and the Deadly Sins lay siege to the castle, the leader having first berated and beaten his forces for having allowed his prey to escape him.* Belial and

* Belial thus incites his followers to the assault:—

"I here trumpys trebelen all of tene:
The wery world walkyth to werre . .
Sprede my penon upon a prene

the Sins are defeated, chiefly by the aid of Charity and Patience, who pelt them with roses from the battlements. But Mankind begins to grow old, and Avarice undermines the castle, and persuades him to leave it. Garcio (a boy) claims all the goods which Mankind has gathered with the aid of Avarice, when Death and the Soul appear, and the latter calls on Pity for help. But the bad angel takes the hero on his back, and sets off with him hellward. The scene changes to heaven, where Pity, Peace, Justice, and Truth plead for him with God, and we are left to infer that Mankind is saved. God speaks the moralizing epilogue. A rude drawing on the last leaf of the manuscript shows the castle with a bed beneath it for Mankind, and five scaffolds for God, Belial, the World, the Flesh, and Avarice. In another play in the same collection, called *Mind Will and Understanding*, Anima, the Soul, also appears, and, having been debauched by the three personages who give the play its name, she "apperythe in most horribul wyse, fowler than a fend," and gives birth to six of the deadly sins according to this direction: "Here rennyt out from undyr the horrybull mantyle of the Soul six small boys in the lyknes of devyllys, and so retorne ageyn." Conscious of her degradation, she goes out with her three seducers, and it is directed that "in the going the Soule syngyth in the most lamentabull wyse, with drawte notes, as yt ys songyn in the passyon wyke." In the end, Mind, Will, and Understanding are converted from their evil ways, to the great joy of Anima.

John Skelton, poet-laureate to Henry VII. and his son, wrote two moral-plays, *The Necromancer*, and *Magnificence*. A copy of the latter still exists; and one of

> **And stryke we fro the now undyr sterre.**
> **Schapyth now your sheldys shene**
> **Yone skallyd skrouts for to skerre**
> **Buske ye now, boys, belyve,**
> **For ever I stond in mekyl stryve**
> **Whyl Mankind is in clene lyve."**

the former was seen and described by Collins, although it has since been lost. The characters are a Necromancer, the Devil, a Notary, Simony, and Avarice; and the action is merely the trial of the last two before the Devil. The Necromancer calls upon the Devil, and opens the court. The prisoners are found guilty, and are sent straightway to hell. The Devil abuses the conjurer, and disappears in flame and smoke. This play, which was played before King Henry VII., at Woodstock, on Palm Sunday, was printed in 1504. When *Magnificence* was produced we do not know, as its title-page is without date; but Skelton mentions it in a poem printed in 1523. Its purpose is to show the vanity of magnificence. The hero, Magnificence —eaten out of house and home by a raft of friends called Fancy, alias Largess, Counterfeit-countenance, Crafty-conveyance, Cloked-collusion, Courtly-abusion, and Folly —falls into the hands of Adversity and Poverty, and finally is taken possession of by Despair and Mischief, who persuade him to commit suicide, which he is about to do, when Good-hope stays his hand, and Redress, Circumspection, and Perseverance sober him down to a humble frame of mind. The piece is intolerably long, and much of it is written in that wearisome verse called "Skeltonic." * To relieve it, some fun is introduced,

* Of which the following passage is an example:—

"For counterfet countenaunce knowen am I.
This worlde is full of my foly.
I set not by hym a fly
That cannot counterfet a lye,
Swere and stare and byde therebye,
And countenaunce it clenly,
And defende it manerly.
A knave will counterfet now a knyght,
A lurdayne lyke a lorde to fyght,
A mynstrell lyke a man of myght,
A tappyster lyke a lady bryght.
Thus make I them wyth thryff to fyght;
Thus at the last I brynge hym ryght
To Tyburne, where they hange on hyght."

which is of the coarsest kind, but which was probably more to the taste of all the poet's audience, high and low, than his heavy moralizing.* Of pure moral-plays the reader has probably had quite enough; but two others may well be noticed, on account of traits peculiar to them. In one, called *The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art*, the chief character is Moros, a mischievous fool, who enters upon this direction: "Here entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenaunce, synging the foote of many songes as fools were wont." This brings to mind Shakespeare's fools and clowns, who are always singing the foot of many songs; and we see the making them do so was no device of his, but a mere faithful copying of the living models before him; though the lyric sweetness and the art and the wisdom which he puts into their mouths were in most instances, we may be sure, his own. The other moral-play in question, *The Marriage of Wit and Science*, is remarkable not only for its very elaborate and ingenious, though equally dull and wearisome, allegory, but for the fact that it is regularly divided into acts and scenes, which is not the case with even many of the early comedies and tragedies by which the miracle-plays were succeeded. One of the very latest of the moral-plays was *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, which was written after 1588, and printed in

* As for instance, the following passage in which Folly wins a wager that he will laugh Crafty-conveyance out of his coat:—

[*Here foly maketh semblaunt to take a lowse from crafty conveyance shoulder*]

Fancy. What hast thou found there?
Foly. By god, a lowse.
Crafty-convey. By cockes harte I trow thou lyste.
Foly. By the masse, a spanyshe moght with a gray lyste.
Fancy. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Crafty-convey. Cockes armes, it is not so, I trowe.
[*Here crafty-conveyance putteth of his gowne.*]
Foly. Put on thy gowne agayne for now thou hast lost.
Fancy. Lo, John a bonam, where is thy brayne?

1590. But, as its title would indicate, this is in reality a kind of comedy; and it is also remarkable as being written for the most part in blank verse.

III. As allegory had crept into the miracle-plays, and, by introducing the impersonation of abstract qualities, had worked a change in their structure and their purpose, which finally produced the moral-play, so personages intended as satire upon classes and individuals, and as representations of the manners and customs of the day, took, year after year, more and more the place of the cold and stiff abstractions which filled the stage in the pure moral-play, until, at last, comedy, or the ideal representation of human life, appeared in English drama. Thus in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, which, according to Ritson, was published in 1578, and which contains internal evidence that it was written about eight years before that date, the personages are Tom Tyler, his good woman, who is a gray mare of the most formidable kind, Tom Tailor, his friend, Desire, Strife, Sturdy, Tipple, Patience, and the Vice. In *The Conflict of Conscience*, written at about the same date, among Conscience, Hypocrisy, Tyranny, Avarice, Sensual-suggestion, and the like, appear four historical personages—Francis Spiera, an Italian lawyer, who is called Philologus, his two sons, and Cardinal Eusebius. Collier also mentions a political moral-play written about 1565, called *Albion Knight*, in which the hero, a knight named Albion, is a personification of England, and the motive of which is satire upon the oppression of the commons by the nobles. But before this date, and probably in the reign of Edward VI., Bishop Bale had written his *Kynge Johan*, a play the purpose of which was to further the Reformation, and which partook of the characters of a moral-play, and a dramatic chronicle-history. Indeed, neither the reformers nor their opponents were slow to take advantage of the stage as a means of indoctrinating the people with their peculiar views; and as the government passed alternately into the hands of Papists and Protestants, plays were suppressed, or dramatic perform-

ances interdicted altogether, as the good of the ecclesiastical party in power seemed to require. In the very first year of Queen Mary's reign, 1558, a politico-religious moral-play, called *Respublica*, was produced, the purpose of which was to check the Reformation. The kingdom of England is impersonated as Respublica, and, by the author's own admission, Queen Mary herself figures as Nemesis, the goddess of redress and correction.

John Heywood, whose interludes have been already mentioned, produced his first play before the year 1521. Yet, in turning our eyes back two generations to glance at his compositions, we may obtain, perhaps, a more correct view of the gradual development of the English drama than if we had examined them in the order of time. Heywood was attached to the court of Henry VIII. as a singer and player upon the virginals. His interludes were short pieces, about the length of one act of a modern comedy. Humorous in their motive, and dependent for all their interest upon their extravagant burlesque of every-day life, upon the broadest jokes and the coarsest satire, they were, indeed, but a kind of farce. That which is regarded as Heywood's earliest extant production is entitled *A mery play betwene the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and neybour Pratte.* The Pardoner and the Friar have got leave of the Curate to use his church, the former to show his relics, the latter to preach; both having the same end in view—money. They quarrel as to who shall have precedence, and at last fight. The Curate, brought in by this row between his clerical brethren, attempts to separate and pacify them; but failing to accomplish this single-handed, he calls the neighbours to his aid. In vain, however; for the Pardoner and the Friar, like man and wife interrupted in a quarrel, unite their forces, and beat the interlopers soundly. After which they depart, and the play ends. In *The Four P's*, andother of Heywood's interludes, the personages are the Palmer, the Pardoner, the Poticary, and the Pedlar. In this play there is little action; and the four worthies, after gibing at each

other's professions for a while, set out to see which can tell the biggest lie. After much elaborate and ingenious falsehood the Palmer beats by the simple assertion that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life; at which his opponents "come down" without another word. The satire in these plays is found in the inconsistency between the characters of the personages and their professions, and particularly in the absurd and ridiculous pretensions of the clergymen as to their priestly functions, and the nature of their relics. In *The Pardoner and the Friar*, the Pardoner produces "the great too of the holy trynyte," and

> "of our Ladye a relyke full good,
> Her bongrace, which she ware with her French hode,
> Whan she wente oute al wayes for sonne bornynge";

also, "of all halowes the blessed jaw bone"; and in *The Four P's* there is a "buttocke-bone of Pentecoste." And yet Heywood was a stanch Romanist.

There are certain passages in Heywood's plays, which, considering the period at which he wrote, are remarkable for genuine humour and descriptive power, as well as for spirited and lively versification.* And coarse and indecent

* See the following description of an alleged visit to hell by the Pardoner in *The Four P's*:—

> "Thys devyll and I walket arme in arme
> So farre, tyll he had brought me thyther,
> Where all the dyvells of hell togyther
> Stode in a ray, in suche apparell
> As for that day there metely fell.
> Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,
> Theyr taylles wel kempt, and as I wene,
> With sothery butter theyr bodyes anoynted;
> I never sawe devylls so well appoynted.
> The master devyll sat on his jacket,
> And all the soules were playinge at racket.
> None other rackettes they hadde in hande
> Save every soul a good fyre brand;
> Wherewith they played so pretely,
> That Lucyfer laughed merely:

as his productions must be pronounced, they exhibit more real dramatic power than appears in those of any other playwright of the first half of the sixteenth century.

Heywood founded no school, seems to have had no imitators; there is no line of succession between him and the man who must be regarded as the first writer of genuine English comedy. We have seen that plays in which characters drawn from real life, mingled with the allegorical personages proper to moral-plays, were written as late as 1570. Such were *Tom Tyler and his Wife* and *The Conflict of Conscience*, mentioned above. But as early as the year 1551, Nicholas Udall, who became Master of Eton, and afterward of Westminster, had written a play divided into acts and scenes, with a gradually

> And all the resedew of the feends
> Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends.
> But of my friende I sawe no whyt,
> Nor durst not axe for her as yet.
> Anone all this rout was brought in selens,
> And I by an usher brought in presens,
> Of Lucyfer: then lowe, as wel I could,
> I knelyd whiche he so well alowde,
> That thus he beckte, and by saynt Antony
> He smyled on me well favouredly,
> Bendynge his browss as brode as barne durres,
> Shakynge his eares as ruged as burres;
> Rolyng his eyes as rounde as two bushels;
> Flashynge the fyre out of his nose thryls;
> Gnashinge his teeth so vaynglorously,
> That me thought tyme to fall to flatery,
> Wherwith I tolde as I shall tell.
> O plesant pycture! O prince of hell!
> Feutred in fashyon abominable
> And syns that is inestimable
> For me to prayse the worthyly,
> I leve of prayse as unworthy
> To geve the prays besechynge the
> To heare my sewte, and then to be
> So good to graunt the thynge I crave."

developed action tending to a climax, and the characters of which were all ideal representations of actual life; a play which was, in short, a comedy. The play is named after its hero, *Ralph Roister Doister.* The scene is laid in London, and Ralph, who is a conceited, rattle-pated young fellow about town, and amorous withal, fancies himself in love with Damè Custance, a gay young widow with "a tocher," as he thinks, of a thousand pounds and more. But upon this point Matthew Merry-greek,* his poor kinsman and attendant, a shrewd, mischievous, time-serving fellow, remarks to him, that

> "An hundred pounde of marriage money doubtless,
> Is ever thirtie pounde sterlyng or somewhat less;
> So that her thousande pounde yf she be thriftie
> Is much neere about two hundred and fiftie.
> Howbeit wowers and widows are never poore."

Which shows that our ways, in this respect at least, have not changed much in three hundred years from those of our forefathers. When the play opens, Custance is betrothed to Garvin Goodluck, a merchant who is then at sea. But Merry-greek crams his master with eagerly swallowed flattery, and puts him in heart by telling him that a man of his person and spirit can win any woman. Ralph encounters three of Custance's hand-maids, old and young, and by flattering words and caresses tries to bring them over to his side. He leaves a letter with one of them for Custance, which is delivered, but not immediately opened. The next day Dobinet Doughty, the merchant's servant, brings a ring and token from Master Goodluck to Dame Custance; but Madge, having got a scolding for her pains in delivering Ralph's letter, refuses to carry the ring and token. Other servants entering, Dobinet introduces himself as a messenger from the dame's betrothed husband; and they, especially one Tibbet Talk-a-pace,

* Merry-greek was slang three hundred years ago for what we now call a "jolly fellow." So in *Troilus and Cressida,* I. ii.: "Then she's a *merry Greek* indeed."

being delighted at the idea of a wedding, and mistaking the man who is thus to bless the household, fall out as to who is to deliver Ralph's presents. But Tib triumphs by snatching the souvenirs and running out with them to her mistress. A reproof to Tib in her turn ends the second Act. The third opens with a visit by Merry-greek to Dame Custance, that he may find out if the ring and token have worked well for his master's interest. But he only learns from Dame Custance that she is fast betrothed to Goodluck, that she has not even opened Ralph's letter, but knows that it must be from him—

> "For no mon there is but a very dolte and lout
> That to wowe a widowe would so go about."

She adds that Ralph shall never have her for his wife while he lives. On receiving this news, Ralph declares that he shall then and there incontinently die; when Merry-greek takes him at his word, pretends to think that he is really dying, and calls in a priest and four assistants to sing a mock requiem. Ralph, however, like most disappointed lovers, concludes to live; and Merry-greek advises him to serenade Custance, and boldly ask her hand. So done; but Custance snubs him, and produces his yet unread letter, which Merry-greek reads to the assembled company with such defiance of the punctuation that the sense is perverted, and all are moved to mirth except Ralph, who in wrath disowns the composition. Dame Custance retires, and Merry-greek, again flattering his master, advises him to refrain himself awhile from his lady-love, and that then she will seek him, for, as to women,—

> "When ye will they will not; will not ye, then will they."

Ralph threatens vengeance upon the scrivener who copied his letter; but when the penman reads it with the proper pauses, he finds out who is the real culprit; and thus the third Act ends. The fourth opens with the entrance of another messenger from Goodluck to Dame Custance.

While he is talking to the lady Ralph enters, ostentatiously giving orders about making ready his armor, takes great airs, calls Custance his spouse, and tells Goodluck's messenger to tell his master that " his betters be in place now." The angered Dame Custance summons maid and man, and turns Ralph and Merry-greek out of doors; but the latter soon slips back, and tells her that his only purpose is to make sport of Ralph, who is about returning armed, " to pitch a field " with his female foes. Roister Doister soon enters armed with pot, pan, and popgun, and accompanied by three or four assistants. But the comely dame, who seems to be a tall woman of her hands, stands her ground, and, aided by her maids, " pitches into " the enemy, and with mop and besom puts him to ignominious flight; in which squabble the knave Merry-greek, pretending to fight for his rich kinsman, manages to belabor him soundly. At the beginning of the fifth Act Garvin Goodluck makes his appearance, and Sim Suresby tells him of what he saw and heard at his visit to Dame Custance. Goodluck is convinced of the lady's fickleness. She arrives, and would welcome him tenderly; but of course there is trouble. Finally, however, on the evidence of Tristram Trusty, she is freed from suspicion; and Ralph, petitioning for pardon, is invited to the wedding supper, and the play is at an end. It is rather a rude performance;* but it contains all the elements of a regular comedy

* The following extract from the opening of the third Scene of the fourth Act of this comedy is a fair example of its style:—

Custance. What mean these lewde felowes thus to trouble me stil?
Sym Suresby here, perchaunce, shal thereof deme som yll,
And shall suspect me in some point of naughtinesse,
And they come hitherward.
Sym Suresby. What is their businesse?
Cust. I have nought to them, nor they to me, in sadnesse.
Sure. Let us hearken them; somewhat there is, I feare it.
Ralph Roister. I will speake out aloude best, that she may heare it.
Merry-greek. Nay, alas! ye may so feare hir out of hir wit.
Roister. By the crosse of my sworde, I will hurt hir no whit.

of the romantic school; and it must be confessed that many a duller one has been presented to a modern audience.

Yet ruder and coarser than *Ralph Roister Doister*, and

Merry. Will ye doe no harme in deede? Shall I trust your worde?
Roister. By Roister Doister's fayth, I will speak, but in borde.
Sure. Let us hearken them; somewhat there is, I feare it.
Roister. I will speake out aloude, I care not who heare it.—
Sirs, see that my harnesse, my tergat, and my shield,
Be made as bright now as when I was last in field,
As white as I shoulde to warre againe tomorrowe—
For sicke shall I be but I worke some folke sorrowe.
Therefore see that all shine as bright as sainct George,
Or as doth a key newly come from the smith's forge.
I woulde have my sworde and harnesse to shine so bright
That I might therewith dimme mine enimies sight;
I woulde have it cast beames as fast, I tell you playne,
As doth the glittering grass after a showre of raine.
And see that, in case I shoulde have to come to arminge,
All things may be ready at a moment's warning.
For such a chaunce may chaunce in an houre, do ye heare?
Merry. As perchaunce shall not chaunce againe in seven yeare.
Roister. Now draw we neare to hir, and heare what shal be sayde.
Merry. But I woulde not have you make hir too muche afrayde.
Roister. Well founde, sweete wife (I trust) for al this your soure looke
Cust. Wife! Why cal ye me wife?
Sure. Wife! this geare goeth acrook.
Merry. Nay, Mistresse Custance, I warrant you our letter
Is not as we redde e'en nowe, but much better;
And where ye half stomaked this gentleman afore,
For this same letter ye wyll love him nowe therefore;
Nor it is not this letter though ye were a queene
That shoulde breake marriage betweene you twaine, I weene.
Cust. I did not refuse hym for the letter's sake.
Roister. Then ye are content me for your husbande to take.
Cust. You for my husbande to take! Nothing lesse truely.
Roister. Yea, say so sweete spouse, afore strangers hardly.
Merry. And though I have here his letter of love with me,
Yet his rings and his tokens he sent keepe safe with ye.
Cust. A mischief take his tokens, and him, and thee too.

less amusing, is *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* which, until 1818, was supposed to be the earliest extant English comedy, but which was not written until about thirty years later than Udall's play, it having been first performed, as Malone reasonably concludes, at Christ College, Cambridge, in 1566. Its author was John Still, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells, who was born in 1543. The personages in this play are all, with two or three exceptions, rustics, and their language is a broad, provincial dialect. The plot turns upon the simple incident of Gammer Gurton's loss of her needle while she is mending her servant Hodge's breeches. Sharp is the hunt through five acts after this needful instrument—Hodge even pretending to have an interview with the Devil upon the subject. But the needle is not found until Hodge, having on the mended garment, is hit "a good blow on the buttocks" by the bailiff, whose services have been called in; when the clown discovers that Gammer Gurton's needle, like Old Rapid's in the *Road to Ruin,* does not always stick in the right place. The second Act of this farrago of practical jokes and coarse humour opens with that jolly old drinking-song beginning,

> "I cannot eat but little meat,
> My stomach is not good,"

which may be found in many collections of lyric verse.

IV. Whether it was that moral-plays satisfied for a long time our forefathers' desire for serious entertainments, and furnished them sufficient occasion for that reflection upon the graver interests and incidents of human life which it is tragedy's chief function to suggest, or whether the public, wearied by the sententious gravity of the moral-plays (which, however, their authors had often sought to retrieve by humorous character and incident), demanded, on the introduction of real life into the drama, that only its light and merry side should be presented, it

is certain that comedy entered upon the English stage much in advance of her elder sister. It is barely possible that a play upon the story of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed in London before the year 1562; but the earliest tragedy extant in our language is *Ferrex and Porrex*, or *Gorboduc*, all of which was probably written by Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, but to the first three acts of which Thomas Norton has a disputed claim. This play is founded on events in the fabulous chronicles of Britain. The principal personages are Gorboduc, King of Britain, about B. C. 600, Videna, his wife, and Ferrex and Porrex, his sons. But nobles, councillors, parasites, a lady, and messengers make the personages number thirteen. The first Act is occupied with the division of the kingdom by Gorboduc to his sons, and the talk thereupon. The second, with the fomenting of a quarrel between the brothers for complete sovereignty. The third, with the events of a civil war, in which Porrex kills Ferrex. In the fourth, the queen, who most loved Ferrex, kills Porrex while he is asleep at night in his chamber; the people rise in wrath and avenge this murder by the death of both Videna and Gorboduc. The fifth Act is occupied by a bloody suppression of this rebellion by the nobles, who, in their turn, fall into dissension; and the land, without a rightful king, and rent by civil strife, becomes desolate. This tragedy was written for one of the Christmas festivals of the Inner Temple, to be played by the gentlemen of that society; and by desire of Queen Elizabeth it was performed by them at White-hall on the 18th of January, 1561. It is plain that the author of this play meant to be very elegant, decorous, and classical; and he succeeded. Of all the stirring events upon which the tragedy is built, not one is represented; all are told. Even Ferrex and Porrex are not brought together on the stage, and Videna does not meet either of them before the audience after the first act. Each act is introduced by a dumb show, intended to be symbolical of what will follow—a common device on our early stage which was ridiculed by Shake-

speare in the third Act of *Hamlet*;* and each act, except the last, is followed by a moralizing and explanatory chorus recited by "four ancient and sage men of Britain."

Ferrex and Porrex is remarkable as being the first English play extant in blank verse, and probably it was the first so written. It is to be wondered that even in this respect it was ever taken as a model. For although Sir Philip Sidney in his *Defence of Poesy*, finding fault with *Ferrex and Porrex* for its violation of the unities of time and place, admits that it is so "full of stately speeches and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his stile, and full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach," yet it may be safely said that another play so lifeless in movement, so commonplace in thought, so utterly undramatic in motive, so oppressively didactic in language, so absolutely without distinction of character among its personages, cannot be found in our dramatic literature. From *Ferrex and Porrex* we turn even to the miracle-plays and moral-plays with relief, if not with pleasure. Some notion of its tediousness may be gathered from the fact that it closes with a speech one hundred lines in length, and that the first act is chiefly occupied with three speeches by three councillors, which to-

* "*The Order and Signification of the Domme Shew before the fourth Act.*

"First the musick of howeboies began to playe, during which came from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megera, and Ctisiphone clad in blacke garmentes sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heds spred with serpentes in stead of heire, the one bearing in hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand; ech driving before them a king and a queene, which moved by the furies unnaturally had slaine their owne children. The names of the kings and queenes were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrise, they departed, and than the musick ceased: hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow, that is to say, Porrex, slaine by his owne mother; and of king Gorboduc and queene Videna, killed by their owne subjects."

gether make two hundred and sixty verses.* This play demands notice because it is our first tragedy, our first

* The following passage, in which the death of Porrex is announced, is a favourable example of the style of this play:—

Marcella. Oh where is ruth or where is pitie now?
Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?
Are they exiled out of our stony brestes,
Never to make returne? is all the world
Drowned in blood and sonke in crueltie?
If not in woman mercy may be found
If not (alas) within the mother's brest
To her owne childe to her owne flesh and blood;
If ruthe be banished thence, if pitie there
May have no place, if there no gentle hart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?
Gorboduc. Madame (alas) what means your wofull tale?
Marcella. O silly woman I! why to this houre
Have kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,
That I should live to see this dolefull day?
Will ever wight beleve that such hard hart
Could rest within the cruell mother's brest,
With her owne hande to slaye her only sonne?
But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,
They saw the driery sight, and are become
Most ruthfull recordes of the bloody fact.
Porrex (alas) is by his mother slaine,
And with her hand and wofull thing to tell;
While slumbering on his carefull bed he restes,
His hart stabde in with knife is reft of life.
Gorboduc. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pearce this hart with speed! O hateful light,
O lothsome life, O sweete and welcome death,
Deare Eubulus, worke this we thee besech!
Eubulus. Pacient your grace, perhappes he liveth yet,
With wound receaved, but not of certain death.
Gorboduc. O let us then repayre unto the place,
And see if Porrex live, or thus be slaine.
Marcella. Alas he liveth not, it is to true,
That with these eyes of him a perelesse prince,
Sonne to a king and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twinkle a senselesse stock I saw.

play written in blank verse, but for no other reason. It had no perceptible effect upon the English drama, and marks no stage in its progress. In that regard it might as well have been written in Greece and in Greek, or in ancient British by Gorboduc himself; for in either case its motive and plan could not then have been more foreign to the genius of English dramatic literature. And it is now proper to say that translated plays adapted from Greek and Latin authors, of which there were many performed in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, are here passed by without notice, not merely because they were translations and adaptations, but because, not being an outgrowth of the English character, they were entirely without influence upon the development of the English drama, in an account of which they have no proper place. *The Supposes* translated from Ariosto by George Gascoigne, and acted at Gray's Inn in 1566, must be mentioned as the earliest extant play in English prose. The fact is significant indeed, that none of the many plays written especially for the court and for the learned societies and the elegant people of that day have left any traces even of a temporary influence upon our stage. The English drama, unlike that of France, had its germ in the instincts, and its growth with the growth, of the whole English people.

Up to, and even past, the Elizabethan era, the English drama was rude in style and in construction, gross in sentiment and in language. Its personages had little character or keeping, its incidents little probability or connection. A true dramatic style, by which character is evolved and emotion revealed, was yet unformed. The cultivated people of that time saw these defects, except the last, but devised for them the wrong remedy. With their heads full of the ancient classics, they judged their own theatre by a foreign standard, to which they would have forced it to conform.* In this English drama, rude,

* George Whetstone, in the dedication of his "Promos and Cassandra," the incidents of which Shakespeare used in his *Measure*

coarse and confused, there was yet an inherent vitality. It was native to the English mind, and it sought to present even in tragedy an idealized picture of real life which had never yet been attempted.

for Measure, and which was published in 1578, gives us the following criticism upon the English drama of that day: "The Englishman in this qualitie is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order: he first groundes his worke on impossibilities: then, in three howers, ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth Gods from Heaven, and fetcheth divils from Hel. And (that which is worst) their ground is not so imperfect as their workinge indiscreete; not waying, so the people laugh, though they laugh them (for their follies) to scorn. Manye tymes, to make myrthe, they make a clowne companion with a Kinge: in theyr grave Councils they allow the advice of fools; yea, they use one order of speach for all persons, a grose *Indecorum*," etc.

Sir Philip Sidney, in a passage of his *Defence of Poesy* (written about 1583) which has been often quoted, but which is too important to be omitted here, says: "Our Tragedies and Comedies are not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civilitie nor skilfull Poetrie. Excepting Gorboduck (againe I say of those that I have seene) which notwithstanding, as it is full of statelie speeches, and well sounding phrases, climing to the height of Seneca his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtaine the verie end of Poesie, yet in truth it is very defectious in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faulty in place and time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the Stage should alway represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it, should be both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day, there is both many dayes and manie places artificially imagined. But if it bee so in *Gorboduck*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have *Asia* of the one side, and *Africk* of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the Player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By

Our drama, advancing through centuries, had slowly reached this stage of growth, where if its development had been stayed, its history would have been almost without interest, except to the literary antiquary, when suddenly its homely, uncouth bud burst into flower so sweet, of beauty so glorious, so perennial, as ever after to gladden, to perfume, and to adorn the ages. The rapidity of this transition is astonishing. It is almost like magical transformation. In less than twenty years from the time when the best plays yet produced by English authors were intrinsically unworthy of a place in literature, the English stage had become illustrious.

This change was brought about by the great and increasing taste of the day for dramatic performances, which called into the service of the theatre every needy hand that held a ready pen. A crowd of young men left the learned professions in London, or abandoning rustic homes, flocked thither to make money by writing plays. Among these men seven attained distinction; and yet not

and by we hear newes of a shipwrack in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Upon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies flie in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now, of time they are much more liberal; for ordinarie it is that two young Princes fall in love: after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two houres' space; which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this daye the ordinarie players in *Italie* wil not erre in . . . But besides these grosse absurdities how all their Playes be neither right Tragedies nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes not because the matter so carieth it, but thrust in the Clowne by head and shoulders, to play a part in Majestical matters with neither decencie nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor right sportfulness is by their mongrel Tragi-comedy obtained."

only so inferior, but of so little intrinsic enduring interest, was the work of six of them, that, with one and hardly one exception, their names would not have been known outside of purely literary circles, but for the seventh. They were Thomas Kyd, John Lilly, George Peele, George Chapman, Robert Greene, Christopher Marlowe, and William Shakespeare. Of the six, the oldest whose age is known to us was only ten years the senior of the seventh, and the most eminent, Marlowe, was born but two years before him.* Shakespeare got to work in London very early in life. He was using his pen as a dramatic writer there before he was twenty-four years old. These men were therefore in both the strictest and in the broadest sense his contemporaries—his contemporaries as men and as authors. The mere fact that he found four of them, Kyd, Peele, Green, and Marlowe, in the front rank of dramatic writers on his arrival in London, does not properly entitle them to consideration as his predecessors in English drama. Being so absolutely contemporaneous with him in age, they could be justly regarded as his predecessors only as having been the founders of a school of which he was an eminent disciple, or to which he had established a rival or a successor. But he stood to them in neither of these relations. He and they were all, with a single exception, of one school, of which neither one of them was the founder. With this one exception these men were all striving to do the same thing, at the same time, in the same way. The time had come when it was to be done, and the time brought the men who were to do it, each according to his ability. And not only were their aims identical, but there is the best reason, short of competent contemporary testimony, for believing that four of them, including Shakespeare, were colaborers upon still existing works.

*Lilly was born about 1553, Peele about the same year, Chapman in 1559, Greene about 1560, Marlowe about 1562, Shakespeare in 1564. The date of Kyd's birth can only be conjectured.

The exception to this unity of purpose was John Lilly, the author of *Euphues*. Lilly is known in dramatic literature as the author of eight comedies written to be performed at the court of Elizabeth.* They are in all respects opposed to the genius of the English drama. They do not even pretend to be representations of human life and human character, but are pure fantasy pieces, in which the personages are a heterogeneous medley of Grecian gods and goddesses, and impossible, colourless creatures with sublunary names, all thinking with one brain, and speaking with one tongue—the conceitful, crotchety brain and the dainty, well-trained tongue of clever, witty John Lilly. They are all in prose, but contain some pretty, fanciful verses called songs, which are as unlyrical in spirit as the plays in which they appear are undramatic. From these plays Shakespeare borrowed a few thoughts; but they exercised no modifying influence upon his genius, nor did they at all conform to that of the English drama, upon which they are a mere grotesque excrescence. Chapman, one of the elder and the stronger of the six above named, is not known as the author, even in part, of any play older than Shakespeare's earliest performances He probably entered upon dramatic composition at a somewhat later period in life than either of the others; and as a dramatist he is properly to be passed over in this place, as not even having been Shakespeare's predecessor, in the mere order of time, by even that very brief period which may be admitted in the cases of Peele, Greene, and Marlowe. The styles of these three dramatists are commented upon, and extracts from their plays are given, in an Essay upon the Authorship of

* Lilly's Plays are *Endimion, Campaspe, Sapho and Phaon, Gallathea, Mydas, Mother Bombie, The Woman in the Moone,* and *Love's Metamorphosis. The Maid's Metamorphosis,* which was published anonymously in 1600, has been attributed to him, as also was *A Warning for Fair Women,* which was published anonymously in 1599; but neither of them bears traces of his style.

King Henry the Sixth, where they are particularly considered in their relation to Shakespeare. I will, however, notice here the opinion generally received, that Marlowe's talents were very far superior to those of either Greene or Peele—a judgement to which I cannot entirely assent, as far as Peele is concerned. Peele's plays, it is true, lack some of Marlowe's fire and fury; but they are also without much of his fustian. Peele's characters are less strongly marked that Marlowe's; but they are also less absurd and extravagant, and, in my opinion, they are equally well discriminated, though that is little praise. Peele's *David and Bathsheba* is a play which for the genuineness of its feeling, if not for the harmony of its verse, Marlowe might have been glad to own; and *The Battle of Alcanzar* is in the same furious, bloody vein with his *Tamburlaine*, and equal, if not superior, to it in sense and keeping. It is also noteworthy that the Prologue to Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, which was published in 1584, when Marlowe was but twenty years old, and before he had taken his Bachelor's degree at Cambridge, is, for its union of completeness of measure with variety of pause, unsurpassed by any dramatic blank verse, that of one play excepted, which was written before the time of Shakespeare. The critical reader who is familiar with Marlowe's works must constantly remember that there is every reason for believing that *Edward II.*—his best play in versification no less than in style, sentiment, and character—was written after 1590, and after the production of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy.*

With regard to these dramatists there only remains to be noticed the claim which has been set up for one of them, Marlowe, that he was the first who used blank verse upon our public stage, and "the first who harmonized it with variety of pause." As to which I will only say, briefly, that although it is probably true that he in his *Tamburlaine* made one of the earliest efforts to bring blank verse into vogue in plays written for the general

public, and to substitute the roll and flow of measured rhythm for the feebler and more monotonous music of rhyme in dramatic poetry intended for uncultured as well as cultured ears, I cannot find in this endeavor reason for giving him the credit due to an innovator, much less that which belongs to an inventor. Blank verse, as we have seen, was used in plays produced for special occasions and audiences many years before Marlowe wrote; and he, writing only for the general theatre-going public, seems merely to have used, and somewhat improved, an instrument which he found made to his hand. Among the dramatists who preceded Marlowe in the use of blank verse on the public stage is one who, in my judgement, wrote it with a spirit and a freedom which Marlowe himself hardly excelled. This dramatist is the author of *Jeronimo*. A continuation of this play, called *The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad again*, which we know, upon Thomas Heywood's testimony, was written by Thomas Kyd, was one of the most popular plays of the Elizabethan era. Hitherto it has been assumed that Kyd was also the author of *Jeronimo*. But a comparison of the two plays shows them to be so unlike in all respects—in versification, in language, in dramatic characterization, and in all distinctive poetic traits—that it seems very clear that the fact that Kyd did write *The Spanish Tragedy* is conclusive evidence against his authorship of the elder play. It would be difficult for two contemporary dramatic poets, in their treatment of the same or a very similar subject, to produce two works more unlike in all particulars. *The Spanish Tragedy* had been written, as we know upon Ben Jonson's testimony, long enough before 1587 to be then an old story. We may be equally sure that the play of which it is a continuation had preceded it some years. In structure *Jeronimo* bears strong traces of the pre-Elizabethan era. It opens with a dumb show explanatory of the situation of the characters before the action commences; the action does not "grow to a point," and the play consequently reads less like a tragedy than an

episode of history dramatized with little art; quite one half of the play is in rhyme; and among its *dramatis personæ* one is allegorical—Revenge. This personage and the Ghost of Andrea, the slain lover who appears with him in the last scene of *Jeronimo*, are also used by Kyd in *The Spanish Tragedy*; but in that they merely form a chorus, and neither mingle in nor influence the action. The traits of *Jeronimo* just mentioned, and particularly the first and last, are indicative of a period earlier than that known as the Elizabethan era; while the versification and characterization belong to that era, and indeed would disgrace none of its dramatists except Shakespeare himself, and are hardly unworthy of his prentice hand. Dumb shows went out as Elizabethan dramatists began to occupy the stage; and allegory is the distinctive trait of the period of the moral-plays, although, as we have seen, it yielded place gradually to real life. The use of dumb show, and especially the introduction of an allegorical character among the *dramatis personæ* of a tragedy of real life written in blank verse, of which no other example is known to me, distinctly mark the transitional type of *Jeronimo*, which may be regarded as a fine and characteristic example of English tragedy in the stage of its development immediately preceding that which produced Shakespeare. And indeed this play and its continuation, in spite of the crudeness of both and the childishness of the latter, seem to have left stronger traces of influence upon Shakespeare's works than any other, or than all others, written by his predecessors or his contemporaries.

The English drama, and not the stage and the theatres, before the time of Shakespeare, is the subject of this account; but it may be fitly closed with a very brief description of the playhouses and the theatrical management of his early years. The general use of inn-yards as places of dramatic amusement has been already mentioned in the course of remarks upon the moral-play; and when Shakespeare arrived in London, at least three inns there —the Bull, the Cross Keys, and the Bell Savage—were

thus regularly occupied. But, by a striking coincidence, with the Elizabethan era of our drama came theatres proper, buildings specially adapted to the needs of actors and audiences. Shakespeare found three such in the metropolis—four, if to The Theatre, The Curtain, and Blackfriars, we are to add Paris Garden, where bear-baiting shared the boards with comedy. All the theatres of Shakespeare's time were probably built of wood and plaster. Of the three above mentioned, the Blackfriars belonged to the class called private theatres—we know not why, unless because the private theatres were entirely roofed in, while in the others the pit was uncovered, and of course the stage and the gallery exposed to the external air. A flag was kept flying from a staff on the roof during the performance. Inside there were the stage, the pit, the boxes and galleries, much as we have them nowadays. In the public theatres, the pit, separated from the stage by paling, was called the yard, and was without seats. The price of admission to the pit or yard varied, according to the pretensions of the theatre, from twopence, and even a penny, to sixpence; that to the boxes or rooms from a shilling to two shillings, and even, on extraordinary occasions, half a crown.

The performances usually commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon; but the theatre appears to have been always artificially lighted, in the body of the house by cressets and upon the stage by large rude chandeliers. The small band of musicians sat, not in an orchestra in front of the stage, but, it would seem, in a balcony projecting from the proscenium. People went early to the theatre for the purpose of securing good places, and while waiting for the play to begin, they read, gamed, smoked, drank, and cracked nuts and jokes together. Those who set up for wits, gallants, or critics, liked to appear upon the stage itself, which they were allowed to do all through the performance, lying upon the rushes with which the stage was strewn, or sitting upon stools, for which they paid an extra price.

Pickpockets, when detected at the theatre, seem to have been put in an extempore pillory on the stage, among the wits and gallants, at whose tongues, if not whose hands, they doubtless suffered. Kempe, the actor, in his *Nine Daies' Wonder*, A. D. 1600, compares a man to "such a one as we tye to a poast on our stage for all the people to wonder at when they are taken pilfering."

Certain very peculiar dramatic companies should not be passed by entirely without notice. They were composed altogether of children. The boys of St. Paul's choir, those of Westminster school, and a special company called the Children of the Revels, were the most important. The first two acted under the direction of the Master of St. Paul's choir and of the school, the last under that of the Master of the Revels. Their performances were much admired, and the companies of adult actors at the theatres were piqued, and perhaps touched in pocket, by the public favour of these younkers. Shakespeare shows this by a speech which he puts into Rosencranz's mouth (*Hamlet*, II. ii.). Their audiences were generally composed of the higher classes, and they acted plays of established reputation only. This appears from the following passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, published in 1601, which was itself played by the children of Paul's, as appears by its title-page:—

Sir Edward. I sawe the Children of *Pawles* last night,
And troth they pleas'd me prettie, prettie well.
The Apes in time will do it handsomely.
Planet. I' faith I like the Audience that frequenteth there,
With much applause. A man shall not be choakte
With the stench of Garlicke, nor be pasted
To the barny Iackett of a Beer-brewer.
Brabant, Jn. 'Tis a good gentle audience, and I hope the Boyes
Will come one day into the Courte of Requests.
Brabant, Sig. I, and they had good playes, but they produce
Such mustie fopperies of antiquitie
As do not sute the humorous ages backs
With cloathes in fashion.

The performance was announced by three flourishes of trumpets. At the third sounding, the curtain, which was divided in the middle from top to bottom, and ran upon rods, was drawn, and after the prologue the actors entered. The prologue was spoken by a person who wore a long black cloak and a wreath of bays upon his head. The reason of which costume was, that prologues were first spoken by the authors of plays themselves, who wore the poetical costume of the middle ages, such as we see it in the old portraits of Ariosto, Tasso, and others. When the authors themselves no longer appeared as prologue, the actors who were their proxies assumed their professional habit. Poor Robert Greene, the debauched playwright and poet, begged upon his miserable deathbed that his coffin might be strewed with bays; and the cobbler's wife, at whose house he died, respected this clinging of the wretched author to his right to Parnassian honors, and fulfilled his last request. In the earlier part of the Elizabethan era it was common for all the actors who were to take parts in the play to appear in character and pass over the stage before the performance began. This was a relic of the days of the miracle-plays and moral-plays. In the course of the play he who played the clown would favor the audience with outbreaks of extemporaneous wit and practical joking, in virtue of a time-honoured privilege claimed by the clowns to "speak more than was set down for them." Indeed, extempore dialogue seems to have been permitted to, if not expected from, the representatives of comic characters. Such stage directions as the following from Greene's *Tu quoque* (A. D. 1614) are not uncommon: "*Here they two talke and rayle what they list; then Rash speakes to Staynes.*" "*All speake.* Ud's foot dost thou stand by and do nothing? come talke and drown her clamors. *Here they all talke and Joyce gives over weeping and Exit.*"

Between the acts there was dancing and singing; and after the play, a jig, which was a kind of comic solo sung, said, acted, and danced by the clown to the accom-

paniment of his own pipe and tabor. Each day's exhibition was closed by a prayer for the Queen, offered by all the actors kneeling.

The stage exhibited no movable scenery. It was hung with painted cloths and arras; when tragedy was played, the hangings were sometimes, at least, sable; over the stage was a blue canopy, called "the heavens." Although there was no proper scenery, there was ample provision of rude properties, such as towers, tombs, dragons, painted pasteboard banquets, and the like. Furniture was used, of course, and was, in many cases, the only means of indicating a change of scene, which, indeed, in most cases was left to the imagination of the audience, helped, it might be, as Sir Philip Sidney says, if the supposed scene were Thebes, by "seeing *Thebes* written in great letters on an old door." * Machinery and trap-doors were freely used, and gods and goddesses were let down from and hoisted up to the heavens in chairs moved by pulleys and

* Such stage directions as the following show how very rude were the devices for indicating a change of scene in the latter part of the 16th and the early part of the 17th centuries:—

"*Enter Sybilla lying in child bed with her child lying by her.*"
Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611.

"*Enter a shoemaker sitting on the stage at work. Jenkins to him.*"
Greene's *George-a-Greene*, 1599.

In the following passage the audience were evidently expected to "make believe" that a few steps across the stage was a going to the town's end:—

Shoemaker. Come, sir, will you go to the town's end now, sir?
Jenkins. Ay sir, come.—Now we are at the town's end; what say you now?
Idem, ut supra.

In the plays of that period, after a murder or killing in combat, the direction is generally to the survivor, "Exit with the body." There was no device by which the dead body could be shut out from the audience, that the next scene might go on without its presence.

tackle that creaked and groaned in the most sublunary and mechanical manner. At the back of the stage was a balcony, which, like the furniture in the Duke Aranza's cottage served "a hundred uses." It was inner room, upper room, window, balcony, battlements, hill side, Mount Olympus, any place, in fact, which was supposed to be separated from and above the scene of the main action. It was in this balcony, for instance, that Sly and his attendants sat while they witnessed the performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The wardrobes of the principal theatres were rich, varied, and costly. It was customary to buy for stage use slightly worn court dresses and the gorgeous robes used at coronations. Near the end of the last century, Steevens tells us, there was "yet in the wardrobe of Covent Garden Theatre a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to James I." Steevens saw it worn by the performer of Justice Greely in Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts*. The Allen papers and Henslowe's Diary inform us fully upon this point. In the latter there is a memorandum of the payment of £4 14s., equal to $120, for a single pair of hose; and by the former we see that £16, equal to $400, was the price of one embroidered velvet cloak, and £20 10s., equal to $512, that of another. Costume of conventional significance was also worn; for Henslowe records the purchase at the large price of £3 10s. of "a robe for to goo invisibell."

A comparison of the prices paid for dresses, with those paid for the plays in which they were worn, shows us that the absence of scenery and of stage decoration, to which it has been supposed we owe much of the rich imagery in the Elizabethan drama, was due only to poverty of resource, and not to the higher value set by the public, and consequently by the theatrical proprietors, upon the intellectual part of their entertainment. The highest sum which Henslowe records as having been paid by him before 1600, as the full price of a play, is £8—not half what was given for a cloak that might have been worn in it; the lowest sum is £4—not as much as the hero's hose

might have cost. By 1613, theatrical competition had raised the price of a play by a dramatist of repute to £20, which, being equal to $500 of the present day, was perhaps quite as much as the proprietors could afford, and was not an inadequate payment for such plays as went to make up the bulk of the dramatic productions of the day. Happily, nearly all of these have perished; and of those which have survived, the best claim the attention of posterity only because Shakespeare lived when they were written.

Culmination of the Drama in Shakespeare.

Culmination of the Drama in Shakespeare.

BY THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES.

The dramatic conditions of a national theatre were, at the outset of Shakespeare's career, more complete, or rather in a more advanced state of development, than the playhouses themselves or their stage accessories. If Shakespeare was fortunate in entering on his London work amidst the full tide of awakened patriotism and public spirit, he was equally fortunate in finding ready to his hand the forms of art in which the rich and complex life of the time could be adequately expressed. During the decade in which Shakespeare left Stratford the playwright's art had undergone changes so important as to constitute a revolution in the form and spirit of the national drama. For twenty years after the accession of Elizabeth the two roots whence the English drama sprang —the academic or classical, and the popular, developed spontaneously in the line of mysteries, moralities and interludes—continued to exist apart, and to produce their accustomed fruit independently of each other.

The popular drama, it is true, becoming more secular and realistic, enlarged its area by collecting its materials from all sources—from novels, tales, ballads, and histories, as well as from fairy mythology, local superstitions, and folk-lore. But the incongruous materials were, for the most part, handled in a crude and semi-barbarous way, with just sufficient art to satisfy the cravings and clamours of unlettered audiences. The academic plays, on the

other hand, were written by scholars for courtly and cultivated circles, were acted at the universities, the inns of court, and at special public ceremonials, and followed for the most part the recognised and restricted rules of the classic drama. But in the third decade of Elizabeth's reign another dramatic school arose intermediate between the two elder ones, which sought to combine in a newer and higher form the best elements of both. The main impulse guiding the efforts of the new school may be traced indirectly to a classical source. It was due, not immediately to the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, but to the form which classical art had assumed in the contemporary drama of Italy, France, and Spain, especially of Italy, which was that earliest developed and best known to the new school of poets and dramatists. This southern drama, while academic in its leading features, had nevertheless modern elements blended with the ancient form. As the Italian epics, following in the main the older examples, were still charged with romantic and realistic elements unknown to the classical epic, so the Italian drama, constructed on the lines of Seneca and Plautus, blended with the severer form, essentially romantic features. With the choice of heroic subjects, the orderly development of the plot, the free use of the chorus, the observance of the unities, and constant substitution of narrative for action were united the vivid colouring of poetic fancy and diction, and the use of materials and incidents derived from recent history and contemporary life.

The influence of the Italian drama on the new school of English playwrights was, however, very much restricted to points of style and diction of rhetorical and poetical effect. It helped to produce among them the sense of artistic treatment, the conscious effort after higher and more elaborate forms and vehicles of imaginative and passionate expression. For the rest, the rising English drama, in spite of the efforts made by academic critics to narrow its range and limit its interests, retained and thoroughly vindicated its freedom and independence.

The central characteristics of the new school are sufficiently explained by the fact that its leading representatives were all of them scholars and poets, living by their wits and gaining a somewhat precarious livelihood amidst the stir and bustle, the temptations and excitement, of concentrated London life. The distinctive note of their work is the reflex of their position as academic scholars working under poetic and popular impulses for the public theatres. The new and striking combination in their dramas of elements hitherto wholly separated is but the natural result of their attainments and literary activities. From their university training and knowledge of the ancients they would be familiar with the technical requirements of dramatic art, the deliberate handling of plot, incident, and character, and the due subordination of parts essential for producing the effect of an artistic whole. Their imaginative and emotional sensibility, stimulated by their studies in southern literature, would naturally prompt them to combine features of poetic beauty and rhetorical finish with the evolution of character and action; while from the popular native drama they derived the breadth of sympathy, sense of humour, and vivid contact with actual life which gave reality and power to their representations.

The leading members of this group or school were Kyd, Greene, Lodge, Nash, Peele, and Marlowe, of whom, in relation to the future development of the drama, Greene, Peele, and Marlowe are the most important and influential. They were almost the first poets and men of genius who devoted themselves to the production of dramatic pieces for the public theatres. But they all helped to redeem the common stages from the reproach their rude and boisterous pieces had brought upon them, and make the plays represented poetical and artistic as well as lively, bustling and popular. Some did this rather from a necessity of nature and stress of circumstance than from any higher aim or deliberately formed resolve. But Marlowe, the greatest of them, avowed the redemption of the com-

mon stage as the settled purpose of his labours at the outset of his dramatic career. And during his brief and stormy life he nobly discharged the self-imposed task. His first play, *Tamburlaine the Great,* struck the authentic note of artistic and romantic tragedy. With all its extravagance, and overstraining after vocal and rhetorical effects, the play throbs with true passion and true poetry, and has throughout the stamp of emotional intensity and intellectual power. His later tragedies, while marked by the same features, bring into fuller relief the higher characteristics of his passionate and poetical genius.

Alike in the choice of subject and method of treatment Marlowe is thoroughly independent, deriving little, except in the way of general stimulus, either from the classical or popular drama of his day. The signal and far-reaching reforms he effected in dramatic metre by the introduction of modulated blank verse illustrates the striking originality of his genius. Gifted with a fine ear for the music of English numbers, and impatient of "the gigging veins of rhyming mother wits," he introduced the noble metre which was at once adopted by his contemporaries and became the vehicle of the great Elizabethan drama. The new metre quickly abolished the rhyming couplets and stanzas that had hitherto prevailed on the popular stage. The rapidity and completeness of this metrical revolution is in itself a powerful tribute to Marlowe's rare insight and feeling as a master of musical expression. The originality and importance of Marlowe's innovation are not materially affected by the fact that one or two classical plays, such as *Gorboduc* and *Jocasta,* had been already written in unrhymed verse. In any case these were private plays, and the monotony of cadence and structure in the verse excludes them from anything like serious comparison with the richness and variety of vocal effect produced by the skilful pauses and musical interlinking of Marlowe's heroic metre.

Greene and Peele did almost as much for romantic comedy as Marlowe had done for romantic tragedy.

Greene's ease and lightness of touch, his freshness of feeling and play of fancy, his vivid sense of the pathos and beauty of homely scenes and thorough enjoyment of English rural life, give to his dramatic sketches the blended charm of romance and reality hardly to be found elsewhere except in Shakespeare's early comedies. In special points of lyrical beauty and dramatic portraiture, such as his sketches of pure and devoted women and of witty and amusing clowns, Greene anticipated some of the more delightful and characteristic features of Shakespearian comedy. Peele's lighter pieces and Lyly's prose comedies helped in the same direction. Although not written for the public stage, Lyly's court comedies were very popular, and Shakespeare evidently gained from their light and easy if somewhat artificial tone, their constant play of witty banter and sparkling repartee, valuable hints for the prose of his own comedies.

Marlowe again prepared the way for another characteristic development of Shakespeare's dramatic art. His *Edward II.* marks the rise of the historical drama, as distinguished from the older chronicle play, in which the annals of a reign or period were thrown into a series of loose and irregular metrical scenes. Peele's *Edward I.*, Marlowe's *Edward II.*, and the fine ananymous play of *Edward III.*, in which many critics think Shakespeare's hand may be traced, show how thoroughly the new school had felt the rising national pulse, and how promptly it responded to the popular demand for the dramatic treatment of history. The greatness of contemporary events had created a new sense of the grandeur and continuity of the nation's life, and excited amongst all classes a vivid interest in the leading personalities and critical struggles that had marked its progress. There was a strong and general feeling in favour of historical subjects, and especially historical subjects having in them elements of tragical depth and intensity. Shakespeare's own early plays—dealing with the distracted reign of King John, the Wars of the Roses, and the tragical lives of Richard II. and

Richard III.—illustrate this bent of popular feeling. The demand being met by men of poetical and dramatic genius reacted powerfully on the spirit of the age, helping in turn to illuminate and strengthen its loyal and patriotic sympathies.

This is in fact the keynote of the English stage in the great period of its development. It was its breadth of national interest and intensity of tragic power that made the English drama so immeasurably superior to every other contemporary drama in Europe. The Italian drama languished because, though carefully elaborated in point of form, it had no fulness of national life, no common elements of ethical conviction or aspiration, to vitalise and ennoble it. Even tragedy, in the hands of Italian dramatists, had no depth of human passion, no energy of heroic purpose, to give higher meaning and power to its evolution. In Spain the dominant courtly and ecclesiastical influences limited the development of the national drama, while in France it remained from the outset under the artificial restrictions of classical and pseudo-classical traditions. Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries, in elevating the common stages, and filling them with poetry, music, and passion, had attracted to the theatre all classes, including the more cultivated and refined; and the intelligent interest, energetic patriotism, and robust life of so representative an English audience supplied the strongest stimulus to the more perfect development of the great organ of national expression. The forms of dramatic art, in the three main departments of comedy, tragedy, and historical drama, had been, as we have seen, clearly discriminated and evolved in their earlier stages. It was a moment of supreme promise and expectation, and in the accidents of earth, or, as we may more appropriately and gratefully say, in the ordinances of heaven, the supreme poet and dramatist appeared to more than fulfil the utmost promise of the time.

By right of imperial command over all the resources of

imaginative insight and expression Shakespeare combined the rich dramatic materials already prepared into more perfect forms, and carried them to the highest point of ideal development. He quickly surpassed Marlowe in passion, music, and intellectual power; Greene in lyrical beauty, elegiac grace, and narrative interest; Peele in picturesque touch and pastoral sweetness; and Lyly in bright and sparkling dialogue. And having distanced the utmost efforts of his predecessors and contemporaries he took his own higher way, and reigned to the end without a rival in the new world of supreme dramatic art he had created. It is a new world, because Shakespeare's work alone can be said to possess the organic strength and infinite variety, the throbbing fulness, vital complexity, and breathing truth of Nature herself. In points of artistic resource and technical ability—such as copious and expressive diction, freshness and pregnancy of verbal combination, richly modulated verse, and structural skill in the handling of incident and action—Shakespeare's supremacy is indeed sufficiently assured. But, after all, it is of course in the spirit and substance of his work, his power of piercing to the hidden centres of character, of touching the deepest springs of impulse and passion, out of which are the issues of life, and of evolving those issues dramatically with a flawless strength, subtlety, and truth, which raises him so immensely above and beyond not only the best of the playwrights who went before him, but the whole line of illustrious dramatists that came after him. It is Shakespeare's unique distinction that he has an absolute command over all the complexities of thought and feeling that prompt to action and bring out the dividing lines of character. He sweeps with the hand of a master the whole gamut of human experience, from the lowest note to the very top of its compass, from the sportive childish treble of Mamillius and the pleading boyish tones of Prince Arthur, up to the spectre-haunted terrors of Macbeth, the tropical passion of Othello, the agonised sense and tortured spirit of Hamlet, the sustained ele-

mental grandeur, the Titanic force, and utterly tragical pathos of Lear.

Shakespeare's active dramatic career in London lasted about twenty years, and may be divided into three tolerably symmetrical periods. The first extends from the year 1587 to about 1593-94; the second, from this date to the end of the century; and the third, from 1600 to about 1608, soon after which time Shakespeare ceased to write regularly for the stage, was less in London and more and more at Stratford. Some modern critics add to these a fourth period, including the few plays which from internal as well as external evidence must have been amongst the poet's latest productions. As the exact date of these plays are unknown, this period may be taken to extend from 1608 to about 1612. The three dramas produced during these years are, however, hardly entitled to be ranked as a separate period. They may rather be regarded as supplementary to the grand series of dramas belonging to the third and greatest epoch of Shakespeare's productive power. To the first period belong Shakespeare's early tentative efforts in revising and partially rewriting plays produced by others that already had possession of the stage. These efforts are illustrated in the three parts of *Henry VI.*, especially the second and third parts, which bear decisive marks of Shakespeare's hand, and were to a great extent recast and rewritten by him. It is clear from the internal evidence thus supplied that Shakespeare was at first powerfully affected by "Marlowe's mighty line." This influence is so marked in the revised second and third parts of *Henry VI.* as to induce some critics to believe Marlowe must have had a hand in the revision. These passages are, however, sufficiently explained by the fact of Marlowe's influence during the first period of Shakespeare's career. To the same period also belong the earliest tragedy, that of *Titus Andronicus*, and the three comedies—*Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. These dramas are all marked by the dominant literary influences

of the time. They present features obviously due to the revived and widespread knowledge of classical literature, as well as to the active interest in the literature of Italy and the South. *Titus Andronicus*, in many of its characteristic features, reflects the form of Roman tragedy almost universally accepted and followed in the earlier period of the drama. This form was supplied by the Latin plays of Seneca, their darker colours being deepened by the moral effect of the judicial tragedies and military conflicts of the time. The execution of the Scottish queen and the Catholic conspirators who had acted in her name, and the destruction of the Spanish Armada, had given an impulse to tragic representations of an extreme type. This was undoubtedly rather fostered than otherwise by the favourite exemplars of Roman tragedy. The *Medea* and *Thyestes* of Seneca are crowded with pagan horrors of the most revolting kind. It is true these horrors are usually related, not represented, although in the *Medea* the maddened heroine kills her children on the stage. But from these tragedies the conception of the physically horrible as an element of tragedy was imported into the early English drama, and intensified by the realistic tendency which the events of the time and the taste of their ruder audiences had impressed upon the common stages. This tendency is exemplified in *Titus Andronicus*, obviously a very early work, the signs of youthful effort being apparent not only in the acceptance of so coarse a type of tragedy but in the crude handling of character and motive, and the want of harmony in working out the details of the dramatic conception. Kyd was the most popular contemporary representative of the bloody school, and in the leading motives of treachery, concealment, and revenge there are points of likeness between *Titus Andronicus* and *The Spanish Tragedy*. But how promptly and completely Shakespeare's nobler nature turned from this lower type is apparent from the fact that he not only never reverted to it but indirectly ridicules the piled-up horrors and extravagant language of Kyd's plays.

The early comedies in the same way are marked by the dominant literary influences of the time, partly classic, partly Italian. In *The Comedy of Errors*, for example, Shakespeare attempted a humorous play of the old classical type, the general plan and many details being derived directly from Plautus. In *Love's Labour's Lost* many characteristic features of Italian comedy are freely introduced: the pedant Holofernes, the curate Sir Nathaniel, the fantastic braggadocio soldier Armado, are all well-known characters of the contemporary Italian drama. Of this comedy, indeed, Gervinus says: "The tone of the Italian school prevails here more than in any other play. The redundance of wit is only to be compared with a similar redundance of conceit in Shakespeare's narrative poems, and with the Italian style which he had early adopted." These comedies display another sign of early work in the mechanical exactness of the plan and a studied symmetry in the grouping of the chief personages of the drama. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as Prof. Dowden points out, "Proteus the fickle is set against Valentine the faithful, Silvia the light and intellectual against Julia the ardent and tender, Launce the humourist against Speed the wit." So in *Love's Labour's Lost* the king and his three fellow students balance the princess and her three ladies, and there is a symmetrical play of incident between the two groups. The arrangement is obviously more artificial than spontaneous, more mechanical than vital and organic. But towards the close of the first period Shakespeare had fully realised his own power and was able to dispense with these artificial supports. Indeed, having rapidly gained knowledge and experience, he had before the close written plays of a far higher character than any which even the ablest of his contemporaries had produced. He had firmly laid the foundation of his future fame in the direction both of comedy and tragedy, for, besides the comedies already referred to, the first sketches of *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* and the tragedy of *Richard III.* may probably be referred to this period.

Another mark of early work belonging to these dramas is the lyrical and elegiac tone and treatment associated with the use of rhyme, of rhyming couplets and stanzas. Spenser's musical verse had for the time elevated the character of rhyming metres by identifying them with the highest kinds of poetry, and Shakespeare was evidently at first affected by this powerful impulse. He rhymed with great facility, and delighted in the gratification of his lyrical fancy and feeling which the more musical rhyming metres afforded. Rhyme accordingly has a considerable and not inappropriate place in the earlier romantic comedies. *The Comedy of Errors* has indeed been described as a kind of lyrical farce in which the opposite qualities of elegiac beauty and comic effect are happily blended. Rhyme, however, at this period of the poet's work is not restricted to the comedies. It is largely used in the tragedies and histories as well, and plays even an important part in historical drama so late as *Richard II.*

Whatever question may be raised with regard to the superiority of some of the plays belonging to the first period of Shakespeare's dramatic career, there can be no question at all as to any of the pieces belonging to the second period, which extends to the end of the century. During these years Shakespeare works as a master, having complete command over the materials and resources of the most mature and flexible dramatic art. "To this stage," says Mr. Swinburne, "belongs the special faculty of faultless, joyous, facile command upon each faculty required of the presiding genius for service or for sport. It is in the middle period of his work that the language of Shakespeare is most limpid in its fulness, the style most pure, the thought most transparent through the close and luminous raiment of perfect expression." This period includes the magnificent series of historical plays—*Richard II.*, the two parts of *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.*—and a double series of brilliant comedies. The *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *The Merchant of Venice* were produced before 1598, and during

the next three years there appeared a still more complete and characteristic group, including *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. These comedies and historical plays are all marked by a rare harmony of reflective and imaginative insight, perfection of creative art, and completeness of dramatic effect. Before the close of this period, in 1598, Francis Meres paid his celebrated tribute to Shakespeare's superiority in lyrical, descriptive, and dramatic poetry, emphasising his unrivalled distinction in the three main departments of the drama—comedy, tragedy, and historical play. And from this time onwards the contemporary recognitions of Shakespeare's eminence as a poet and dramatist rapidly multiply, the critics and eulogists being in most cases well entitled to speak with authority on the subject.

In the third period of Shakespeare's dramatic career years had evidently brought enlarged vision, wider thoughts, and deeper experiences. While the old mastery of art remains, the works belonging to this period seem to bear traces of more intense moral struggles, larger and less joyous views of human life, more troubled, complex, and profound conceptions and emotions. Comparatively few marks of the lightness and animation of the earlier works remain, but at the same time the dramas of this period display an unrivalled power of piercing the deepest mysteries and sounding the most tremendous and perplexing problems of human life and human destiny. To this period belong the four great tragedies—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*; the three Roman plays—*Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*; the two singular plays whose scene and personages are Greek but whose action and meaning are wider and deeper than either Greek or Roman life—*Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon of Athens*; and one comedy—*Measure for Measure*, which is almost tragic in the depth and intensity of its characters and incidents. The four great tragedies represent the highest reach of Shakespeare's dramatic power, and they sufficiently illustrate the range and complexity of the deeper

problems that now occupied his mind. *Timon* and *Measure for Measure*, however, exemplify the same tendency to brood with meditative intensity over the wrongs and miseries that afflict humanity. These works sufficiently prove that during this period Shakespeare gained a disturbing insight into the deeper evils of the world, arising from the darker passions, such as treachery and revenge. But it is also clear that, with the larger vision of a noble, well-poised nature, he at the same time gained a fuller perception of the deeper springs of goodness in human nature, of the great virtues of invincible fidelity and unwearied love, and he evidently received not only consolation and calm but new stimulus and power from the fuller realisation of these virtues. The typical plays of this period thus embody Shakespeare's ripest experience of the great issues of life. In the four grand tragedies the central problem is a profoundly moral one. It is the supreme internal conflict of good and evil amongst the central forces and higher elements of human nature, as appealed to and developed by sudden and powerful temptation, smitten by accumulated wrongs, or plunged in overwhelming calamities. As the result, we learn that there is something infinitely more precious in life than social ease or worldly success—nobleness of soul, fidelity to truth and honour, human love and loyalty, strength and tenderness, and trust to the very end. In the most tragic experiences this fidelity to all that is best in life is only possible through the loss of life itself. But when Desdemona expires with a sigh and Cordelia's loving eyes are closed, when Hamlet no more draws his breath in pain and the tempest-tossed Lear is at last liberated from the rack of this tough world, we feel that, Death having set his sacred seal on their great sorrows and greater love, they remain with us as possessions for ever. In the three dramas belonging to Shakespeare's last period, or rather which may be said to close his dramatic career, the same feeling of severe but consolatory calm is still more apparent. If the deeper discords of life are not finally resolved,

the virtues which soothe their perplexities and give us courage and endurance to wait, as well as confidence to trust the final issues—the virtues of forgiveness and generosity, of forbearance and self-control—are largely illustrated. This is a characteristic feature in each of these closing dramas, in *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*. *The Tempest* is supposed, on tolerably good grounds, to be Shakespeare's last work, and in it we see the great magician, having gained by the wonderful experience of life, and the no less wonderful practice of his art, serene wisdom, clear and enlarged vision, and beneficent self-control, break his magical wand and retire from the scene of his triumphs to the home he had chosen amidst the woods and meadows of the Avon, and surrounded by the family and friends he loved.

The Tempest.

TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST FOLIO

Mr. WILLIAM

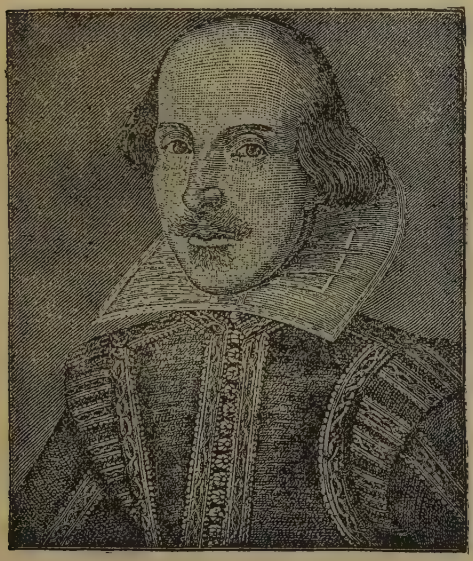
SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,

HISTORIES, &

TRAGEDIES.

Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON

Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

To the Reader

This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life.
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse;
But since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke.

B. J.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND

INCOMPARABLE PAIR OF BRETHREN

WILLIAM

Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the
King's most Excellent Majesty

AND

PHILIP

Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his Majesty's
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble
Order of the Garter, and our singular good

LORDS.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your L.L., we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book choose his Patrons or find them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure

his Orphans, Guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant, Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to show their gratitude, both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell. There you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now public, and you will stand for your privileges we know: read, &c., and censure. Do so, but buy it first, that doth best commend a Book, the Stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your

sixpenny worth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jack go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at *Black-Friars*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraign Plays daily, know, these Plays have had their trial already, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchased Letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends, the office of their care, and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them; as where (before) you were abused with diverse stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious imposters, that exposed them: even those, are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expressor of it. His mind and hand went together. And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your diverse capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore: and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR,

MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND

WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance,
Or crafty malice, might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous Bawd, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.

I, therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses.

For, if I thought my judgment were of years
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age but for all time!
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poet's matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil: turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good Poet's made, as well as born.

And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seems to shake a Lance,
As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanced, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence had mourned like night,
And despairus day, but for thy Volumes' light.

BEN JONSON.

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENIC POET,

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands, which you so clapped, go now, and wring
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty Plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian Spring,

Turned all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin now bestick those bays,
Which crowned him Poet first, then Poets' King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Death's public tiring-house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went soon about.
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND

TO THE MEMORIE

OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR MASTER

W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy Works: thy Works, by which, out-live
Thy Tomb, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Book,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all Ages: when Posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's; every Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy Hearse.
Nor Fire, nor cankering Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Book shall once invade.
Nor shall I e'er believe, or think thee dead
(Though missed) until our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t'out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;

Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But crowned with Laurel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

TO THE MEMORY OF M. W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wondered (Shakespeare) that thou went's't so soon
From the World's Stage, to the Grave's tiring room.
We thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went's't but forth
To enter with applause. An Actor's Art,
Can die, and live, to act a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortality,
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

J. M.

PREFATO
MATTER
FIRST FO

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

CONTAINING ALL HIS COMEDIES, HISTORIES AND TRAGEDIES: TRULY SET FORTH, ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST ORIGINAL.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYS.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.

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THE TEMPEST.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Tempest* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pp. 1-19; no reference has been found to any earlier edition.

The position of the play in the First Folio may perhaps be regarded as evidence of its contemporary popularity; or, it may have been merely due to 'a happy, if perhaps unconscious, intuition' on the part of the editors.

'It is a mimic, magic tempest which we are to see; a tempest raised by Art, to work moral ends with actual men and women, and then to sink into a calm. And in such a storm and calm we have the very idea of a Play or Drama, the fitting specimen and frontispiece of the whole volume of plays before us.'*

With the exception of *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Tempest* is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays; certain critics have held that the text was abridged for acting purposes; others refer its brevity to the unusual amount of stage-machinery introduced, or to the necessities of Court representation.

The *Epilogue* to the play, as in the case of *2 Henry IV.* and *Henry VIII.*, is evidently by some other hand than Shakespeare's.

Some scholars hold the same opinion concerning the *Masque* in Act IV. Shakespeare may well have introduced it in compliance with the fashion of the time; it is obviously intended to celebrate some contemporary marriage. One must bear in mind the fondness for this

* Sir E. Strachey, *Quarterly Review*, July, 1890, p. 116.

species of poetical pageantry during the reign of James I. (*cp.* Ben Jonson's *Masque*).

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the Date of Composition of *The Tempest*; the probabilities are in favour of 1610-12.

The superior limit may be fixed at 1603; the speech of Gonzalo, describing his ideal Commonwealth (II. i. 147, etc.), was certainly derived from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's 'Essays,' first published in that year.* The passage in question occurs in Book I., Chapter xxx., 'Of the Caniballes' (*cp.* Temple Classics, Vol. i.).

The play obviously connects itself with current stories of colonisation and adventures of English seamen. There is probably direct allusion to the wreck of Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture*, in July, 1609; an interesting account, which Shakespeare seems to have read—one of at least five accounts—was published in the following year, written by Sylvester Jourdain, entitled '*A discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others*' (*cp.* Prospero's command to Ariel 'to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes').

Soon after, in 1612, a fuller account was published, written by William Strachey; this tract illustrates the play in so many striking details that a strong case may be made for Shakespeare's use of it.†

* The authenticity of Shakespeare's autograph in the British Museum copy of Florio's Montaigne is now doubted.

† *Cp.* The Rev. W. G. Gosling's valuable articles contributed to *Literature*, April 8, 15, June 3, 1899. If Shakespeare actually used the *printed* tract, the date of the play would be subsequent to 1612; I note that Strachey returned to England at the close of 1611: he wrote from his lodging in the Blacke Friars. There are possibilities that Shakespeare read the MS. The problem, resting on date of publication, is somewhat complicated.

Ben Jonson seems to allude to *The Tempest* in the Introduction to his '*Bartholomew Fair*' (1612-14).—'If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques?* Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries!*'

The Tempest, among other plays, was acted at Court in the beginning of the year 1613, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, whence some scholars have inferred that it was specially composed for the marriage of the two latter royal personages, and have detected in Prospero a striking resemblance to King James.

Various futile attempts have been made to place *The Tempest* among Shakespeare's early plays, but, apart from the evidence adduced above, metrical tests and general considerations of style make an early date impossible.

The Sources. *The Tempest* was in all probability founded on some older play, but as yet its source has not been discovered.

An old German Comedy, called *The Fair Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nurnberg, who died in 1605, is perhaps a German version of Shakespeare's original; its plot bears a striking resemblance to that of *The Tempest*. Ayrer's productions were in many cases mere adaptations or translations of English plays brought to Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century or previously by strolling players, 'The English Comedians,' as they called themselves (*cp.* Cohn's Shakespeare in Germany, Preface, and pp. 1-75).

'*The Discovery of the Barmudas*' has been already alluded to above.

In Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577 (p. 252, Arber's Reprint), Shakespeare probably found 'Setebos' (Act I. sc. 2, l. 437); from the same work he possibly derived

the names Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo (for Gonzales), and other details.

In dealing with the Date of Composition reference has been made to Shakespeare's indebtedness to Montaigne; similarly, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vii. 197-206, as translated by Golding, probably suggested Prospero's Invocation, Act. V. 1, 33, *sq.*

The name 'Ariel,' though glossed by Shakespeare as 'an ayrie Spirit,' is of Hebraistic origin, and was no doubt derived from some such treatise as Heywood's '*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*':—

> '. . . . . The earth's great lord
> Ariel. The Hebrew Rabbins thus accord.'

Caliban. 'Caliban' is most probably a contemporary variant of 'Canibal,' which is itself merely another form of 'Caribal,' *i.e.* 'Caribbean.' There seems to be no particular difficulty in this derivation of the name, yet several scholars have rejected it. 'To me,' observes Mr. Furness, 'it is unsatisfactory. There should be, I think, something in the description of cannibals, either of their features or of their natures, to indicate some sort of fellowship with a monster like Caliban. No such description has been pointed out.' This seems hardly enough to negative so plausible a theory as to the origin of the name.

A large number of critics have dealt with this creation of Shakespeare's; a valuable summary of the more important criticisms is to be found in the 'Variorum' edition of the play. Three studies call for special mention:—(1) *Caliban: The Missing Link:* by Daniel Wilson: (2) Renan's philosophical drama, entitled *Caliban*; (3) Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology in the Island.*

The Scene of Action. '*The Scene, an uninhabited Island*'; the claim of the Bermudas is now generally admitted as the original scene of Prospero's magic.

Shakespeare refers to 'the still-vexed Bermoothes,' and the local colour and details seem to be derived from the tracts referred to above, or perhaps (as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recently elaborated the idea) from the description given by one of the mariners, 'with the wealth of detail peculiar to sailors,' prepared to answer questions 'for unlimited sack.' 'Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original informations that those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton, will find the stage set for Act. II. scene 2 of *The Tempest*—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reef,' *etc.**

Duration of Action. The 'Time-Analysis' of *The Tempest* brings out very clearly the fact that in this play Shakespeare has adhered strictly to the Unity of Time; the whole action of the play lasts from three to four hours; *cp.* Act I., 2, 239-240; Act V., 1, 5; *ibid.* l. 136-137, 186, 223.

It is alleged that a sailor's 'glass' was a *half-hour* glass, and that Shakespeare was guilty of a technical error in using it in the sense of 'an *hour* glass.' The error was no doubt intentional.

The Music. There is good reason to believe that *Wilson's Cheerful Ayres or Ballads, Oxford,* 1660, has preserved for us the original music of two of the songs of *The Tempest*—viz., 'Full fathoms five,' and 'Where the Bee sucks'; the composer was R. Johnson, who in

* *Cp. Spectator,* June 2, 1898. Mr. Gosling, however, maintains that Mr. Kipling's 'vivid imagination has led him astray when he thinks he has discovered the scene of the shipwreck in a cove about two miles from Hamilton. . . . The actual scene of the shipwreck and landfall of Sir George Somers are known beyond doubt. The rocks on which Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture,* was wrecked, lie off St. George's, about twelve miles from Hamilton,' *etc.*

1610 wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, and in 1611 was in the service of Prince Henry (*cp.* Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 352-353, and Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, Dent, 1896).

Later Verses. In 1669 appeared Dryden and Davenant's version of *The Tempest; or the enchanted Isle.* According to Dryden, Davenant designed the 'Counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely that of a man who had never seen a woman.' 'Than this version,' observes Mr. Furness, 'there is, I think, in the realm of literature, no more flagrant existence of *lese-majesty*' (*cp.* Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 389-449). In 1797 F. G. Waldron published *The Virgin Queen*, 'attempted as a sequel to Shakespeare's *Tempest*.'

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. A tempest-tossed vessel is wrecked upon the shores of an enchanted isle whereon dwell Prospero and his daughter, Miranda, alone save for the presence of Caliban, a deformed and brutish slave. During the storm Prospero tells his daughter of his past life: Formerly he had been Duke of Milan, but had been supplanted by his brother Antonio, with the aid of Alonso, King of Naples, who desired thereby to render Milan tributary to his kingdom. The conspirators had not dared to kill Prospero outright, but had contented themselves with setting him and his daughter, then three years old, adrift in a crazy boat upon the open sea. They would have perished miserably but for a humane Neapolitan named Gonzalo, who provisioned their craft, and thus enabled them to reach the island which they made their home. For twelve years they had quietly dwelt there—a period spent profitably by Prospero in the education of his daughter and in his own study of works on magic. Prospero ends his story by telling Miranda that a strange chance has sent all of his enemies to him in the ship which they have seen wrecked in the tempest raised by his art. Ariel, the chief of his spirits, now appears and reports that all the passengers have been brought safely to land. Ferdinand, the King's son, becomes separated from the rest, and they suppose him lost. Prospero leads him to his cell, where the prince and Miranda become mutually enamoured.

II. Alonso, Sebastian (his brother), Antonio, Gonzalo, and other victims of the shipwreck roam the island until all but Sebastian and Antonio are put to sleep by the invisible Ariel through the agency of gentle music. Sebastian and Antonio now plot to murder the King. Ariel frustrates their plans. In another part of the island two others of the company, Stephano and Trinculo, discover Caliban.

III. The three last named plot to despatch Caliban's master, Prospero, and seize upon the island for themselves. The King and his company meanwhile wander about oppressed by weariness, hunger, and mental aberration. Ariel tantalizes them with the vision of a spectral banquet. At his cell Prospero sets Ferdinand to the task of carrying and piling logs, in order, as later develops, to test the prince's affection for Miranda, who, on her part, entreats Ferdinand to let her share in his arduous labors.

IV. Ferdinand undergoes the trial worthily, and Prospero bestows his daughter's hand upon him, and entertains the lovers with a glimpse into the land of spirits. The entertainment is interrupted by Prospero, who, suddenly recollecting the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates, calls Ariel, and prepares to frustrate them. The conspirators meet with severe punishment at the hands of Prospero and Ariel, who set upon them "divers spirits in the shape of dogs and hounds."

V. The King and his company are brought by Ariel before Prospero, who is moved to be merciful because of their sufferings. He reveals his identity to them. The King begs of him pardon for the wrongs he has done him, and restores to him his dukedom. Prospero brings forward Ferdinand and Miranda, whose troth is ratified by Alonso. Prospero abjures the mystic art, and with the King and his train proceeds to Naples, by means of the magically preserved ship, to solemnize the nuptials of the lovers.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

"A Birth of the Imagination."

The Tempest is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events; but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography —no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty; and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within. . . . . In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilization; and in the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has, as in many other places, shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instance of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an

exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated or concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind not immediately recipient to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast of another counterpart of it in low life —that between the conspirators, Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics.

In this play, and in this scene of it, are also shown the springs of the vulgar in politics—of that kind of politics which is inwoven with human nature. In his treatment of this subject, wherever it occurs, Shakespeare is quite peculiar. In other writers we find the particular opinions of the individual; . . . but Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets. He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but, at the same time, with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable. If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks of which, although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages. Hence, again, you will observe the good nature with which he seems always to make sport with the passions and follies of a mob, as with an irrational animal. He is never angry with it, but hugely content with holding up its absurdities to its face; and sometimes you may trace a tone of almost af-

fectionate superiority, something like that in which a father speaks of the rogueries of a child.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

III.

Prospero.

Tried by suffering, Prospero proves its strengthening qualities. Far from succumbing to the blow, it is not until it has fallen that he displays his true, far-reaching, and terrible power, and becomes the great irresistible magician which Shakespeare himself had so long been. His power is not understood by his daughter, who is but a child, but it is felt by his enemies. He plays with them as he pleases, compels them to repent their past treatment of him, and then pardons them with a calmness of superiority to which Timon could never have attained, but which is far from being that all-obliterating tenderness with which Imogen and Hermione forgive remorseful sinners.

There is less of charity towards the offenders in Prospero's absolution than that element of contempt which has so long and so exclusively filled Shakespeare's soul. His forgiveness, the oblivion of a scornful indifference, is not so much that of the strong man who knows his power to crush if need be, as that of the wisdom which is no longer affected by outward circumstance.

Richard Garnett aptly observes, in his critical introduction to the play in the "Irving Edition," that Prospero finds it easy to forgive because, in his secret soul, he sets very little value on the dukedom he has lost, and is, therefore, roused to very little indignation by the treachery which deprived him of it. His daughter's happiness is the sole thing which greatly interests him now, and he carries his indifference to worldly matters so far that, without any outward compulsion, he breaks his magic wand and casts his books into the sea. Resu-

ming his place among the ranks of ordinary men, he retains nothing but his inalienable treasure of experience and reflection. I quote the following passage from Garnett on account of its remarkable correspondence with the general conception of Shakespeare's development set forth in this book.

"That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. . . . It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt entered very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality but in no way blighting or perverting it—such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate perfection of both."

In other words, it is Shakespeare's own nature which overflows into Prospero, and thus the magician represents not merely the noble-minded great man, but the genius, imaginatively delineated, not, as in *Hamlet*, psychologically analysed. Audibly and visibly does Prospero's genius manifest itself, visible and audible also the inward and outward opposition he combats.

The two figures in which this spiritual power and this resistance are embodied are the most admirable productions of an artist's powers in this or any other age. Ariel is a supernatural, Caliban a bestially natural being, and both have been endowed with a human soul. They were not seen, but created.

Prospero is the master-mind, the man of the future, as shown by his control over the forces of Nature. He

passes as a magician, and Shakespeare found his prototype, as far as external accessories were concerned, in a scholar of mark and man of high principles, Dr Dee, who died in 1607. This Dr. Dee believed himself possessed of powers to conjure up spirits, good and bad, and on this account enjoyed a great reputation in his day. A man owning even a small share of the scientific knowledge of our times would inevitably have been regarded as a powerful magician at that date. In the creation of Prospero, therefore, Shakespeare unconsciously anticipated the results of time. He not merely gave him a magic wand, but created a poetical embodiment of the forces of Nature as his attendant spirit.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Prospero, duke of Milan, who had been deposed by his brother and the king of Naples, "an enemy inveterate" (Act I. ii.), and exposed at sea in an open boat, raises by his power of enchantment, a violent tempest, and causes his enemies, who are on their return from Africa, to be cast ashore on the island, where for many years he has found refuge with his daughter. By wise and prompt direction of the agency of spirits, over whom his knowledge has given him command, he improves the opportunity to strike the King of Naples with remorse, to convert him from an enemy into an ally, to bring about the marriage of his own daughter with his son, regain his right in an independent dukedom, and take noble revenge for the treachery of his brother. The supernatural aids at the command of Prospero give occasion for highly picturesque incident, but his success, and the interest of the play, are not less due to the discretion, self command, and vigour, which he displays in availing himself of them. Such qualities might appear inconsistent with his original loss of position, but this is explained by his misfortune being ascribed to his neglect of the active virtues for the sake

of knowledge; and it is the very pith and marrow of the argument and conduct of the play, to show what are the exercises and what are the impulses by which in a noble nature such a want of balance may be corrected, and how when studious and administrative energy and moral purpose at last work together in harmony, the coarser, ruder, and baser talents of mere men of the world, are weak as the ways of children.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Miranda.

We might have deemed it impossible to go beyond Viola, Perdita, and Ophelia as pictures of feminine beauty; to exceed the one in tender delicacy, the other in ideal grace, and the last in simplicity, if Shakespeare had not done this; and he alone could have done it. Had he never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this "Eve of an enchanted Paradise."

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—"O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!"—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he

has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that " ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colors of the rainbow lived," Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, " breathing thoughtful breath," a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain or the ocean—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented be-

fore her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial:—

> "What is this maid?
> Is she the goddess who hath severed us,
> And brought us thus together?"

Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, "suffering with those that she saw suffer"; . . . and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honor like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quantity than an instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his

real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Caliban.

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespear's characters, whose deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespear has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is "of the earth, earthy." It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the commonplace affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it. Schlegel, the

admirable German critic of Shakespear, observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Opposed to him [Prospero] and at the extreme limit of the contrast, stands Caliban, the climax of wickedness and brutality, the very personification of the evil Will. He is only momentarily tamed by outward constraint and inward powerlessness; his will remains evil, and in him we have a proof of the irrefutable truth that evil, even though, by its own acts, it invariably annihilates itself and serves the purposes of what is good, still evil as Will cannot become converted either by any affliction or punishment, or by the clearest conviction of its helplessness. This seems to me to be the meaning, the poetical, because ethical, significance of this most strange of all the creatures ever formed by the poetical imagination—a creature in whom devil, animal and man, are equally blended, and who, in spite of his wholly fantastic abnormity, rises up before us with the vividness of actual reality. Caliban is no mere creation of a passing poetic fancy, no chance addition to the substance of the drama; for although he may have originated in Shakspeare's imagination from the fantastic and wondrous reports about the wild inhabitants (the cannibals) of the newly discovered continents, and although grotesquely formed and humorously exaggerated—so as to suit the fantastico-comic colouring of the whole—still he is a necessary member in the artistic organism of the piece. And as Prospero's mind is evidently one of more than ordinary endowments, and, like every historical leader of men, represents the higher idea of what is general, so Caliban, his organic opposite, is likewise no mere individual, but also the representative of what is general, the personified idea of human wickedness; in

him, in his defiance and arrogance and his blind, coarse sensuality, the demoniacal meets the brutal.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half dæmon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own; and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapors. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

VI.

Ariel.

Shakespeare has made Ariel an Elemental Being of the higher order, identified with the upward-tending elements of Air and Fire, and with the higher nature of man; and he has made Caliban an Elemental Being of the lower order, identified with the downward-tending elements of Earth and Water, and the lower nature of man.

The identification is too detailed to be fanciful. The very name of Ariel is borrowed from air, and he is directly addressed: 'Thou, which art but air.' The identification with fire is not less complete: when describing the lightning Ariel does not say that he *set* the ship a-fire, but that the ship was 'all a-fire *with me*':—

> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> *I* flamed amazement: sometime *I*'ld divide
> And burn in many places.

We can see in him just the qualities of air and fire. He is invisible, but, like the lightning, can take shape as he acts. Like air and fire he can penetrate everywhere, treading the ooze of the salt deep, running upon the sharp wings of the north, doing business in the veins of earth when it is baked with frost. His natural speech is music, or waves of air. His ideas are the ideas associated with the atmosphere—liberty and omnipresence: to be 'free as mountain winds,' to fly on the bat's back merrily, couch in the cowslip's bell, live under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Like the atmosphere he *reflects* human emotions without feeling them.

> *Ariel.* If you now behold them, your affections
> Would become tender.
> *Prospero.* Dost thou think so, spirit?
> *Ariel.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

The analogy extends to character. Even a character can be found for the atmosphere: in place of our motive and passion it substitutes *caprice*—'the wind bloweth where it listeth.' So Ariel is 'moody,' or full of moods: and one of the most difficult incidents of the play—the quarrel between Prospero and Ariel—takes coherency, if we see in it Prospero governing this incarnation of caprice *by outcapricing him*; there is an absence of moral seriousness throughout, and a curious irony, by which Prospero, under the guise of invective, is bringing out Ariel's brave endurance and delicate refinement, and in the form of threats gives his rebellious subject more than he had asked for. Finally, a single passage is sufficient to connect Ariel with the upward tendencies of human nature. We hear the reason of his cruel sufferings at the hands of Sycorax.

> For thou wast a spirit too delicate
> To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
> Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
> By help of her more potent ministers,
> And in her most unmitigable rage,
> Into a cloven pine.

Nothing could more clearly paint the instincts of light oppressed by the power of darkness until the deliverer comes.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VII.

Sebastian and Antonio.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science. . . . Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime,

that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands; whereas, if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of nature that we cannot distinguish them: or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Interpretations.

In power of pervading local realization, *The Tempest* is equal to any of Shakespeare's dramas—*Midsummer-Night's Dream, As You Like It,* that are most admirable for this poetic achievement. The storm, in the first scene on ship board, and the news from the ship tight and yare in the harbour, and the glimpse of the becalmed fleet, in the last, make the intermediate scenes to be rounded by circled waves; and throughout we seem, as we read, from time to time to hear them beating on the shingly beach, and to catch glimpses of the tranquil sea line in the offing. The air takes its character from the visitants and their doings—it lulls or excites with floating airs; it is drowsy,

or breathes balm and refreshment; and murky with lightning, and heavy with dropping storm, around the ways of monster and fuddled mariner; while constant sunshine is round the path of Miranda and over the cell of Prospero. The masque of Ceres and Juno, with scenery and airy population of tilth and harvest, most beautifully relieves the scene of the bare and desert isle. . . .

The Tempest may be studied with advantage, in comparison with two plays, united by extensively involving a fantastic mythology, but otherwise of most absolute antithesis, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Macbeth. The Tempest,* despite the greater proximity of Ariel to Oberon than to Hecate, is quite as widely separated from the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* by the gravity of tone with which it is so largely pervaded, as it is from *Macbeth* by the specific distinctions of Tragedy and Comedy; while, as the story of a throne lost and regained, of traitorous kindred, abused confidence, requited usurpation, *The Tempest* is so replete with " arguments of state," and leads thought so deep and wide into the theory and responsibilities of government, and the conditions of civil society, that it seems in this aspect more cognate to *Macbeth* than to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The supernatural scheme, with its lyrical expression, in each of the three plays, has an individuality and consistency that are themes of critical exposition inexhaustible—but, in truth, no less unnecessary, when to read the plays is to feel the spirit of their characteristics with a vividness no criticism within present reach is likely to enhance.

The Tempest takes its place among the finished plays of the poet, and, therefore, like its peers, is characterized by complete and harmonious proportion of parts, by every scene and every character being organically complete, animated with appropriate and sustained spirit and wrought to the same degree of correctness, and that the highest: and by the general result of realizing the perception, that the original germ, vigorous and healthy in its nature and excellent in power, has expanded without let

or distortion and by all favourable tending and under all consenting influences, to the utmost and most admirable perfection.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

There is little in Homer that is not true to nature, but there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakespeare. Analyze the components of a Shakespearian play, and you will see that I make no overstatement. *The Tempest,* a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

> " full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

The personages comprise many types,—king, noble, sage, low-born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the heyday of their innocent love. To them are superadded beings of the earth and air, Caliban and Ariel, creations of the purest imagination. All these reveal their natures by speech and action, with a realism impossible to the tamer method of a narrative poem. Consider the poetic thought and diction: what can excel Prospero's vision of the world's dissolution that shall leave " not a rack behind," or his stately abjuration of the magic art? Listen, here and there, to the songs of his tricksy spirit, his brave chick, Ariel: " Come unto these yellow sands," " Full fathom five thy father lies," " Where the bee sucks, there suck I." Then we have a play within a play, lightening and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno. I recapitulate these details to give a perfectly familiar illustration of the scope of the drama. True, this was Shakespeare, but the ideal should be studied in a masterpiece; and such a play as *The Tempest* shows the possibilities of inven-

tion and imagination in the most synthetic poetic form over which genius has extended its domain.

STEDMAN: *The Nature and Elements of Poetry.*

The splendour of sunset in *The Tempest* can escape no one, and the sternest opponent of guesswork must admit the probable presence of a designed allegory in the figure of Prospero and the burying of the book, the breaking of the staff, at the close. Even if this be thought too fanciful, nowhere has Shakespeare been more prodigal of every species of his enchantment. The exquisite but contrasted grace of Miranda and Ariel, the wonderful creation of Caliban, the varied human criticism in Gonzalo and the bad brothers, the farce-comedy of Stephano and Trinculo, do not more show the illimitable fancy and creative power of the master in scene and character than the passages, not so much scattered as showered over the whole play, show his absolute supremacy in poetry. Both in the blank verse and the lyrics, in the dialogue and the set *tirades*, in long contexts and short phrases alike, he shows himself absolute, with nothing out of reach of his faculty of expression and suggestion, with every resource of verbal music and intellectual demonstration at his command.

SAINTSBURY: *A Short History of English Literature.*

The Tempest

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } *presented by Spirits.*
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

MIRANDA : "I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!"

THE TEMPEST *Act* III *Scene* I

The Tempest.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Ganzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the master? Play the men.
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
Gon. Nay, good, be patient.
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these

roarers for the name of king. To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent

noisemaker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I 'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.
[*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let 's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,

With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometimes I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, ' Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that 's my spirit.
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,

When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within
Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokst me, and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwilingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos.
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. The watch dogs bark:
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion

With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen: Ding-dong,

Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightest call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this
swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more;
I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor. Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mir. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]
Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always used to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel (invisible) playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—

For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son 's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He 's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon 's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake.' Say this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience.

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;

They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Re-enter Ariel invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What 's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That 's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground: and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I 'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*
[*Sings.*
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been

said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me.—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak

well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which

the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy subject

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young seamews from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! free-
dom, hey-day, freedom!
Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy least, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,

To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou

shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,

a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?
Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Cal. Ha, ha, ha!
Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.
Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.
Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Trin. The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*
Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I 'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing.*

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earthës increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!
Fer. This is strange: your father 's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*
Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—
Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.
Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.
Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.
Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.
Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour: at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.
Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that 's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done?
Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. —Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command, without her power. These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil— For he 's a bastard one—had plotted with them To take my life. Two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

A Galleon of the Sixteenth Century.

Glossary.

A = on; II. i. 185.
Abuse, deceive; V. i. 112.
Achës (dissyllabic, pronounced "aitches," like the letter H); I. ii. 370.
Admire, wonder; V. i. 154.
Advance, raise, lift up; I. ii. 408.
Adventure, to risk; II. i. 187.
After, afterwards; II. ii. 10.
Again, again and again; I. ii. 390.
A-hold; "to lay a ship a-hold," *i.e.* "to bring a ship close to the wind so as to hold or keep her to it"; I. i. 49.
Amazement, anguish; I. ii. 14.
Amen, used probably in the sense of "again!" or perhaps merely with the force of "many"; others render it "hold, stop!" II. ii. 98.
An, if; II. i. 181.
Angle, corner; I. ii. 223.
Argier, Algiers; I. ii. 261.
As, as if; II. i. 121.
Aspersion, sprinkling of rain or dew (with an allusion perhaps to the ceremony of sprinkling the marriage-bed with holy water); IV. i. 18.
Attached, seized; III. iii. 5.
Avoid, begone; IV. i. 142.

Backward, distant, past; I. ii. 50.
Badges; "household servants usually wore on their arms, as part of their livery, silver 'badges' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved"; V. i. 267.
Barefoot (used adjectively); II. ii. 11.
Barnacles, barnacle geese; "it was formerly thought that the barnacle shell-fish, which is found on timber exposed

From the Harleian MSS., XIV. cent.

to the action of the sea, became when broken off a kind of goose. Sometimes it is related that the barnacles grew on trees and thence, dropping into the sea, became geese" (*cf.* Sir John Maundevile's *Travels*); IV. i. 249.

Base, utter in a deep bass; III. iii. 99.

Bat-fowling, a term used for catching birds by night; thence the name of a thieves' trick for plundering shops about dusk by pretending to have lost a jewel near; II. i. 185.

Beak, bow (of a ship); I. ii. 196.

Bear up, i.e. take your course, sail up; III. ii. 3.

Bermoothes, i.e. Bermudas; "said and supposed to be inchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storme, and tempest," etc. Stow's Annals; I. ii. 229.

Berries, see Notes; I. ii. 334.

Blue-eyed, with blueness about the eyes, with livid eyelids; I. ii. 269.

Boil'd (*ff.* '*boile,*' Pope's correction), frenzied; V. i. 60.

Bombard, "black jack" of leather; II. ii. 21. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Bootless, profitless; I. ii. 35.

Bosky, wooded; IV. i. 81.

Bourn, boundary; II. i. 152.

From a specimen (no longer extant) at Flixton Hall, Suffolk.

Brave, fine; I. ii. 411.

Bring to try; "to lay the ship with her side close to the wind, and lash the tiller to the lee side"; I. i. 35.

Broom-groves, rich copses of broom (*Spartium scoparium*); or perhaps woods overgrown with *genista,* pathless woods; IV. i. 66.

Budge, stir; V. i. 11.

Burthen, undersong; I. ii. 381.

But, except that; I. ii. 414; otherwise than, I. ii. 119.

By and by, immediately; III. ii. 156.

Can, is able to make; IV. i. 27.

Candied, converted into sugar, (?) congealed; II. i. 279 (*v.* Notes).

Capable, retentive; I. ii. 353.

Capering, jumping for joy; V. i. 238.

Carriage, burden; V. i. 3.

Case, condition; III. ii. 29.
Cast, to throw up; perhaps with a play upon "cast" in the sense of "to assign their parts to actors"; II. i. 251.
Cat (with reference to the old proverb that "good liquor will make a cat speak"); II. ii. 86.
Catch, a part-song; III. ii. 126.
Certes, certainly; III. iii. 30.
Chalked forth, i.e. chalked out; V. i. 203.
Cherubin, a cherub; I. ii. 152.
Chirurgeonly, like a surgeon; II. i. 140.
Clear, blameless; III. iii. 82.
Closeness, retirement; I. ii. 90.
Cloudy, gloomy; II. i. 142.
Cockerel, the young cock; II. i. 31.
Coil, turmoil; I. ii. 207.
Come by, to acquire; II. i. 292.
Confederates, conspires; I. ii. 111.
Constant, self-possessed; I. ii. 207; "my stomach is not c.," *i.e.* "is qualmish"; II. ii. 119.
Content, desire, will; II. i. 269.
Control, contradict; I. ii. 439.
Coragio, courage; V. i. 258.
Corollary, a supernumerary, a surplus; IV. i. 57.
Correspondent, responsive, obedient; I. ii. 298.
Courses, the largest lower sails of a ship; I. i. 52.
Crabs, crab-apples; II. ii. 171.
Crack, to burst (with reference to magic bands, or perhaps to the crucibles and alembics of magicians); V. i. 2.
Dear, zealous; I. ii. 179.
Dearest, most precious object; II. i. 135.
Deboshed, debauched; III. ii. 29.
Decked, sprinkled; I. ii. 155.
Deep, profound, wise; II. i. 266.
Deliver, relate; V. i. 313.
Demanded, asked; I. ii. 139.
Dew-lapped, having flesh hanging from the throat (a reference probably to victims of "goitre"), see "*wallets of flesh*"; III. iii. 45.
Dis, Pluto; IV. i. 89.
Discase, undress; V. i. 85.
Discharge, performance, execution; used probably as a technical term of the stage; II. i. 254.
Distempered, excited; IV. i. 145.
Distinctly, separately; I. ii. 200.
Ditty, words of a song; I. ii. 405.
Doit, the smallest piece of money; eighty doits went to a shilling; II. ii. 33.
Dollar, used quibblingly with "dolour"; II. i. 18.
Dowle, a fibre of down; III. iii. 65.
Drawn, having swords drawn; II. i. 308; having taken a good draught; II. ii. 150.
Dregs (with reference to the "liquor of the bombard," I. 21); II. ii. 42.
Drollery, puppet-show; III. iii. 21.
Dry, thirsty; I. ii. 112.

Dulness, stupor; I. ii. 185.

Earth'd, buried in the earth; II. i. 234.
Ebbing; "ebbing men," *i.e.* "men whose fortunes are declining"; II. i. 226.
Ecstasy, mental excitement, madness; III. iii. 108.
Endeavour, laborious effort; II. i. 160.
Engine, instrument of war, military machine; II. i. 161.
Entertainer, perhaps quibblingly interpreted by Gonzalo in the sense of "inn-keeper"; II. i. 17.
Envy, malice; I. ii. 258.
Estate, to grant as a possession; IV. i. 85.
Eye, tinge; II. i. 55.

Fall, to let fall; II. i. 296.
Fearful, timorous; I. ii. 468.
Feater, more becomingly; II. i. 273.
Featly, deftly; I. ii. 380.
Fellows, companions; II. i. 274.
Few; 'in few,' in few words, in short; I. ii. 144.
Fish, to catch at, to seek to obtain; II. i. 104.
Flat, low level ground; II. ii. 2.
Flat-long, as if struck with the side of a sword instead of its edge; II. i. 181.
Flesh-fly, a fly that feeds on flesh and deposits her eggs in it; III. i. 63.
Flote, flood, sea; I. ii. 234.
Foil, disadvantage; III. i. 46.
Foison, plenty; II. i. 163.
Founder'd, disabled by overriding, footsore; IV. i. 30.
Forth-rights, straight paths (*cf.* Notes); III. iii. 3.
Fraughting, freighting; I. ii. 13.
Freshes, springs of fresh water; III. ii. 75.
Frippery, a place where old clothes are sold; IV. i. 225.

From a print dated 1587.

Frustrate, frustrated; III. iii. 10.

Gaberdine, a long coarse outer garment; II. ii. 40.
Gallows; cf. "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned"; I. i. 30.
Gave out, i.e. gave up; V. i. 213.
Gentle, high-born (and hence "high-spirited"); I. ii. 468.
Gilded, made drunk (an allusion to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists); V. i. 280.
Gins, begins; III. iii. 106.

Glasses, hour-glasses, *i.e.* runnings of the hour-glass; I. ii. 240, V. i. 223 (*cp.* VI. i. 186, '*three glasses*' = '*three hours,*' though the seaman's '*glass*' was usually half an hour).
Glut, to swallow up; I. i. 60.
Grudge, murmur; I. ii. 249.

Heavy; "the heavy offer," i.e. the offer which brings drowsiness; II. i. 194.
Help, cure; II. ii. 97.
Hests, behests; I. ii. 274.
Hint, theme; I. ii. 134; occasion, cause; II. i. 3.
His, its; II. i. 120.
Hoist, hoisted (past tense of "hoise" or "hoist"); I. ii. 148.
Hollowly, insincerely; III. i. 70.
Home, to the utmost, effectively; V. i. 71.
Honeycomb, cells of honeycomb; I. ii. 329.

Ignorant, appertaining to ignorance; "i. fumes" = "fumes of ignorance"; V. i. 67.
Impertinent, irrelevant; I. ii. 138.
Inch-meal, inch by inch; II. ii. 3.
Infest, vex; V. i. 246.
Influence (used in its astrological sense); I. ii. 182.
Infused, endowed; I. ii. 154.
Inherit, take possession; II. ii. 179.
Inly, inwardly; V. i. 200.
Inquisition, enquiry; I. ii. 35.
Invert, change to the contrary; III. i. 70.

Jack; "played the Jack," *i.e.* the knave = "deceived"; IV. i. 198.
Jerkin, a kind of doublet; IV. i. 236.
Justify, prove; V. i. 128.

Key, tuning-key; I. ii. 83.
Kibe, heel-sore; II. i. 276.
Knot (folded arms); I. ii. 224.

Lakin, "Ladykin," or the Virgin Mary; III. iii. 1.
Land, laund, lawn; IV. i. 130.
Lass-lorn, forsaken by his lass; IV. i. 68.
Laughter, possibly used with a double meaning; "lafter" was perhaps the cant name of some small coin; still used provincially for the number of eggs laid by a hen at one time; II. i. 33.
Learning, teaching; I. ii. 366.
Lieu, "in lieu of," *i.e.* in consideration of; I. ii. 123.
Life; "good life," *i.e.* "life-like truthfulness"; III. iii. 86.
Like, similarly; III. iii. 66.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. i. 246.
Line, lime-tree (with punning reference to other meanings of "line" in subsequent portion of the scene); IV. i. 235; *cf.* Note; and "UNDER THE LINE."
Line-grove, lime-grove; V. i. 10.

Liver, regarded as the seat of passion; IV. i. 56.
Loathness, reluctance; II. i. 130.
Lorded, made a lord; I. ii. 97.
Lush, luscious, luxuriant; II. i. 52.
Lusty, vigorous; II. i. 52.

Maid, maid-servant; III. i. 84.
Main-course, the main sail; I. i. 35.
Make, to prove to be; II. i. 265.
Make a man, i.e. make a man's fortune; II. ii. 32.
Manage, government; I. ii. 70.
Marmoset, small monkey; II. ii. 174.
Massy, massive, heavy; III. iii. 67.
Matter, an important matter; II. i. 230.
Meanders, winding paths or (probably) circles (*cf.* Notes); III. iii. 3.
Measure, pass over; II. i. 259.
Meddle, to mingle; I. ii. 22.
Merchant, merchantman ("the master of some merchant"); II. i. 5.
Merely, absolutely; I. i. 55.
Mettle, disposition, ardour; II. i. 182.
Minion, favourite; IV. i. 98.
Miraculous; "the miraculous harp" of Amphion, the music of which razed the walls of Thebes; II. i. 86.
Miss, to do without; I. ii. 312; to fail in aiming at, not to hit; II. i. 40.
Mo, more; II. i. 133.
Momentary, instantaneous; I. ii. 202.
Moon-calf, abortion; II. ii. 111.
Mop, grimace; IV. i. 47.
Morsel, remnant, "a piece of a man" (contemptuously); II. i. 286.
Mount, raise; II. ii. 11.
Mow, grimace; IV. i. 47.
Mow, make grimaces; II. ii. 9.
Much; "to think it much," to reckon it as excessive, to grudge; I. ii. 252.
Mum, hush; III. ii. 59.
Muse, wonder at; III. iii. 36.

Natural, idiot; III. ii. 37.
Nature, natural affection; V. i. 76.
Neat, horned beast; II. ii. 73.
Nerves, sinews; I. ii. 484.
Nimble, excitable; II. i. 173.
Ninny, simpleton; III. ii. 71.
Nobody, an Elizabethan sign; probably a direct allusion to

From the title-page of the comedy of "*No-body and Some-body,* with the *true Chronicle Historie of Elidure*" (before 1600).

the print of *No-body*, prefixed to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Some-body* (printed before 1600), or to the engraving on the old ballad, called the *Well-Spoken Nobody*; III. ii. 136.

Nook, bay; I. ii. 227.

Note, information; II. i. 248.

Nothing, nonsense; II. i. 170.

Observation, attention to detail; III. iii. 87.

Occasion, critical opportunity; II. i. 307.

Odd, out-of-the-way; I. ii. 223.

O'er, over again; "trebles thee o'er," *i.e.* "makes thee three times as great"; II. i. 221.

O'erprized, surpassed in value; I. ii. 92.

Of, as a consequence of; or = on, *i.e.* "of sleep" = "asleep"; V. i. 230.

Omit, neglect; I. ii. 183; II. i. 194.

On, of; I. ii. 87; IV. i. 157.

Ooze, bottom of the sea; I. ii. 252.

Or, ere; "or ere" (a reduplication); I. ii. 11.

Out, completely; I. ii. 41.

Overblown, blown over; II. ii. 114.

Overtopping, outrunning; I. ii. 81.

Owed, owned; III. i. 45.

Owes, owns; I. ii. 407.

Own; "no man was his o.," *i.e.* "master of himself, in his senses"; V. i. 213.

Painful, laborious; III. i. 1.

Pains, tasks; I. ii. 242.

Paphos, a city in Cyprus, one of the favourite seats of Venus; IV. i. 93.

Pass, thrust (a term of fencing), sally; IV. i. 244.

Passion, suffering, grief; I. ii. 392.

Passion, to feel pain or sorrow; V. i. 24.

Patch, fool, jester; III. ii. 71.

Pate; "pass of pate" = "sally of wit"; IV. i. 244.

Paunch, run through the paunch; III. ii. 98.

Pay, repay; "to pay home" = "to repay to the utmost"; V. i. 70.

Pertly, briskly; IV. i. 58.

Piece, "perfect specimen"; I. ii. 56.

Pied, motley-coated; III. ii. 71.

Pig-nuts, earth-nuts; II. ii. 172.

Pioned, (?) "overgrown with marsh-marigold" (still called "peony" in the neighbourhood of Stratford); IV. i. 64 (*cf.* Note).

Plantation, colonisation; interpreted by Antonio in the ordinary sense; II. i. 143.

Play, act the part of; "play the men," *i.e.* behave like men; I. i. 10.

Point, detail; "to point," in every detail; I. ii. 194.

Pole-clipt, with poles clipt, or embraced, by the vines; IV. i. 68.

Poor-John, a cant name for hake salted and dried; II. ii. 28.

Premises, conditions; I. ii. 123.
Presented, represented; IV. i. 167.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 125; IV. i. 42.
Princess' (Ff. princesse), princesses; I. ii. 173.
Profess, to make it one's business; II. i. 236.
Profit, to profit; I. ii. 172.
Provision, foresight; I. ii. 28.
Purchased, acquired, won; IV. i. 14.
Putter-out; "p. of five for one," one who invests, *puts out,* a sum of money before leaving home, on condition of receiving five times the amount on his return, *i.e.* "at the rate of five for one" (*cf.* "*put forth some five thousand pounds to be paid me, five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court at Constantinople*"; *E. Man out of His Humour,* II. i.); III. iii. 48.

Quaint, adroit, trim, excellent; I. ii. 317.
Quality, skill; I. ii. 193.
Quick, living, fresh; III. ii. 75.
Quickens, gives life to; III. i. 6.

Rabble, company, crowd (not used slightingly); IV. i. 37.
Race, breed; I. ii. 358.
Rack, floating cloud; IV. i. 156.
Rate, estimation; I. ii. 92; reckoning; II. i. 109.
Razorable, ready for shaving; II. i. 250.
Rear, raise; II. i. 295.
Reason, what is reasonable; III. ii. 128.
Reasonable: "reasonable shore," *i.e.* "shore of reason"; V. i. 81.
Recover, restore; II. ii. 71, 79, 97.
Reeling-ripe, "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling"; V. i. 279.
Release; "till your release" = till you release them; V. i. 11.
Remember, commemorate; I. ii. 405; remind; I. ii. 243.
Remembrance, the faculty of remembering; II. i. 232.
Remorse, pity; V. i. 76.
Requit, requited; III. iii. 71.
Resolve, explain to; V. i. 248.
Rid, destroy; I. ii. 364.
Room, sea-room; I. i. 8.
Rounded; "the whole round of life has its beginning and end in a sleep"; IV. i. 158.

Sack, a name applied to certain white wines of Spain; II. ii. 126.
Sanctimonious, holy; IV. i. 16.
Sans, without; I. ii. 97.
Scamels; folio reading, here changed to "seamews"; *cf.* Notes; II. ii. 176.
Scandal'd, scandalous; IV. i. 90.
Securing, guarding; II. i. 310.
Sedged, made of sedges; IV. i. 129.

Sense, feelings; II. i. 107.
Sensible, sensitive; II. i. 173.
Setebos, the god of Sycorax (said to be the chief god of the Patagonians); I. ii. 373; V. i. 261.
Sets off, i.e. shows to the best advantage; III. i. 2.
Several, separate; III. i. 42.
Shak'd, shook; II. i. 319.
Shroud, take shelter; II. ii. 42.
Siege, stool, excrement; II. ii. 110.
Single, (1) solitary, (2) feeble; I. ii. 432.
Skilless, ignorant; III. i. 53.
Sociable, companionable, being in close sympathy; V. i. 63.
Something, somewhat; I. ii. 414.
Sometime, sometimes; I. ii. 198.
Sore (used quibblingly); V. i. 288.
Sort; possibly a punning allusion to "sort" = "lot"; II. i. 104.
Sot, fool; III. ii. 101.
Soundly, thoroughly, smartly; II. ii. 81.
South-west; "a south-west," *i.e.* a south-west wind (charged with the noxious breath of the Gulf-Stream); I. ii. 323.
Speak, to proclaim; II. i. 8.
Sphere, orbit; II. i. 183.
Spoon; "long spoon," an allusion to old proverb that "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"; II. ii. 103.
Spiriting, the service done by a sprite; I. ii. 298.
Spurs, spreading roots; V. i. 47.
Stain, to disfigure; I. ii. 414.
Standard, standard-bearer, ensign; III. ii. 18 (quibble on "standard" and "stander"); III. ii. 19.
Standing; "standing water," *i.e.* water neither ebbing nor flowing; II. i. 221.
Steaded, stood in good stead; I. ii. 165.
Still-closing, constantly closing again; III. iii. 64.
Still-vexed, ever troubled; I. ii. 229.
Stock-fish, dried cod; III. ii. 79.
Stomach, courage, I. ii. 157; appetite, inclination; II. i. 107.
Stover, fodder for cattle; IV. i. 63.
Strange, rare; III. iii. 87.
Strangely, wonderfully; IV. i. 7.
Study, to give thought and attention to, to wonder; II. i. 81.
Substitution, deputyship; I. ii. 103.
Subtilties; the word "subtility" was borrowed from the language of cookery, and denoted a device in pastry, hence "illusion"; V. i. 124.
Sudden, swift; II. i. 306.
Suffered, i.e. suffered death; II. ii. 38.
Suggestion, prompting, hint (*cf.* villainy); II. i. 288.

Sustaining, bearing (them) up; I. ii. 218.

Tabor and pipe, from Brit. Mus. MSS., Add. 12228.

Swabber, one who sweeps or swabs the deck of a ship; II. ii. 48.

Tabor, a small drum used for festivities; IV. i. 175.

Taborer, a player on a tabor; III. ii. 160.

Tackle, ropes; I. ii. 147.

Talking, saying; II. i. 96.

Tang, shrill sound; II. ii. 52.

Taste, experience; V. i. 123.

Teen, grief; I. ii. 64.

From the basement of a tomb in the Church of Folleville (Dept. of the Somme).

Tell, to count (the strokes of the clock); II. i. 15.

Temperance, temperature; Temperance, like Charity, used as a proper name; *"Temperance was a delicate wench"*; II. i. 42, 43.

Tender, to regard; II. i. 270.

Thatched, covered, strewn; IV. i. 6.

Third = thrid, thread; IV. i. 3.

Throe, to cause pain; II. i. 231.

Throughly, thoroughly; III. iii. 14.

Tilth, tillage; II. i. 152.

To, for, as; II. i. 75; in comparison with; II. i. 178.

Tend, attend; I. i. 6.

Trash, to check the speed of hounds when too forward; I. ii. 81.

Trebles; "tr. thee o'er," *i.e.* "makes thee thrice what thou art"; II. i. 221.

Trembling, the "*tremor*" which is represented to be a sign of being possessed by the devil; II. ii. 83.

Trencher (*first Folio,* trenchering, due to the previous words ining); II. ii. 187.

Trice; "on a tr.," i.e. "in an instant"; V. i. 238.

Tricksy, sportive; V. i. 226.

Trifle, phantom; V. i. 112.

Troll, run glibly over (perhaps "sing irregularly"); III. ii. 126.

Twilled, (?) covered with reeds or sedges; IV. i. 64 (*cf.* Note).

Twink, a twinkling; IV. i. 43.

Under the line; probably a term in tennis; "to strike (the ball) under the line" = "to lose the game"; IV. i. 236 (*cf.* Note and Line).

Undergoing, enduring; I. ii. 157.

Unicorn (with allusion to its proverbial ferocity); III. iii. 22.

MSS. Brit. Mus., Add. 11390.

Unstanched, incontinent; I. i. 48.
Up-staring, standing on end; I. ii. 213.
Urchins, hedgehogs, hobgoblins; I. ii. 326.
Urchin-shows, elfin apparitions; II. ii. 5.
Use, to be accustomed; II. i. 175.

Vanity, illusion; IV. i. 41.
Vast, silent void, or vacancy (of night); I. ii. 327.
Verily, true; II. i. 321.
Virgin-knot; alluding to the girdle worn by maidens in ancient times; IV. i. 15.
Visitation, affliction (as of a plague); III. i. 32.
Visitor, priestly visitant, "consolator"; II. i. 11.
Vouched, warranted; II. i. 60.

Waist, the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; I. ii. 197.
Wallets of flesh, alluding to the strange appearance of the goitre (*cf.* "*dew-lapped*").

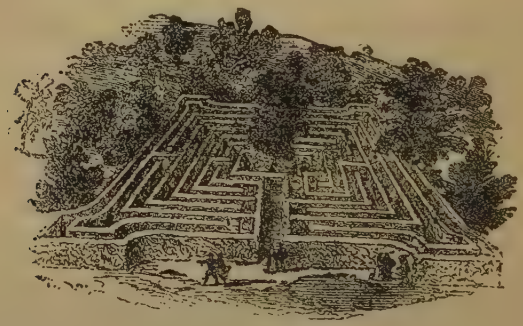
A Tyrolese peasant with a goitre [(from a sketch by G. Herring) Knight].

Ward, attitude of defence; I. ii. 471.
Weather, storm; I. i. 37.
Weather-fends, defends from the weather; V. i. 10.
Weighed, considered, pondered; II. i. 130.
Wench (used as a term of endearment); I. ii. 139, 412.
Wezand, windpipe; III. ii. 99.
When (an exclamation of impatience); I. ii. 316.
While-ere, short time since; III. ii. 127.
Whist, hushed, silent; I. ii. 379.
Wicked, baneful; I. ii. 321.
Wide-chapped, opening the mouth wide; I. i. 56.
Windring (not found elsewhere) (?) "winding" or "wandering"; IV. i. 128.
Wink, the act of closing the eye, II. i. 285 (a short distance measured by a "wink"; II. i. 242).

Wink, to close the eyes; II. i. 216.
Wisest; "after the wisest," i.e. "in the wisest fashion"; II. ii. 77.
Woe, sorry; V. i. 139.
Works, affects; IV. i. 144.
Wound, twined about; II. ii. 13.
Wrangle, contend, quarrel; V. i. 174.
Wrong; "to do oneself wrong," *i.e.* "to be much mistaken"; I. ii. 443.

Yare, ready! I. i. 6; I. i. 34.
Yarely, alertly; I. i. 3.
Yond, there; I. ii. 409.
Your (= subjective genitive); V. i. 11.

Zenith, the highest point of one's fortune; I. ii. 181.



A Maze; *see* Note III. iii. 2.
Projected from an engraving in *The Country Housewife's Garden* (1617).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 68. '*long heath, brown furze*'; so the folios; Hanmer's emendation has been generally accepted:—'ling, heath, broom, furze.'

I. ii. 24. '*my magic garment*'; the magician's mantle, circle, and book (*cp.* Act V.) are well illustrated by the following wood-cut:—

From the History of Doctor John Faustus (1664).

I. ii. 100. '*Who having into truth*'; 'into,' used in the sense of 'unto,' and so emended in most editions; the sentence though very involved is intelligible without any alteration; 'into truth' depends upon 'a sinner'; and 'it' refers vaguely to 'his own lie'; 'to credit' = 'as to credit.'

I. ii. 169. '*Now I arise*'; probably derived from astrology; 'now my star is in the ascendant'; it should be noted that the stage direction 'Resumes his mantle' is not in the Folios.

I. ii. 266. '*for one thing she did*'; Shakespeare does not tell us what he refers to here; perhaps he merely added the point in

order to account for her preservation, or the incident may have been mentioned in his original. I am, however, strongly inclined to suggest that there is no mystery about the passage; the 'one thing she did' probably anticipates 'hither brought with child'; for that reason alone her life was spared.

I. ii. 333. *'stroakst me and made,'* so Folios; Rowe, 'strokedst me and madest,' so Camb. Ed. and Mod. Edd. generally.

I. ii. 334. *'Water with berries in't;'* Mr. W. G. Gosling quotes the following striking parallel from Strachey's Narrative:—"They are full of shaws of goodly cedars . . . The berries whereof our men straining, and letting stand some three or four daies, made a kind of pleasant drink."

I. ii. 378, 379. *'kiss'd The wild waves whist'*; so the Folios; *i.e.* 'Kissed the wild waves into silence;' often printed with a comma after 'kissed.'

I. ii. 461. *'I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:'* specimens of this form of torture are preserved in the Tower of London. Knight gives the accompanying illustrative sketch.

II. i. 5. *'The masters of some merchant'*; *ie.* 'the owners of some merchantman'; Steevens suggested 'mistress' (old spelling 'maistres'); the Cambridge editors 'masters' (*i.e.* 'master's wife).

II. i. 12. *'he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike'*; watches that struck the hours were known as early as the commencement of the XVIth century; the striking portion of the accompanying specimen is an alarum which acts to any hour at option.

From the collection belonging to the late R. Bernal.

II. i. 27. *'which, of he or Adrian'*; 'he' for 'him,' used somewhat substantively, probably owing to the use of the word in the previous sentence, 'he will be talking.'

II. i. 35, 36. The Folios read: 'Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So, you're paid.*' Theobald gives the whole line to Sebastian; and his reading is adopted by the Camb. Ed. Possibly a better emendation is the transposition of the prefixes to the speeches; the point of the quibble is no doubt the old proverb 'let them laugh that win. Capell ingeniously suggested that the Folio reading should stand, with the slight change of 'you 've paid' for 'you 're paid.'

II. i. 127. *'who hath cause'*; the antecedent of 'who' is most probably 'she'; some make the relative refer to 'eye,' *i.e.* 'which hath cause to weep.'

II. i. 131. *' should bow'*; so Folios; seemingly unnecessary corrections have been made, *e.g.* 'she 'd bow'; 'which end the beam should bow'; the omission of the pronoun 'it' or 'she' before 'should' can easily be paralleled in Shakespeare.

II. i. 243. *'But doubt discovery there'*; *i.e.* 'Cannot but doubt that anything can be discovered there.'

II. i. 250. *'she that from whom'*; the unnecessary 'that' is perhaps intentionally repeated, owing to the previous repetition of 'she that.'

II. i. 279. *'candied'*; generally explained as 'sugared over, and so insensible; congealed;' perhaps a better interpretation is 'made sweet as sugar,' as in the phrase 'the candied tongue.' Is Antonio possibly playing on 'candied' and 'candid' (a word not yet fully naturalized in the language, but probably familiar)?

II. ii. 28. *'A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,'* etc; an allusion to the popularity of exhibitions of strange monsters, to which there are many allusions in contemporary records. The accompanying drawing is from a print of the time of Charles I.

From Topsell's "*Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes, describing the true and lively figure of every Beast.*" 1607.

II. ii. 67. '*This is some monster of the isle with four legs*'; Shakespeare's contemporaries were familiar with descriptions of strange four-footed creatures: perhaps Topsell's famous '*Historie*' was in Stephano's mind.

II. ii. 80. '*I will not take too much for him;*' *i.e.* 'I will take as much as I can possibly get.'

II. ii. 176. '*seamews*'; Fol. '*scamels,*' so Camb. Ed.: but the word is in all probability an error for 'seamells' or 'seamews,' referred to in Strachey and Jourdan's accounts of the Bermudas:—"a kind of web-footed fowle of the bignesse of a sea-mew" (Quoted by W. G. Gosling). Many emendations have been made; 'staniel' (a species of hawk) has been adopted by some editors; the word occurs probably in *Twelfth Night* (II. v. 124), though the editions read 'stallion.' Mr. Wright has, however, pointed out that, according to Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," "the female 'Bar-tailed Godwit' is called a 'Scamell' by the gunners of Blakeney."

III. i. 15. '*Most busy least, when I do it*'; the first folio retained by Camb. Ed. "most busy lest, when I do it." Various readings have been suggested; Pope, 'least busy when I do it'; Theobald, 'most busie-less when I do it'; Holt, 'most busiest, when I do it'; Spedding, 'most busiest when idlest,' etc., etc. It seems likely that the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios throws light on the real meaning of the line:—'most busy least, when I do it'; *i.e.* 'most busy when I indulge my thoughts, least busy when I am actually at work.' A comma after 'busy' instead of after 'least' would simplify this reading, but it is possible to understand it as punctuated in the folios: Shakespeare probably wished to make the superlatives as antithetical as possible; perhaps we should read 'labour' for 'labours.'

III. iii. 2. '*here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights and meanders*'; *i.e.* prob. 'through straight lines and circles, one of the most usual forms of the maze,' according to Halliwell, who gives the engraving of one, from a collection in the *Maison Rus-*

tique, or the Country Farme, 4to, Lond. 1606. According to other commentators, 'meanders' = meandering paths, without absolutely reference to 'circles.' (See engraving at the end of Glossary.)

III. iii. 39. *'Praise in departing'*; a proverbial expression: "stay your praises till you see how your entertainment will end."

III. iii. 52. *'Ariel, like a harpy'*; probably suggested by the harpy-episode in the Third Book of *Æneid.*

IV. i. 60. *'fetches,'* so Ff. an archaic and provincial form; Camb. Ed. *'vetches.'*

IV. i. 64. *'pioned and twilled'*; various emendations have been suggested for these difficult words of the folio:—'peonied and lilied,' 'tullip'd,' 'tilled,' etc. It is noted that 'piony' is an old spelling of 'peony,' and that the flower was formerly spoken of as 'the mayden piony' and 'virgin peonie.' In all probability the meaning of the words has not yet been discovered; they are evidently technical terms of horticulture. (*Cp.* Glossary.)

A harpy carrying away a lady, from a bas-relief on an ancient tomb preserved in the British Museum.

IV. i. 110. Mr. Wright suggests that *'earths'* should be read as a dissyllable, *'earthes'*; this suggestion has been adopted in the present text; the second, third, and fourth folios read *'and'* before 'foison.'

IV. i. 123. *'So rare a wonder'd father and a wise'*; some few copies of the first folio are said to read *'wife'* (a reading independently suggested by Rowe): the harsh change has little to commend itself.

IV. i. 147, etc. In *The Tragedy of Darius,* by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, published in the year 1603, occurs the following passage, which, according to Steevens, may have been the original of Shakespeare's Speech:—

"Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt:
Not scepters, no but reeds, soone bruis'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountering walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."

IV. i. 193. The folios read '*hang on them.*'

IV. i. 221. '*O King Stephano; O peer!*' an illusion to the old song, often referred to in Elizabethan literature, "Take thy old cloak about thee":—

> "King Stephen was a worthy peere,
> His breeches cost him but a crowne,
> He held them sixpence all to deere;
> Therefore he called the taylor Lowne."

The ballad is printed in Percy's *Reliques;* Shakespeare quotes it also in *Othello,* II. iii. 92.

IV. i. 231. '*Let's alone*'; some verb of motion must be understood, *i.e.* 'let us go alone' (leaving Trinculo behind); '*alone*' is possibly an error of the folios for '*along,*' as suggested by Theobald.

IV. i. 237. "An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair."—STEEVENS.

IV. i. 264. '*lies*' (probably correctly, the verb preceding the plural noun), so Ff.; Camb. Ed. '*lie.*'

V. i. 23, 24. The first and second folios place a comma after '*sharply,*' making '*passion*' a verb; the comma is omitted in the third and fourth folios.

V. i. 39. '*mushrumps*' (the old form of the word), so Ff.; Camb. and Mod. Edd. '*mushrooms.*'

V. i. 309. '*beloved,*' trisyllabic; Ff. '*belov'd.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*On a ship at sea*] Upon this scene Coleridge finely remarks: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the keynote to the whole harmony. . . . It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted;—therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural—(the distinction to which I have so often alluded)—and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow."

10. Act with spirit, behave like men. So 1 *Henry VI.*, I. vi. 16: "When they shall hear how we have play'd the men."

34. Of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says: "The striking the topmast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast—where he had not sea-room."

35. *Bring her to try with main-course*:—This was apparently a common nautical phrase, meaning to keep as close to the wind as possible. Thus, in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine course*." Smith also has the phrase in his *Sea Grammar*, 1627.

48. *unstanched*:—In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, Chi-

lias says to the Priestess: "Be quiet, and be *stanch* too; no *inundations.*"

49. *set her two courses*:—Captain Glascock, a nautical critic, says: "The ship's head is to be put leeward, and the vessel to be drawn off the land under that canvas nautically denominated the two courses." Holt says: "The courses meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, so called because they contribute most to give her way through the water, and thus enable her to feel the helm, and steer her *course* better than when they are not *set* or spread to the wind." *To lay a ship a-hold,* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.

70. Lord Mulgrave declares that the Poet must either have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, or else have had a remarkable power of applying the information gained from others. And he thinks Shakespeare must have conversed with some of the best seamen of the time, as "no books had then been published on the subject." Lord Mulgrave exhibits the ship in five positions, and shows how truly these are represented by the words of the dialogue, and says: "The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: . . . the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do."

Scene II.

19. *more better*:—The doubling of comparatives is frequent among writers of Shakespeare's time.

25. *Lie there, my art*:—"Lord Burleigh," says Fuller (*Holy State,* iv. 6), "when he put off his gown at night, used to say, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer.'"

50. *abysm*:—An old form of *abyss*; from the old French *abisme.*

81. *To trash for over-topping*:—To check the overgrowth. A hunting-term which meant to check or hamper a dog so that he would not *overtop* or outrun the pack. A *trash* was a halter fastened to a dog's neck and dragging on the ground. "*Who*

to trash" accords with the grammatical usage of Shakespeare's day.

92. *O'er-prized all popular rate*:—The meaning seems to be, "Which would have exceeded all popular estimate, but that it withdrew me from my public duties"; as if he were sensible of his error in getting so "rapt in secret studies" as to leave the state a prey to violence and usurpation.

97. *sans bound*:—Without limit. "A general combination," says Nares, "seems to have subsisted, among all our poets, to introduce this French word, certainly very convenient for their verse, into the English language; but in vain; the country never received it, and it has always appeared as an exotic, even though the elder poets Anglicized its form into *saunce*, or gave it the English pronunciation." In *As You Like It* (II. vii. 166) *sans* occurs four times in a single line.

155. *deck'd*:—Some good editors think this should be *degg'd*, a provincial word, as explained in Carr's *Glossary*, and in several others, for *sprinkle*. Dyce regards *deck'd* as a form, perhaps a corruption, of *degg'd*—a word still used in the north of England for *to sprinkle*. This sense is so much better than either of the others, that we cannot help thinking it the right one.

190-192. *To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly*, etc.:—Fletcher's imitation of this passage in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, is thus quoted by Henley:—

> "Tell me, sweetest,
> What new service now is meetest
> For the satyre; shall I stray
> In the middle ayre, and stay
> The sailing rack, or nimbly take
> Hold by the moone, and gently make
> Suit to the pale queene of night,
> For a beame to give thee light?
> Shall I dive into the sea,
> And bring thee coral, making way
> Through the rising waves," etc.

194. *to point*:—To the minutest detail; exactly; like the French *à point*.

200. *distinctly*:—That is separately, in different places at once. To quote from the account of Robert Tomson's voyage, 1555: "This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top; and sometimes it would

be in two or three places at once." This is a description of the electrical phenomenon known as "Saint Elmo's fire"—"a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *corpos sancto*. Shakespeare may have been thinking of this.

209. *fever of the mad*:—Such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

229. "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas," says Henley, "will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." It was then the current opinion that the Bermudas were inhabited by monsters and devils.

326. *urchins*:—Fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins*; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal.

327. *that vast of night*:—So in *Hamlet*, I. ii. 198: "In the dead *vast* and middle of the night"; meaning the silent void or vacancy of night, when spirits were anciently supposed to walk abroad on errands of love, or sport, or mischief.

370. As *ache* used to be pronounced like the letter *h*, the plural *aches*, was a dissyllable, as it is here required to be by the measure. Of this there are many examples in the old writers. A clamour was raised among the critics against John Kemble for pronouncing the word thus on the stage. See, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. vii. 7, 8: "I had a wound here that was like a T, but now 'tis made an H."

373. *Setebos*:—The name of an American god, or rather devil, worshiped by the Patagonians. In Eden's *History of Travaile*, 1577, is an account of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole, containing a description of this god and his worshipers, wherein the author says: "When they felt the shackles fast about their legs, they began to doubt; but the captain did put them in comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cryed upon their *great devil Setebos*, to help them." White mentions this allusion as "another evidence that Shakespeare had been reading books of American discovery before he wrote this play."

378, 379. *kiss'd The wild waves whist*:—That is, kissed or soothed the raging waves into silence or stillness. This is a delicate touch of poetry that is quite lost, as the passage is

usually printed; the line, *The wild waves whist*, being made parenthetical, and that too without any authority from the original.

427. *maid*:—Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess; he now asks if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question.

443. *done yourself some wrong*:—Done wrong to your character, in claiming to be King of Naples.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

55. *an eye of green*:—A *tinge* or shade of green. So in Sandy's *Travels*: "Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green"; and Bayle says, "Red with an *eye* of blue."

87. *the miraculous harp*:—An allusion to the myth of Amphion, King of Thebes, a great musician, to whom the god Mercury gave a lyre, wherewith the King charmed the stones and thus made them take their places in the walls of the city. To the building of the walls by the power of music, Wordsworth has this reference:—

> "The gift to King Amphion,
> That wall'd a city with its melody."

126, 127. *your eye, Who*:—The meaning of this will probably appear if *who* be understood as referring to *eye*. *Who* and *which* were often used indiscriminately of persons and things.

143. *Had I plantation of this isle*:—That is, had I the colonization, not the planting, of this isle. See Bacon's Essay *Of Plantations*. Some editors, even of a recent day, have so misunderstood this expression as to give, "Had I *a* plantation," etc.; and in the French translation the word is rendered *defricher*, a purely agricultural term, meaning, to clear, to bring under cultivation. Tieck and Schlegel correctly give **pflanzung**, which corresponds exactly to the word of the original in both its significations.

> "for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate."

This passage is plainly taken from Montaigne's Essays, in which (Book I. Chap. xxx., *Of the Caniballes*), according to Florio's translation, published in 1603, this passage occurs:—

"It is a nation, would I answere *Plato*, that hath *no kinde of traffike*, no *knowledge of Letters*, no intelligence of numbers, *no name of magistrate*, nor of politike, superioritie; no *use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle;* no respect of kinred, but common; no apparell, but naturall; no manuring of lands; *no use of wine, corn, or mettle.* The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them."

Capell first pointed out the likeness of the two passages. Shakespeare might have read the Essay in the original, but the identity of phrase in the play and the translation indicate the latter as the source of Gonzalo's policy.

266. *A chough*:—A bird of the jackdaw kind.

Scene II.

9. To *mow* is to *make mouths*:—So in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*: "Nobody at home but an ape, that sat in the porch, and made mops and *mows* at him."

12. *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles.*

31. *make a man*:—Make a man's fortune; set a man up. Thus in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. ii. 17, 18: "If our sport had gone forward, we had all been *made men.*" Also in *Othello*, I. ii. 51: "If it prove lawful prize, he's *made* forever." "We are all *made men*"; and in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*: "She's a wench was born to *make us all.*"

40. A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips.

80. *I will not take too much for him*:—A piece of vulgar irony, meaning, "I'll take as much as I can get."

86. *will give language to you, cat*:—Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language: "They belch forth proverbs in their drink"; "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*"; and "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon.*"

115. *moon-calf*:—An imaginary monster, supposed to be pro-

duced by lunar influence. In Holland's *Pliny* it is described as "a lump of flesh without shape, without life."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

2. The delight those painful sports give us offsets the labour they call for. So in Macbeth, II. iii. 54: "The labour we delight in physics pain."

72. *what else*:—Whatsoever else.

91. A thousand thousand farewells.

Scene II.

69. *pied ninny*:—Alluding to Trinculo's motley dress; he was a professional fool or jester. See use of *patch* in *Merchant of Venice*, II. v. 46, to the same effect.

133, 134. *the picture of Nobody*:—A common sign, which consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a woodcut prefixed to an old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, which represented this personage.

158. *this taborer*:—"You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, by evill spirites that makes these soundes, and also do call diverse of the travellers by their names." *Travels of Marcus Paulus*, 1579. To some of these Milton also alludes in *Comus*:—

> "Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
> And aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Scene III.

1. *By 'r lakin* is a contraction of *by our ladykin*, the diminutive of *our Lady*.

21. Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. *A living drollery* is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

23. *one tree, the phœnix' throne*, etc.:—Shakespeare and others

of the old poets frequently refer to the phœnix. In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History* is this passage: "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix . . . for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again." And Lyly, in his *Euphues*, says: "As there is but one phœnix in the world, so there is but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth."

86, 87. *with good life And observation strange*:—Johnson says: "*With good life* may mean 'with exact presentation of their several characters,' *with observation strange* 'of their particular and distinct parts.' So we say, 'he acted to the life.'" To Hudson the explanation seems to be: "With all the truth of life itself, and with rare observance of the proprieties of action."

105. *Like poison,* etc.:—The natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.

108. Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any alienation of mind, a fit, or madness. In Shakespeare, as Nares observes, *ecstasy* "stands for every species of" such mental affection, "whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

15. *virgin-knot*:—An allusion to the zone or sacred girdle worn by maidens in classical times as the symbol and safeguard of chastity before marriage. This girdle was untied by the husband at the wedding.

64. *pioned and twilled brims*:—Dr. Johnson gives piony as another form for *peony*. Milton, whose poetical language is so much allied to Shakespeare's as often to afford a good comment upon him, has in his *Arcades* the line, "By sandy Ladon's lilied banks"; which, as Warton says, is "an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled* in a verse of *The Tempest*"; and he adds, "*lilied* seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." White and Rolfe prefer *lilied*; Hudson (Harvard ed.) has *peoned and twilled*. The Cambridge editors, following

the old text, are supported, in respect to their interpretation of *twilled* ("covered with reeds or sedges") by a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, quoted by Hudson: "*Twills* is given by Halliwell as an old provincial word for *reeds*; and it was applied, like *quills*, to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. It was indeed while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet."

81. *Bosky acres* are *woody* fields intersected by luxuriant hedgerows and copses.

119. *Harmonious charmingly* is charmingly harmonious.

123. *So rare a wonder'd father*, etc.:—A father able to produce such wonders.

130. *crisp channels*:—*Crisp* means *curled* from the curl made by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 *King Henry IV.*, I. iii. 106, it is that the river Severn "hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

155. *faded*:—From the Latin *vado*: it means *vanished.*

156. *rack*:—According to Bacon, in his *Silva Silvarum*, this word was used of the highest and therefore thinnest or lightest clouds: "The winds in the upper regions (which move the *clouds* above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below) pass without noise.

166. *to meet with*:—This was anciently the same as to *counteract*, or *oppose*. So in Herbert's *Country Parson*: "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

187. *stale*:—In the art of fowling, this term signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

262. *Pard* was a common term for leopard, and likewise for *panther*. *Cat o' mountain* probably means *wildcat.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

33. *Ye elves*, etc.:—This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid (book vii.). The expressions are, many of them, in the old translation by Gold-

ing. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own. The following passages are interesting for comparison:—

"Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills, of brookes, of woodes* alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everych one,
Through help of whom (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run clean backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne,
And cover all the skie with clouds, and chase them thence again;
By charmes *I raise and lay the windes,* and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw;
Whole woodes and forrests I remoue, *I make the mountains shake,*
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone;
Our sorcerie dimmes the morning faire, and *darks the sun at noone.*
The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set,*
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet."

37. *green sour ringlets*:—Circles on the grass formerly supposed to have been made by elves dancing in a ring by night; "fairy rings"; now explained as circular growths of fungi in the fields.

41. *Weak masters*:—The usual explanation is, weak if left to themselves, because wasting their power, but strong as auxiliaries, or when wisely guided to good ends. Jephson, however, interprets in a different manner, by some preferred. He says that "*masters* is only used ironically, as a term of slight contempt." Others think that the "irony" is not contemptuous, but "affectionate."

60. *boil'd*:—That is, *boiling, seething.* So in *The Winter's Tale,* III. iii. 64, 65: "these *boiled* brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty." Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* V. i. 4: "Lov-

ers and madmen have such *seething* brains." See also *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 3.

91, 92. Ariel uses "the bat's back" as his vehicle, to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms. This appears the most natural as well as the most poetical meaning of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history?

124. *subtilties*:—Quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.

145. *As great to me as late*:—As great as it is recent. Some have, "As great to me, as late," and explain: "As great to me, *and* as recent."

244. *conduct*:—Conductor or guide. Frequently so in Shakespeare.

246. *beating on*:—There is a similar expression now in use: "Still *hammering* at it."

269-271. *one so strong . . . power*:—Hudson explains, one "who could outdo the Moon in exercising the Moon's own command." *Without her power* is *beyond*, etc. So often.

EPILOGUE.

9, 10. *release me . . . hands*:—That is, by the clapping of your hands. Noise was supposed to dissolve spells or enchantments. Thus before in this play—IV. i. 126, 127: "hush, and be mute, or else our *spell is marr'd*." Students of the English Drama are familiar with the fact that its Prologues and Epilogues are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays. Shakespeare's is no exception to this general rule, and it is White's opinion that this Epilogue, although appearing in the Folio, was certainly not written by the author of *The Tempest*. It is enough only to note the poor and commonplace thoughts and the miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian rhythm. It now seems plain to nearly all Shakespearians that this Epilogue was written for the theatre by some person other than Shakespeare. As Hudson remarks, "The whole texture and grain of the thing are altogether unlike him." Other Epilogues which appear not to have been written by Shakespeare are that to *2 Henry IV.* and that to *Henry VIII.*

Questions on The Tempest.

1. Where did the plot of *The Tempest* originate? Where did Shakespeare probably find materials?

ACT FIRST.

2. Where is the scene of the drama laid?

3. What has been said of the seamanship displayed in Sc. i.? If it was without defect, to what are we to attribute the shipwreck?

4. With what petition does Miranda first appear? What fears fill her mind? What sense of pity?

5. What reassurance does she get from Prospero? What hint do we derive as to the intent of the play?

6. What foreshadowing is there in the statement that the long-delayed revelations Prospero should make to Miranda were demanded by the very minute?

7. Give in outline the story of Prospero's misfortunes which he recounts to Miranda. How differently does the influence of a woman show in *The Tempest* and in *Hamlet*?

8. What quality has Miranda that Prospero lacks? What quality has Prospero that is lacking in Miranda?

9. What reason does Prospero give for raising the storm? What justification of his reason? What parallelism do you find in *Hamlet*?

10. What is the agency that Prospero employs to work enchantment? What is enchantment? What does Ariel report of his doings with the ship and mariners?

11. In what material forms does Ariel appear? What was the history of Ariel previous to Prospero's advent upon the island? With what injunction is he dismissed from the first interview?

12. Who was Sycorax? Caliban? How is Caliban described?

13. What traits does Caliban display? Has knowledge been a benefit to him? Does Prospero seem unnecessarily harsh to him?

14. How is Ferdinand introduced? What is Miranda's first impression of him?

15. What is Ferdinand's impression of Miranda and of Prospero?

16. What precipitate action does Prospero wish to forestall? What is his reason for so wishing?

17. Does Prospero's power of enchantment extend over other than physical nature?

18. What is to be the episode of this play? What its enveloping atmosphere?

19. State the human emotions that will play a part.

ACT SECOND.

20. Who are the members of the King's train? What traits similar to Polonius does Gonzalo possess?

21. What spirit seems to animate this group? Which of them have the more biting wit?

22. What manifestations of Prospero's power do this group first observe?

23. What backward glance over events is given that is necessary to account for the presence of the shipwrecked party on the island?

24. What attitude does Sebastian show towards the griefs of Alonso? Is there here any foreshadowing of future events?

25. What were the nature and source of the ideal commonwealth that Gonzalo describes? Does Shakespeare introduce this passage as a satire on current ideas of his era? May it be said to have a purpose in harmony with the imaginative character of the play?

26. Is there any reason to believe that Prospero abstained from exercising his power of enchantment over Sebastian and Antonio?

27. Do you think it is at Prospero's suggestion that the two men plot? What does Ariel's speech on re-entrance imply?

28. What moral quality does imagination overcome in this plotting?

29. How are the purposes of Antonio and Sebastian thwarted?

30. What quality of mind does Caliban display in his speech recounting his sufferings? From the dramatist's view-point is there any spirit of caricature here?

31. What are some of Trinculo's satirical comments on Caliban? Are they capable of wider application?

32. Why does Caliban fear torment from Trinculo and Stephano? What character of mind does he display in his quick change from fear to worship?

33. What types are brought in vivid contrast in Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano? Who shows to highest advantage? Why does Caliban speak in blank verse and the others in prose?

34. Could Caliban ever be otherwise than under subjection to some one? What is the freedom he praises contrasted with that Ariel desires? What is the satirical import of this scene?

ACT THIRD.

35. What purpose had Prospero in giving the laborious work to Ferdinand?

36. How does Miranda show her sympathetic nature? What does it bring out in Ferdinand?

37. Interpret lines 31, 32: *Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.* Is Prospero's love for his daughter or for his art paramount here?

38. Is Miranda less charming for being so purely feminine? Is it not the temptation of most novelists in picturing a woman, educated in ignorance of other women, to make them sexless creations?

39. Compare this scene with the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet.* Show how one is idyllic and the other romantic.

40. What satirical foreshowing of the plot to kill Prospero does Trinculo utter in the beginning of Sc. ii.? Who proposes the plot?

41. Why does Ariel try to instigate quarrels among the plotters?

42. What does Caliban say about Prospero's books? About Miranda? Are his perceptions of the worth of books and of women consonant with his brutish nature? Would he use them to improve himself or degrade them to exalt himself?

43. To which of the party does the weariness still cling as shown by Sc. iii.?

44. What is the effect of the apparition on Sebastian and Antonio? Which are the three addressed by Ariel?

45. Prospero has accomplished his end of bringing his enemies into his power; does this mark the climax of the drama?

46. How does the charm affect each?

47. Summarize Act III. and show how imagination triumphs over all other powers.

ACT FOURTH.

48. How does Prospero release Ferdinand from bondage?

49. Is Ariel possessed of moral qualities?

50. What part of the pageant is foreshadowed in the repeated warning of Prospero (line 50)?

51. What does the pageant celebrate? What classical figures take part? Over what part of nature does each exercise a function?

52. What interruption does the pageant suffer? How does Prospero moralize when he has dissolved it?

53. What feeling is uppermost in his mind over the facts that have caused the sudden dissolution of the play?

54. What has happened to Caliban and his fellow plotters since we saw them last?

55. Of whom does Prospero speak, line 188 *et seq.*? How is he affected by the failure of his efforts "humanely taken"?

56. What is the bait laid out to catch the plotters? How does Caliban show superior mentality in this crisis?

57. What agencies does Prospero employ to punish them? How does this contrast with the punishment laid on the King's train? What is the symbolical purport of these punishments?

58. Show how this Act is an exponent of poetic justice.

ACT FIFTH.

59. Does Prospero feel exaltation through the success of his charms? Why should Ariel have to suggest to him the need of human qualities?

60. To what state does Prospero say that his charms are designed to bring the sinners?

61. Why does Prospero feel even *so potent art* as he possesses insufficient for himself, so that he will break his staff and bury his book?

62. Does Prospero's forgiveness come before any show of penitence on the part of the sinners?

63. What detachment from human interests does Ariel show at the supreme moral moment in the lives of the sinners?

64. What state of mind does Gonzalo show on being released from the spell?

65. What special forgiveness does Prospero extend to Sebastian and Antonio?

66. How is the current of action turned to coincide with the love story of the play?

67. What is the significance of the game of chess?

68. Of what nature is Miranda's impression of the world? Show how Miranda's view of mankind is completed by Hamlet's *What a piece of work is man,* etc.

69. How does the reasoning of Gonzalo, 206 *et seq.,* resemble Polonius?

70. What quality at variance with the general tenor of the play does the Boatswain's tale introduce? What dramatic effect is hereby produced?

71. How does Alonso attempt a solution of the mysteries presented? How does Prospero reassure him? How does Alonso typify the untutored mind?

72. What humorous topsy-turvy does Stephano show? Compare Caliban's exclamation on seeing the King's party with Miranda's. Is Caliban's admiration unalloyed?

73. What have Sebastian and Antonio said after being brought out of the spell? What profound observation of human nature has Shakespeare shown in depicting the different states of mind of the King's party after they have met with deliverance by an overruling Providence?

74. What is Caliban's departing reflection?

75. Why does Ariel say nothing as he is dismissed?

76. What graceful compliment does Prospero make to the audience in the Epilogue?

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77. How do you reconcile Prospero's ascendancy in the play with his weakness as administrator of his dukedom? Has he gained perfect mastery of himself? Mention two instances where his old habit nearly caused grave disasters.

78. Contrast the motives that actuate Caliban, Ariel, and Ferdinand in their labors for Prospero? Is there pleasure in work itself to any of them?

79. As a father, compare and contrast Prospero with Lear, Shylock, Frederick (*As You Like It*).

80. May Miranda be called a character? Of what moral qualities is she sensible?

81. How is the disparity of female characters in the play partially supplemented by suggestion?

82. How does Ferdinand compare with Romeo, Florizel, Lucio?

83. Summarize the elements that go to make up Caliban. What had been Prospero's relation to him? What changes had this relation made in him? Was the possession of the island left to Caliban?

84. What elements compose Ariel? What sympathy does nature show for him?

85. What is the function of music in this play?

86. In the various stages of the action, what use is made of the dramatic element of contrast?

87. If Providence has for its function the exercise of mercy and judgement, show how Providence through the agency of enchantment is the ruling motif of this play.

88. What saves the play from anti-climax after Prospero renounces enchantment?

89. What supreme flights of poetry does this play contain?

As You Like It.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Preface.

The Editions. *As You Like It* was published for the first time in the First Folio; a Quarto edition was contemplated many years previously, but for some cause or other was 'staied,' and the play is mentioned among others in 1623, when Jaggard and Blount obtained permission to print the First Folio, as 'not formerly entered to other men.' The text of the play in the four Folios is substantially the same, though the Second Folio corrects a few typographical and other errors in the first edition.

As You Like It was in all probability produced under circumstances necessitating great haste on the part of the author, and many evidences of this rapidity of composition exist in the text of the play, *e.g.* (i.) in Act I. Sc. ii. line 284, Le Beau makes Celia '*the taller,*' which statement seems to contradict Rosalind's description of herself in the next Scene (I. iii. 117), '*because that I am more than common tall*': (ii.) again, in the first Act the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys is referred to as 'Jaques,' a name subsequently transferred to another and more important character; wherefore when he appears in the last Act he is styled in the Folio merely '*second brother*' (iii.) '*old* Frederick, your father' (I. ii. 87) seems to refer to the banished duke ('Duke *senior*'), for to Rosalind, and not to Celia, the words '*thy father's love,* etc., are assigned in the Folio; either the ascription is incorrect, or 'Frederick' is an error for some other name, perhaps for 'Ferdinand,' as has been suggested; attention should also be called to certain slight inaccuracies, *e.g.* '*Juno's* swans' (*vide* Glossary); finally, the part of Hymen in the last

scene of the play is on the whole unsatisfactory, and is possibly by another hand.

Date of Composition. (i.) *As You Like It* may safely be assigned to the year 1599, for while the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia,* 1598, it quotes a line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander,* which was printed for the first time in that year—five years after the Poet's death—and at once became popular.* The quotation is introduced by a touching tribute on Shakespeare's part to the most distinguished of his predecessors :—

* Two editions of *Hero and Leander* appeared in 1598. The first edition contained only Marlowe's portion of the poem; the second gave the whole poem, *"Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe and finished by George Chapman...Ul Nectar, Ingenium."* The line quoted by Shakespeare occurs in the first sestiad (l. 176) :—

'Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'

There are many quotations from the poem in contemporary literature after 1598; they often help us to fix the date of the composition in which they appear; *e.g.* the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus* must have been acted at Cambridge not earlier than Christmas, 1598, for it contains the line *'Learning and Poverty must always kiss,'* also taken from the first sestiad of the poem. No evidence has as yet been discovered tending to show that *Hero and Leander* circulated while still in MS.

It is at times difficult to resist the temptation of comparing the meeting of Marlowe's lovers and Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. The passage in Marlowe immediately follows the line quoted in *As You Like It*; *cp.*:—

'He kneel'd; but unto her devoutly prayed:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him" . . .
These lovers parled by the touch of hands.'

Cp. Romeo and Juliet's first meeting, where Romeo ('the pilgrim') comes to 'the holy shrine' of Juliet: 'palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss,' etc. (Act. I. v. 102). If in this case there is any doubt at all, it must be Marlowe's.

"Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight."—(III. v. 82, 83.)

(ii.) In the Stationers' Registers there is a rough memorandum dated August 4, without any year, seemingly under the head of 'my lord chamberlens menns plaies,' to the effect that *As You Like It,* together with *Henry the Fifth, Every Man In His Humour,* and *Much Ado About Nothing,* are 'to be staied.' This entry may be assigned to the year 1600, for later on, in the same month of that year the three latter plays were entered again; moreover the previous entry bears the date May 27, 1600.

The Sources. The plot of *As You Like It* was in all probability* directly derived from a famous novel by Shakespeare's contemporary, Thomas Lodge, entitled, "*Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie; found after his death in his cell at Silexedra; bequeathed to Philautus' sons nursed up with their father in England; fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*" The first edition of the book appeared in 1590, and many editions were published before the end of the century (*cp. Shakespeare's Library,* ed. W. C. Hazlitt, Vol. II., where the 1592 edition of the novel is reprinted).

Lodge's *Rosalynde* is in great part founded upon the old '*Tale of Gamelyn,*' formerly erroneously attributed to Chaucer as 'the Cook's Tale,' but evidently it was the Poet's intention to work up the old ballad into 'the Yeoman's Tale'; none of the black-letter editions of Chaucer contains the Tale, which was not printed till 1721; Lodge must therefore have read it in manuscript;† (*cp. The Tale*

* Some have supposed that there was an older drama intermediate between *As You Like It* and Lodge's *Rosalynde*; there is absolutely no evidence to support such a supposition.

† Harleian MS. 7334 is possibly the first MS. that includes Gamelyn; it is quite clear in the MS. that the scribe did not intend it to be taken for the Cook's Tale (*cp.* Ward's Catalogue of British Museum Romances, Vol. I. p. 508).

of Gamelyn, ed. by Prof. Skeat, Oxford, 1884). The story of Gamelyn the Outlaw, the prototype of Orlando, belongs to the Robin Hood cycle of ballads, and the hero often appears in these under the form of '*Gandeleyn,*' '*Gamwell*'; Shakespeare himself gives us a hint of this ultimate origin of his story:—*They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England*" (I. i. 120-2).*

The '*Tale of Gamelyn*' tells how 'Sire Johan of Boundys' leaves his possessions to three sons of Johan, Ote, and Gamelyn; the eldest neglects the youngest, who endures his ill-treatment for sixteen years. One day he shows his prowess, and wins prizes at a wrestling match; he invites all the spectators home. The brothers quarrel after the guests have gone, and Johan has Gamelyn chained as a madman. Adam the Spencer, his father's old retainer, releases him, and they escape together to the woods; Gamelyn becomes king of the outlaws. Johan, as sheriff of the county, gets possession of Gamelyn again; Ote, the second brother, bails him out; he returns in time to save his bail; finally he condemns Johan to the gallows.

There is no element of love in the ballad; at the end it is merely stated that Gamelyn wedded 'a wyf bothe good and feyr.' This perhaps suggested to Lodge a second plot—viz., the story of the exiled King of France, Gerismond; of his daughter Rosalynd's love for the young wrestler; of her departure (disguised as a page called

*'*Arden*' has taken the place of 'Sherwood'; but this is due to Lodge, who localises the story; the *Tale of Gamelyn,* however, gives no place at all. The mere phrase '*a many merry men*' suggests a reminiscence of Robin Hood ballads on Shakespeare's part. 'Robin Hood plays' were not uncommon at the end of the sixteenth century, *e.g. George-A-Green, Downfall and Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington,* etc. To the abiding charm of Robin Hood and Maid Marian we owe the latest of pastoral plays, Tennyson's *Foresters.*

'Ganimede') with Alinda (who changes her name to Aliena) from the Court of the usurper King Torismond; and of the story of Montanus, the lover of Phœbe. The old knight is named by Lodge 'Sir John of Bordeaux,' and the sons are Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader. Adam Spencer is retained from the old Tale.* The scene is Bordeaux and the Forest of Ardennes. A noteworthy point is the attempt made by a band of robbers to seize Aliena; she is rescued by Rosader and Saladine: this gives some motive for her ready acceptance of the elder brother's suit; the omission of this saving incident by Shakespeare produces the only unsatisfactory element in the whole play. "Nor can it well be worth any man's while," writes Mr. Swinburne,† "to say or to hear for the thousandth time that *As You Like It* would be one of those works which prove, as Landor said long since, the falsehood of the stale axiom that no work of man can be perfect, were it not for that one unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear on one corner of the canvas as the betrothal of Oliver to Celia; though with all reverence for a great name and a noble memory, I can hardly think that matters were much mended in George Sand's adaptation of the play‡ by the transference of her hand to Jaques."

* This is an old tradition preserved by Oldys and Capell that Shakespeare himself took the part of Old Adam. The former narrates that a younger brother of the Poet recalled in his old age that he had once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, *"Wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song."* [*N.B.*—Shakespeare's brothers predeceased him.]

† A Study of Shakespeare, p. 151.

‡ Mr. Swinburne alludes to George Sand's *Comme Il Vous Plaira*; an analysis of which is to be found in the Variorum *As You Like It*, edited by H. H. Furness.

Shakespeare has varied the names of the three sons; of the rightful and usurping kings (*Duke Senior* and *Frederick*); *Alinda* becomes *Celia*, *Montanus* is changed to *Sylvius*. In the novel Alinda and Rosalind go on their travels as lady and page; in the play as sister and brother. The characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, have no prototypes in the original story. Various estimates have been formed of Lodge's *Rosalynde*; some critics speak of it as 'one of the dullest and dreariest of all the obscure literary performances that have come down to us from past ages,' others regard it with enthusiasm as 'informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possessing a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sidney's *Arcadia*.' Certainly in many places the elaborate euphuistic prose serves as a quaint frame-work for some dainty '*Sonetto*,' '*Eglog*,' or '*Song*'; the xvith lyric in the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" may at least vindicate the novel from the attacks of its too harsh critics.

All the world 's a stage. (i.) It is an interesting point that the original of these words, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem*," was inscribed over the entrance to the Globe Theatre; as the theatre was probably opened at the end of 1599, the play containing the elaboration of the idea may have been among the first plays produced there. According to a doubtful tradition the motto called forth epigrams from Jonson and Shakespeare. Oldys has preserved for us the following lines:—

JONSON.— *"If, but stage actors, all the world displays,*
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?"

SHAKESPEARE.—*"Little or much, of what we see, we do;*
We're all both actors and spectators too." *

* The authenticity of the epigrams may be put down as very slight. It is noteworthy that they are preserved "in the same collection of items which Oldys had gathered for a life of Shakespeare, from which we get the anecdote about Old Adam"—the tradition that Shakespeare himself acted the part.

The motto is said to be derived from one of the fragments of Petronius, where the words are "quor fere *totus mundus exerceat histrioniam.*"* The idea, however, was common in Elizabethan literature, *e.g.* "*Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts*" (from the old play of *Damon and Pythias*); Shakespeare had himself already used the idea in *The Merchant of Venice* (I. i.):—"*I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage where every man must play a part.*"

(ii.) It should be noted that Jaques' moralising is but an enlargement of the text given out to him by the Duke:—

> '*Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:*
> *This wide and universal theatre*
> *Presents more woeful pageants than the scene*
> *Wherein we play in.*'

Now 'this wide and universal theatre' reminds one strongly of a famous book which Shakespeare may very well have known, viz. Boissard's *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ* (published at Metz, 1596), the opening chapter of which is embellished with a remarkable emblem (here reproduced) representing a huge pageant of universal misery, headed with the lines:—

> '*Vita Humana est tanquam*
> *Theatrum omnium miseriarum*';

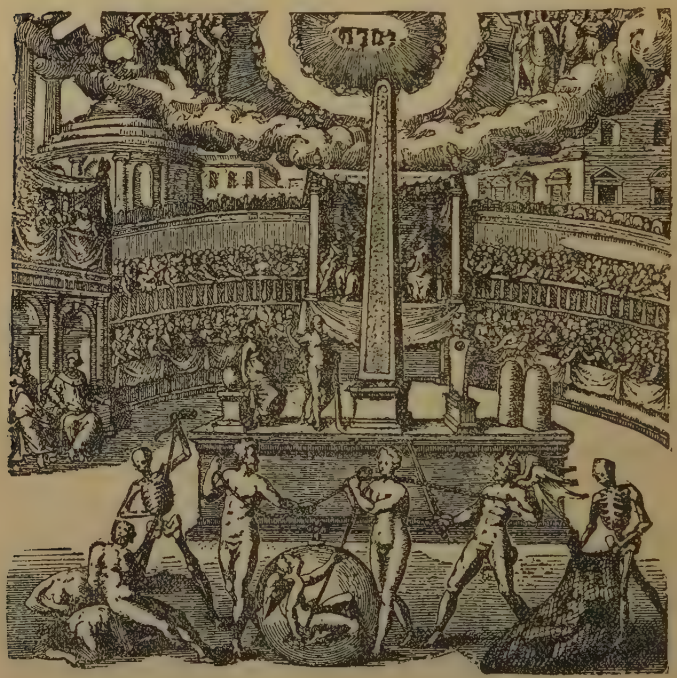
beneath the picture are words to the same effect:—

> '*Vita hominis tanquam circus vel grande theatrum.*' †

(iii.) The division of the life of man into fourteen, ten, or seven periods is found in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman literature (*cp. Archæologia,* Vol. xxxv. 167-189; Löw's *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur; cp.* also Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors,* iv. 12). In the fifteenth

* The reading is variously given as *histrionem* and *histrioniam.*
† *Cp. Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers,* by H. Green, 1870.

century the representation of the 'seven ages was a common theme in literature and art; *e.g.* (i.) in *Arnold's Chronicle,* a famous book of the period, there is a chapter entitled 'the vij ages of man living in the world'; (ii.) a block-print in the British Museum gives seven figures *'Infans,' 'Pueritia,' 'Adolescentia,' 'Juventus,' 'Virili-*



tas,' 'Senectus,' 'Decrepitas,' which practically, in several cases, illustrate the words of Jaques; (iii.) the allegorical mosaics on the pavement of the Cathedral at Siena picture forth the same seven acts of life's drama.

There should be somewhere a Moral Play based on

Jaques' theme of life's progress: it might perhaps be said that the spirit of the dying Drama of Allegory lived on in the person of 'Monsieur Melancholy'; he may well be likened to the Presenter of some old 'Enterlude of Youth, Manhood, and Age'; Romantic Comedy was not for him; '*Everyman*,' '*Lusty Juventus*,' '*Mundus et Infans*,' and such like endless moralisings on the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, were more to his taste.

The Scene of Action. The locality of the play is '*the Forest of Arden*,' *i.e.* 'Ardennes,' in the north-east of France, 'between the Meuse and Moselle,' but Shakespeare could hardly help thinking of his own Warwickshire Arden, and there can be little doubt that his contemporaries took it in the same way. There is a beautiful description of this English Forest in Drayton's *Polyolbion* (Song xiii.), where the poet apostrophises Warwickshire as his own '*native country which so brave spirits hast bred*.' The whole passage, as Mr. Furness admirably points out, probably serves to show 'the deep impression on him which his friend Shakespeare's *As You Like It* had made.' Elsewhere Drayton refers to '*Sweet Arden's Nightingales*,' *e.g.* in his *Matilda* and in the *Idea*:—

> "*Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing*
> *Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers.*"

The Title of the Play. The title *As You Like It* was evidently suggested by a passage in Lodge's 'Address to the Gentlemen Readers':—'To be brief, gentlemen, room for a soldier and a sailor, that gives you the fruits of his labours that he wrote in the ocean, where every line was wet with the surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm. *If you like it* so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favour.' It was formerly believed (by Tieck and others) that the title alluded to the concluding lines of Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:—

> "*I'll only speak what I have heard him say,*
> *'By—'tis good, and if you like 't you may.'*"

But Shakespeare's play must have preceded Jonson's dramatic satire, which was first acted in 1600.

Duration of Action. The time of the play, according to Mr. Daniel's *Analysis* (*Trans. of New Shakespere Soc.*, 1877-79), may be taken as ten days represented on the stage, with necessary intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. i. *Day* 2, Act I. ii. and iii., and Act II. i. [Act II. iii.]. *Day* 3, Act II. ii. [Act III. i.]; an interval of a few days; the journey to Arden. *Day* 4, Act II. iv. *Day* 5, Act II. v., vi. and vii.; an interval of a few days. *Day* 6, Act III. ii.; an interval. *Day* 7, Act III. iii. *Day* 8, Act III. iv. and v.; Act IV. i., ii. and iii.; and Act V. i. *Day* 9, Act V. ii. and iii. *Day* 10, Act V. iv. The scenes in brackets are out of their actual order. "The author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand."

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. A Duke of France, being dispossessed of his dominions by his younger brother, Frederick, retires to the neighbouring forest of Arden with a few of his faithful followers. His daughter Rosalind remains at her usurping uncle's court as companion for her beloved cousin, Celia. The two maidens witness a wrestling-match between the Duke's wrestler and Orlando, an unknown youth, in which the latter comes off victorious. Duke Frederick is pleased with the young man's prowess and is disposed to show him favour until he discovers Orlando to be the son of one of the banished Duke's friends. But Rosalind is delighted to hear of this connection, since she has become favourably disposed towards Orlando.

The people are so fond of Rosalind because of her many accomplishments and for the sake of her father that Duke Frederick in alarm banishes her also from the court. For love of her, Celia accompanies her cousin into exile.

II. Rosalind assumes male attire and takes Celia to the Forest of Arden, where they purchase a country-place and reside as brother and sister. To the same wood comes Orlando, who has been forced to flee from home to escape the evil designs of his elder brother, Oliver, and joins the company of the banished Duke.

III. Rosalind is at first dismayed when she learns of the presence of Orlando in the forest, since she is dressed as a man. But presently her inventiveness leads her to

make use of her disguise to test his affection for her, which had been aroused at the same time with her own for him on the day of the wrestling-match, and is now venting itself in sighs and in verses fastened at random on the trees. The lover is invited to visit the supposed youth and talk to him in the same manner that he would have talked to Rosalind. Orlando is glad to avail himself of this privilege, partly as an outlet to his pent-up sentiment, partly because Rosalind, even in man's garments, exerts a subtle fascination over him.

IV. Orlando has the good fortune to rescue his brother Oliver from a serpent and a lioness, though becoming slightly wounded in an encounter with the beast. On finding him asleep, Orlando, remembering the wrongs he had endured at Oliver's hands, had been tempted to leave him to his fate, "but kindness, nobler ever than revenge," made him give aid. The two brothers are tenderly reconciled, and Oliver goes to acquaint Rosalind with Orlando's injury. Rosalind is not enough of a man to resist swooning at the tidings.

V. Oliver and Celia no sooner see each other than they fall desperately in love and resolve upon speedy marriage. Rosalind, who is satisfied with the strength of Orlando's devotion, promises him that the wedding ceremony shall include him also, and that she will find means to bring his lady-love hither. She seeks out the banished Duke, her father, and obtains his consent, and thereupon appears before them in her proper attire, to the great delight of Orlando and the Duke. The wedding, instead of being a double is a quadruple event, since it includes besides these two couples, a shepherd and his lass (who had foolishly been attracted by Rosalind in her male attire), and Touchstone, the court clown, who had followed the two maidens to the forest and there become enamoured of a country wench. The wedding-party is made all the happier by the tidings that the usurping Duke Frederick, while on his way to the forest with a large army for the purpose of exterminating the exiles

had met an aged hermit who had converted him "both from his enterprise and from the world." Struck with remorse, he restores the dukedom to his banished brother and seeks the life of a recluse, leaving the rightful Duke and his followers free to resume their former rank.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Rosalind.

I come now to Rosalind, whom I should have ranked before Beatrice, inasmuch as the greater degree of her sex's softness and sensibility, united with equal wit and intellect, give her the superiority as a woman; but that, as a dramatic character, she is inferior in force. The portrait is one of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth. It is easy to seize on the prominent features in the mind of Beatrice, but extremely difficult to catch and fix the more fanciful graces of Rosalind. She is like a compound of essences, so volatile in their nature, and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyze them, they seem to escape us. To what else shall we compare her, all-enchanting as she is?—to the silvery summer clouds which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms dissolving into air, and light, and rainbow showers?—to the May-morning, flush with opening blossoms and roseate dews, and "charm of earliest birds"?—to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd boy might "pipe to Amarillis in the shade"?—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror in which the skies may glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on!

But this impression, though produced by the complete development of the character, and in the end possessing the whole fancy, is not immediate. The first introduction

of Rosalind is less striking than interesting; we see her a dependant, almost a captive, in the house of her usurping uncle; her genial spirits are subdued by her situation, and the remembrance of her banished father; her playfulness is under a temporary eclipse.

I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry!

is an adjuration which Rosalind needed not when once at liberty, and sporting "under the greenwood tree." The sensibility and even pensiveness of her demeanour in the first instance render her archness and gayety afterwards more graceful and more fascinating.

Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court, and the artificial appendages of her rank. . . .

Everything about Rosalind breathes of "youth and youth's sweet prime." She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—"By this hand, it will not hurt a fly!"

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Rosalind in Doublet and Hose.

Rosalind's wit is gaiety without a sting; the gleam in it is of "that sweet radiance" which Oehlenschläger at-

tributed to Freia; her sportive nature masks the depth of her love. Beatrice can be brought to love because she is a woman, and stands in no respect apart from her sex; but she is not of an amatory nature. Rosalind is seized with a passion for Orlando the instant she sets eyes on him. From the moment of Beatrice's first appearance she is defiant and combative, in the highest of spirits. We are introduced to Rosalind as a poor bird with a drooping wing; her father is banished, she is bereft of her birthright, and is living on sufferance as companion to the usurper's daughter, being, indeed, half a prisoner in the palace, where till lately she reigned as princess. It is not until she has donned the doublet and hose, appears in the likeness of a page, and wanders at her own sweet will in the open air and the greenwood, that she recovers her radiant humour, and roguish merriment flows from her lips like the trilling of a bird.

Nor is the man she loves, like Benedick, an overweening gallant with a sharp tongue and an unabashed bearing. This youth, though brave as a hero and strong as an athlete, is a child in inexperience, and so bashful in the presence of the woman who instantly captivates him, that it is she who is the first to betray her sympathy for him, and has even to take the chain from her own neck and hang it around his before he can so much as muster up courage to hope for her love. So, too, we find him passing his time in hanging poems to her upon the trees, and carving the name of Rosalind in their bark. She amuses herself, in her page's attire, by making herself his confidant, and pretending, as it were in jest, to be his Rosalind. She cannot bring herself to confess her passion, although she can think and talk (to Celia) of no one but him, and although his delay of a few minutes in keeping tryst with her sets her beside herself with impatience. She is as sensitive as she is intelligent, in this differing from Portia, to whom, in other respects, she bears some resemblance, though she lacks her persuasive eloquence, and is, on the whole, more tender, more vir-

ginal. She faints when Oliver, to excuse Orlando's delay, brings her a handkerchief stained with his blood; yet has sufficient self-mastery to say with a smile the moment she recovers, "I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited." She is quite at her ease in her male attire, like Viola and Imogen after her. The fact that female parts were played by youths had, of course, something to do with the frequency of these disguises.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Jaques.

Jaques characterizes the use of the word "melancholy" as applied to himself, when he says: "It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." He has also gained his experience at the expense of having tried various vices of high life, as the Duke hints: "For thou thyself hast been a libertine." So the arsenic eaters of the Styrian Alps take the natural poison in small successive doses which give them a bloated aspect of florid health, but they so affect the action of the heart that it stops quite suddenly.

The famous speech beginning with, "All the world's a stage," is purely cynical, and assumes the futility of the parts which the necessity of living compels us to play. It might be spoken by one who believes that our little life is rounded by a sleep whose pure oblivion swallows up our striving.

When Jaques calls for more singing, and is told that it will make him melancholy, he replies, "I thank it: I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs." We may infer that he sucks music with the notion

of the weasel, who probably regards eggs as being laid on purpose for his sucking. There is nothing more ferrety than your cynic, to whom all objects are game for observation. When he hears that Duke Frederick, the usurper, has restored the kingdom and "put on a religious life," he goes to find him for the purpose of critical inspection; for "out of these convertites there is much matter to be heard and learned." So Jaques surmising that every hole leads to a rat does not leave one unexplored. In the matter of music Jaques only cares for his sad reverie, not for the names of the songs. He will thank nobody. "When a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks." So, sing, if you choose to: the song tracks me to that rat behind the arras. . . .

Jaques reserves his last and cruelest thrust for Touchstone, to whom he predicts a marriage victualled for two months, and wrangling ever after; which is hard on the wise fool, who has taken up with Audrey as if to show the under side of court manners and the comparative cheapness of mere breeding. This ought to have endeared him to the heart of the cynic.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.*

Jaques died, we know not how or when or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman. We need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Lawrence Sterne. Mr. Yorick made a mistake about his family tree; he came not out of the play of *Hamlet,* but out of *As You Like It.* In Arden he wept and moralized over the wounded deer; and at Namport his tears and sentiment gushed forth for the dead donkey. Jaques knows no bonds that unite him to any living thing. He lives upon novel, curious, and delicate sensations. He seeks the delicious *imprévu* so loved and studiously sought for by that perfected French egoist, Henri Beyle. "A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the for-

est!"—and in the delight of coming upon this exquisite surprise, Jaques laughs like chanticleer,

"Sans intermission
An hour by his dial."

His whole life is unsubstantial and unreal, a curiosity of dainty mockery. To him "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players"; to him sentiment stands in place of passion; an æsthetic, amateurish experience of various modes of life stands in place of practical wisdom, and words in place of deeds.

"He fatigues me," wrote our earnest and sensitive Thackeray of the Jaques of English literature, "with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not; posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me. 'See what sensibility I have—own now that I'm very clever—do cry now, you can't resist this.'" Yes; for Jaques was at his best in the Forest of Arden, and was a little spoiled by preaching weekly sermons, and by writing so long a caprice as his "Tristram Shandy."

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

V.

Morbid Humour of Jaques.

The whole character of Jaques is one not easy to define, and one which leaves the most strangely opposite impressions upon different readers. He is a general favourite with audiences in the theatre. Actors, so far as I have observed, seem to form an exalted opinion of him; and it must be difficult for them to do otherwise when they have to speak in his character the most famous of quotations that compares all the world to a stage. On the other hand, Jaques is certainly not a favourite with the personages in the story: he is least liked by the best of them,

and the poet himself takes pains to except him from the happy ending which crowns the careers of the rest. The epithet 'philosophical' has stuck to Jaques, and there is good reason for it. We find him everywhere showing, not only seriousness of bent, but also that deep eye to the lessons of life underlying the outward appearances of things which is traditionally associated with wisdom. Yet in the scenes of the play his seriousness is not treated with much respect, and his wisdom by no means gives him the victory when he has to encounter much more unpretentious personages. Interpretation must find some view of him which will be consistent with all this; and we get a hint as to the direction in which we are to look for such a view in the play itself, where the Duke, in answer to Jaques' longing for the Fool's licence of universal satire, says that by such satire he would do—

> Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
> For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
> As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
> And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
> That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
> Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

The hypothesis which will make the whole character clear, so far as it can be summed up in a single phrase, might be expressed as the *morbid humour of melancholy.*

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VI.

Frederick.

That Duke Frederick is not constitutionally cruel, is indicated in his endeavour to stay the wrestling, "in pity of the challenger's youth," first by personal dissuasion of Orlando, then by suggesting to the princesses to use their influence, while he stands considerately aside, and then by restricting the encounter to one fall; and thus, tyrant as

he is, he is in sympathy with the assembled crowd, who so deeply compassionate the bereaved father. Again, he is better than his class in his care of the gasping and disabled prizer—"How dost thou, Charles?" and "bear him away." Ambition and avarice control his better nature, which regains its elasticity, however, when he is brought under the genial influences of a clearer air and an altered scene. Certain it is that such a change has a healthy moral, as well as physical influence; it is one of the rescuing energies of nature, and if in actual nature it has not always the permanent vigour that is desirable, and loses its force when we return again into the circle of old local influences and associations, the more delightful is it for a time to revel in a fiction which exhibits one of the most beautiful resources of nature, operating with a vitality that brings aid to faltering virtue and corrects the flaws of fortune, and turns the odds of the great combat of life to the side of the excellent and the admirable.

In the meantime the usurper pays the penalties of a falsely assumed position; his very lords characterize him justly when they speak in an undertone, and warn away from the range of his passion those whom he is fitfully incensed against. His very daughter disowns the ill-bought advancement he would provide for her, and slips from his side to accompany in peril and privation a victim of his jealousy. Thus in every form of loyalty, compassion, duty, and affection, whether spirited, tender, sentimental, or grotesque, the better spirits fly by natural attraction to a more congenial centre, and in all happy companionship.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Phebe.

Phebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry. Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing

effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phebe, and in the dialogue between her and Sylvius, Shakspeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral, and surpassed Tasso and Guarini. We find two among the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe: the taunting speech to Sylvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume—which last is finer than the portrait of Bathyllus in Anacreon.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

The dissatisfied may solace themselves with the coquettishness of Phebe, and take note at the same time of the course and the end of it. Phebe, in her pride or indifference, groups with the old inhospitable carlot of whom we catch a glimpse, the moral anti-types of the glistening serpent and the hungering beast of prey. These are the tyrants of the woodland, as Duke Frederick of the court. The old carlot vanishes, but Phebe, like Frederick and like Oliver, is reclaimed by the touch of natural affection, by that knowing "what 'tis to pity and be pitied," that enforcement of gentleness, that is indicated over and over again throughout the play, as the germ and promise of recovered humanity, the purifier no less of the vices and vile passions than of the foibles of the heart.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Touchstone.

Touchstone, though he nowhere strikes so deep a chord within us as the poor Fool in *Lear,* is the most entertaining of Shakespeare's privileged characters. Richly indeed does his grave logical nonsense moralize the scenes wherein he moves. It is curious to observe how the Poet

takes care to let us know from the first, that beneath the affectations of his calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. Used to a life cut off from human sympathies; stripped of the common responsibilities of the social state; living for no end but to make aristocratic idlers laugh; one, therefore, whom nobody respects enough to resent or be angry at anything he says; —of course his habit is to speak all for effect, nothing for truth: instead of yielding or being passive to the natural force and virtue of things, his vocation is to wrest and transshape them out of their true scope. Thus a strange wilfulness and whimsicality has wrought itself into the substance of his mind. Yet his nature is not so "subdued to what it works in," but that, amidst the scenes and inspirations of the forest, the fool quickly slides into the man; the supervenings of the place so running into and athwart what he brings with him, that his character comes to be as dappled and motley as his dress. Even in the new passion which here takes him there is a touch of his old wilfulness: when he falls in love, as he really does, nothing seems to inspire and draw him more than the unloveliness of the object; thus approving that even so much of nature as survives in him is not content to run in natural channels.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Celia.

Celia . . . rather yields to Rosalind, than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness, and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in

her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend, by placing them in comparison—

> Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
> And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
> When she is gone—

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakespeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind—

> If she be a traitor,
> Why, so am I; we have still slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we were coupled and inseparable.

The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first, follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

X.

Orlando.

Orlando is the nearest approach in Shakespeare to the fresh young knight of chivalry, or to such a figure as Chaucer's Squier, steeped in the romance of the woods and of love. He has lost both the rustic simplicity of Rosader and his rustic violence. He neither loses his senses under the spell of Rosalind's beauty, nor brings a posse of roysterers to batter his brother's door. His character, like his name, is caught from the traditions of a high-bred and courtly valour, heightened by the peculiarly Shakespearean trait that it springs rather from race than from training, for his brother has neglected their father's

charge—to bring him up in 'all gentleman-like qualities.' His father's spirit triumphs over his 'peasant' training, as it does in Arviragus and Guiderius and Perdita, though the psychological subtlety shown in tracing the conflict of birth and breeding in *The Winter's Tale* is wholly wanting in the earlier creation. In keeping with the fine *cortesia* communicated to the figure of Orlando, the whole plot has been lifted into a blither atmosphere. Tragic harms still loom on the horizon, but they rouse no foreboding, and approach only to disperse. Their contrivers, Oliver and Frederick, are from the first less grave offenders than their prototypes, and they repent on yet slighter provocation. Even Charles the wrestler is stunned, not slain.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

XI.

The Forest of Arden.

The Forest of Arden is their stage, and with its fresh and free atmosphere, its mysterious chiaroscuro, its idylic scenery for huntsmen and shepherds, is, at the same time, the fitting scene for the realisation of a mode and conception of life such as is here described. It is a life such as not only must please the dramatic personages themselves, but would please every one, were such a life only possible; it is the poetical reflex of a life *as you like it,* light and smooth in its flow, unencumbered by serious tasks, free from the fetters of definite objects, and from intentions difficult to realise; an amusing play of caprice, of imagination, and of wavering sensations and feelings. A life like this, however, is possible only in the Forest of Arden, in the midst of similar scenery, under similar circumstances and conditions, and with similar companions and surroundings. At court, in more complicated relations, in a state of impure feelings and selfish endeavours,

it would lose its poetical halo, its innocence and gaiety, and become untruth, hypocrisy, injustice and violence, as is proved by the reigning Duke, his courtiers and Oliver de Boys.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Shakspere, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition—the historical plays—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the court and camps of England, and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found, possessed of a flora and a fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. "Never is the scene within-doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony." After the trumpet-tones of *Henry V.* comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not all be in keeping? Shakspere was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspere confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

XII.

Various Points of View.

The poet, in conceiving this fine work, first generated a lofty ideal. His aim was to set forth the power of patience as the panacea for earth's ills and the injustice of

fortune, and self-command as the condition without which the power would be inoperative. Neither this power nor its condition can be easily illustrated in the life of courts; but the sylvan life such as the banished Duke and his companions live in Arden, is favourable to both. In the contrast between the two states of life lies the charm of the play, and the reconciliation of these formal opposites is the fulfilment of its ideal.

HERAUD: *Shakspere, His Inner Life as Intimated in his Works.*

The sweet and sportive temper of Shakspeare, though it never deserted him, gave way to advancing years, and to the mastering force of serious thought. What he read we know but very imperfectly; yet, in the last years of this century, when five and thirty summers had ripened his genius, it seems that he must have transfused much of the wisdom of past ages into his own all-combining mind. In several of the historical plays, in *The Merchant of Venice,* and especially in *As You Like It,* the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature, is more and more characteristic; and we might apply to the last comedy the bold figure that Coleridge has less appropriately employed as to the early poems, that "the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war-embrace." In no other play, at least, do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakspeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age. . . .

Few comedies of Shakspeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave, injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnanimous Duke, interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion.

HALLAM: *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

The woodland world of Arden, in which sonnets are affixed to ancient trees, and lovers, courtiers, and moralists live at ease, has much in common with the pastoral backgrounds of Spenser and Lodge; but its artificiality is redeemed by its freshness of spirit, its out-of-door freedom, and its enchanting society. Rosalind and Orlando are the successors of a long line of pastoral lovers, but they, alone among their kind, really live. In Rosalind purity, passion, and freedom are harmonized in one of the most enchanting women in literature. In her speech love finds a new language, which is continually saved from extravagance by its vivacity and humour. In Audrey and Corin the passion of Orlando and Rosalind is gently parodied; in Touchstone the melancholy humour of Jaques is set out in more effective relief. There are threatenings of tragedy in the beginning of the play, but they are dissolved in an air in which purity and truth and health serve to resolve the baser designs of men into harmless fantasies.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

As You Like It

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished Duke.*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*
CORIN, SILVIUS, } *shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

As You Like It.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines

my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as

much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what 's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin,

so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I

had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles:—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I 'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I 'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know

him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I 'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster:

therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither,

but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you 'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I 'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your

eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat

him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fair you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I 'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit Le Beau.*
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall

into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there 's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference: as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads

Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

First Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.
Duke. F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who 's there?
Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orl. Why, what 's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will swear but for promotion,
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.
Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you: for I think you have no money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.
Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.
Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!
Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of my own wit
till I break my shins against it.
Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.
Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with
me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I 'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I 'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I 'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What 's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I 'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI.

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in

thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I 'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.
First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40
With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect

it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute

not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I 'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to

get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I 'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*Reads*] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That 's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee,

tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's

size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith,
I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake,
I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you: let 's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily

because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon haw- 370
thorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not 380
prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and 390
every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as

loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as

boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I 'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even so:—poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He 's fallen in love with your foulness and she 'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I 'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I 'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.
Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.
Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.
Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.
Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.
Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he come slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What 's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Or-

lando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more newfangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that.

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I 'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I 'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let 's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

HUNTING IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.
As You Like It, Act IV., Scene ii.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od 's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.
[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads*]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There 's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother.
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was 't you he rescued?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We 'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by

my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.
Aud. God ye good even, William.
Will. And good even to you, sir.
Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?
Will. Five and twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touch. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich?
Will. Faith, sir, so so.
Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?
Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?
Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?
Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman

of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'
Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow:

[*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I 'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her.
Orl. That would I, were I of all the kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together

Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I 'll have no father, if you be not he:
I 'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she:

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they 'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that betweēn you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; III. v. 80.
Accord, consent; V. iv. 139.
Address'd, prepared; V. iv. 162.
All at once, all in a breath; III. v. 36.
Allottery, allotment, allotted share; I. i. 75.
All points = at all points; I. iii. 115.
Amaze, confuse; I. ii. 107.
An, if; IV. i. 31.
Anatomize, expose; I. i. 161.
Answered, satisfied; II. vii. 99.
Antique, ancient, old; II. i. 31; II. iii. 57.
Any, any one; I. ii. 140.
Argument, reason; I. ii. 281.
Arm's end, arm's length; II. vi. 10.
As, to wit, namely; II. i. 6.
Assay'd, attempted; I. iii. 128.
Atalanta's better part; variously interpreted as referring to Atalanta's "swiftness," "beauty," "spiritual part"; probably the reference is to her beautiful form; III. ii. 150.
Atomies, motes in a sunbeam; III. ii. 240.
Atone together, are at one; V. iv. 116.

Bandy, contend; V. i. 59.
Banquet, dessert, including wine; II. v. 62.
Bar, forbid; V. iv. 131; "bars me," *i.e.* excludes me from, I. i. 20.
Batlet = little bat, used by laundresses; II. iv. 49.
Beholding, beholden; IV. i. 60.
Bestows himself, carries himself; IV. iii. 87.
Better, greater; III. i. 2.
Blood, affection, II. iii. 37; passion, V. iv. 59.
Boar spear; "unlike the ordinary spear it appears to have

From an ivory comb (XVth Cent.) in the collection of Lord Londesborough. (The illustration exhibits the peculiar use of the weapon, which was never thrown, and other characteristics of mediæval hunting scenes.

been seldom thrown, but the rush made by the animal on the hunter was met by a direct opposition of the weapon on his part" (Halliwell); I. iii. 117.

Bob, rap, slap; II. vii. 55.

Bonnet, hat; III. ii. 389.

Bottom; "neighbour b.," the neighbouring dell; IV. iii. 79.

Bounds, boundaries, range of pasture; II. iv. 83.

Bow, yoke; III. iii. 78.

Bravery, finery; II. vii. 80.

Breathed; "well breathed," in full display of my strength; I. ii. 218.

Breather, living being; III. ii. 289.

Breed, train up, educate; I. i. 4.

Brief, in brief; IV. iii. 151.

Broke, broken; II. iv. 40.

Broken music; "some instruments such as viols, violins, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result is no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'" (Chappell); I. ii. 140.

Brutish, animal nature; II. vii. 66.

Buckles in, surrounds; III. ii. 135.

Bugle, a tube-shaped bead of black glass; III. v. 47.

Burden; the "burden" of a song was the base, foot, or under-song; III. ii. 255.

Bush; "Good wine needs no b."; alluding to the bush of ivy which was usually hung out at Vintners' doors; Epil. 3.

From an illuminated MS. (XIVth Cent.) in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow.

Butchery, slaughter-house; II. iii. 27.

Calling, appellation; I. ii. 235.

Capable, sensible, receivable; III. v. 23.

Capon lined, alluding to the customary gifts expected by Elizabethan magistrates, "capon justices," as they were occasionally called; II. vii. 154.

Capricious, used with a play upon its original sense; Ital. *capricioso,* fantastical, goatish; *capra,* a goat; III. iii. 8.
Carlot, little churl, rustic; III. v. 108.
Cast, cast off; III. iv. 15.
Censure, criticism; IV. i. 7.
Change, reversal of fortune; I. iii. 101.
Chanticleer, the cock; II. vii. 30.
Character, write; III. ii. 6.
Cheerly, cheerily; II. vi. 14.
Chopt, chapped; II. iv. 50.
Chroniclers (Folio 1 "chronoclers"), perhaps used for the "jurymen," but the spelling of Folio 1 suggests "coroners" for "chroniclers"; IV. i. 104.
Churlish, miserly; II. iv. 80.
Cicatrice, a mere mark (not the scar of a wound); III. v. 23.
City-woman, citizen's wife; II. vii. 75.
Civil; "c. sayings," sober, grave maxims, perhaps "polite"; III. ii. 131.
Civility, politeness; II. vii. 96.
Clap into 't, to begin a song briskly; V. iii. 11.
Clubs, the weapon used by the London prentices, for the preservation of the public peace, or for the purposes of riot; V. ii. 45.
Cods, strictly the husks containing the peas; perhaps here used for "peas"; II. iv. 53.
Colour, nature, kind; I. ii. 99, 100.
Combine, bind; V. iv. 156.
Come off, get off; I. ii. 30.
Comfort, take comfort; II. vi. 5.
Commandment, command; II. vii. 109.
Compact, made up, composed; II. vii. 5.
Complexion; "good my c.," perhaps little more than the similar exclamation "goodness me!" or "good heart!" possibly, however, Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her; III. ii. 199.
Conceit, imagination; II. vi. 8; mental capacity; V. ii. 59.
Condition, mood; I. ii. 266.
Conduct, leadership; V. iv. 163.
Conned, learnt by heart; III. ii. 289.
Constant, accustomed, ordinary; III. v. 123.
Contents; "if truth holds true c.," *i.e.* "if there be truth in truth"; V. iv. 136.
Contriver, plotter; I. i. 150.
Conversed, associated; V. ii. 66.
Convertites, converts; V. iv. 190.
Cony, rabbit; III. ii. 348.
Cope, engage with; II. i. 67.
Copulatives, those desiring to be united in marriage; V. iv. 58.
Cote; "cavenne de bergier; a shepherd's cote; a little cottage or cabin made of turfs, straw, boughs, or leaves" (Cotgrave); II. iv. 83.

Could, would gladly; I. ii. 249.
Countenance; "his countenance" probably = "his entertainment of me, the style of living which he allows me"; I. i. 19.
Counter, worthless wager; originally pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning; II. vii. 63.
Courtship, court life; III. ii. 355.
Device, aims, ambitions; I. i. 173.
Dial, an instrument for measuring time in which the hours were marked; a small portable sun-dial; II. vii. 20.
Disable, undervalue; IV. i. 34.
Disabled, disparaged; V. iv. 79.
Dishonest, immodest; V. iii. 4.
Dislike = express dislike of; V. iv. 72.

Counter or Jetton.
From an engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Cousin, niece; I. iii. 41.
Cover, set the table; II. v. 30.
Cross; used equivocally in the sense of (1) misfortune, and (2) money; the ancient penny had a double cross with a crest stamped on, so that it might easily be broken into four pieces; II. iv. 12.
Crow, laugh heartily; II. vii. 30.
Curtle-axe, a cutlass, a short sword; I. iii. 116.

Damnable, worthy of condemnation; V. ii. 68.
Defied, disliked; Epil. 21.
Desperate, bold, daring, forbidden; V. iv. 32.

From Petra-Sancta de Symbolis Heroicis (1634). (This portable time-indicator is interesting because of the magnet by which the owner might "ascertain the proper position by means of the shadow cast from a line which opens with the top.")

Disputable, fond of disputing; II. v. 34.

Diverted, diverted from its natural course; II. iii. 37.

Dog-apes, baboons; II. v. 25.

Dole, grief; I. ii. 130.

Ducdame; burden of Jaques' song, variously interpreted by editors, *e.g.* "*duc ad me,*" "*huc ad me*"; probably, however, the word is an ancient refrain, of Celtic origin; Halliwell notes that *dusadam-me-me* occurs in a MS. of *Piers Plowman,* where ordinary texts read *How, trolly, lolly* (C. ix. 123); it is probably a survival of some old British game like "*Tom Tidler,*" and is said to mean in Gælic "this land is mine"; according to others it is a Welsh phrase equivalent to "come to me." Judging by all the evidence on the subject the Gælic interpretation seems to be most plausible; *n.b.* l. 61, "to call fools into a circle"; II. v. 54.

Dulcet diseases (? an error for "dulcet discourses") perhaps "sweet mortifications," alluding to such proverbial sayings as "fool's bolt is soon shot," etc.; V. iv. 67.

East, eastern; III. ii. 91.

Eat, eaten; II. vii. 88.

Effigies, likeness; II. vii. 193.

Enchantingly, as if under a spell; I. i. 173.

Engage, pledge; V. iv. 172.

Entame, bring into a state of tameness; III. v. 48.

Entreated, persuaded; I. ii. 150.

Erring, wandering; III. ii. 133.

Estate, bequeath, settle; V. ii. 13.

Ethiope, black as an Ethiopian; IV. iii. 35.

Exempt, remote; II. i. 15.

Expediently, expeditiously; III. i. 18.

Extent, seizure; III. i. 17.

Extermined, exterminated; III. v. 89.

Fair, beauty; III. ii. 98.

Falls, lets fall; III. v. 5.

Fancy, love; III. v. 29.

Fancy-monger, love-monger; III. ii. 373.

Fantasy, fancy; II. iv. 31.

Favour, aspect; IV. iii. 87; countenance; V. iv. 27.

Feature, shape, form; used perhaps equivocally, but with what particular force is not known; "feature" may have been used occasionally in the sense of "verse-making" (*cp.* Note); III. iii. 3.

Feed, pasturage; II. iv. 83.

Feeder, servant ("*factor*" and "*fedary*" have been suggested); II. iv. 99.

Feelingly, by making itself felt; II. i. 11.

Fells, woolly skins; III. ii. 55.

Fleet, make to fly; I. i. 123.

Flout, mock at, jeer at; I. ii. 46.

Fond, foolish; II. iii. 7.

For, for want of; II. iv. 75; II. vi. 2; because; III. ii. 129; as regards; IV. iii. 139.
Forked heads, i.e. "fork-heads," which Ascham describes in his *Toxophilus* as being "arrows having two points stretching forward"; II. i. 24.
Formal, having due regard to dignity; II. vii. 155.
Free, not guilty; II. vii. 85.
Freestone-colour'd, dark coloured, of the colour of Bath-brick; IV. iii. 25.
Furnished, apparelled; Epilogue 10.

Gargantua's mouth; alluding to "the large-throated" giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, with their pilgrims' staves, in a salad; though there was no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet several chap-book histories of Gargantua were published; III. ii. 233.
Gentility, gentleness of birth; I. i. 22.
Gesture, bearing; V. ii. 69.
Glances, hits; II. vii. 57.
God buy you = "God be with you"; hence, "good-bye"; III. ii. 268.
God 'ild you = "God yield (reward you"; III. iii. 74.
God ye good even = God give you good even (often represented by some such form as "Godgigoden"); V. i. 15.
Golden world, golden age; I. i. 124.
Gothns (evidently pronounced very much like "goats," hence Touchstone's joke); the Getæ (or Goths) among whom Ovid lived in banishment; III. iii. 9.
Grace, gain honour; I. i. 154.
Grace me, get me credit, good repute, V. ii. 64.
Gracious, looked upon with favour; I. ii. 189.
Graff, graft; III. ii. 120.
Gravelled, stranded, at a standstill; IV. i. 73.

Harm, misfortunes; III. ii. 78.
Have with you, come along; I. ii. 258.
Having, possession; III. ii. 387.
He = man; III. ii. 403.
Headed, grown to a head; II. vii. 67.
Heart, affection, love; I. i. 174.
Here much, used ironically, in a negative sense, as in the modern phrase "much I care!" IV. iii. 2.
Him = he whom; I. i. 45.
Hinds, serfs, servants; I. i. 20.
Holla; "cry holla to"; restrain; III. ii. 252.
Holy, sacramental; III. iv. 14.
Honest, virtuous; I. ii. 39.
Hooping; "out of all hooping," beyond the bounds of wondering; III. ii. 198.
Humorous, full of whims, capricious; I. ii. 268; II. iii. 8; fanciful; IV. i. 20.

Hurtling, din, tumult; IV. iii. 132.
Hyen, hyena; IV. i. 157.

From an ornamented post in Wenden Church, Essex.

Ill-favoured, ugly in face, bad looking; V. iv. 60.
Ill-favouredly, ugly; I. ii. 40.
Impressure, impression; III. v. 23.
Incision; "God make in., *i.e.* "give thee a better understanding"; a reference perhaps to the cure by bloodletting; it was said of a very silly person that he ought to be cut for the simples; III. ii. 73.
Incontinent, immediately; V. ii. 42.
Inquisition, search, inquiry; II. ii. 20.
Insinuate with, ingratiate myself with; Epil. 9.
Insomuch = in as much as; V. ii. 61.
Intendment, intention; I. i. 139.
Invectively, bitterly, with invective; II. i. 58.
Irish rat; Irish witches were said to be able to rime either man or beast to death; be-rimed rats are frequently alluded to in Elizabethan writers; III. ii. 182.
Irks, grieves; II. i. 22.

Jars, discordant sounds; II. vii. 5.
Judas's; "browner than J."; he was usually represented in ancient painting or tapestry with red hair and beard; III. iv. 8.
Juno's swans, probably an error for Venus, represented as swan-drawn in Ovid (*Meta.* x. 708); I. iii. 74.
Just, just so; III. ii. 274.
Justly, exactly; I. ii. 246.

Kind, nature; IV. iii. 59.
Kindle, enkindle, incite; I. i. 178.
Kindled, brought forth; used technically for the littering of rabbits; III. ii. 349.
Knol'd, chimed; II. vii. 114.

Lack, do without; IV. i. 182.
Learn, teach; I. ii. 6.
Leave, permission; I. i. 108; I. ii. 156.
Leer, countenance; IV. i. 66.
Lief, gladly; I. i. 151; III. ii. 263.
Limn'd, drawn; II. vii. 194.
Lined, drawn; III. ii. 95.
Lively = life-like; V. iv. 27.
Loose, let loose; III. v. 103.
Lover, mistress; III. iv. 42.

Make = make fast, shut; IV. i. 162.

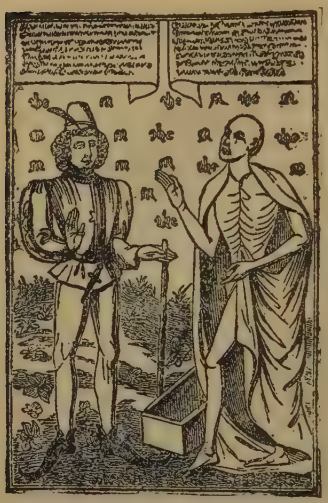
Manage, training or breaking in of a horse; I. i. 13.
Mannish, male; I. iii. 120.
Matter, sound sense; II. i. 68; sense, meaning; V. iii. 35.
Measure, a court dance; V. iv. 45.
Meed, reward; II. iii. 58.
Memory, memorial; II. iii. 3.
Might, may; I. ii. 182.
Mines, undermines; I. i. 21.
Misprised, despised, thought nothing of; I. i. 176; I. ii. 181.
Mockable, liable to ridicule; III. ii. 49.
Mocks, mockeries; III. v. 33.
Modern, commonplace, ordinary; II. vii. 156; IV. i. 7.
Moe, more; III. ii. 271.
Moonish, variable, fickle; III. ii. 421.
Moral, probably an adjective, moralising; II. vii. 29.
Moralize, discourse, expound; II. i. 44.
Mortal; "mortal in folly"; a quibble of doubtful meaning; perhaps = "excessive, very," *i.e.* "extremely foolish" (?= likely to succumb to folly); II. iv. 57.
Motley, the parti-coloured dress of domestic fools or jesters; II. vii. 34; (used adjectively), II. vii. 13; fool, III. iii. 77.
Mutton, sheep; III. ii. 57.

Napkin, handkerchief; IV. iii. 94.
Natural, idiot; I. ii. 50.
Nature; "of such a nature," whose special duty it is; III. i. 16.
Nature's sale-work = ready-made goods; III. v. 43.
Naught; "be n. awhile," a proverbial expression equivalent to "a mischief on you"; I. i. 37.
Needless, not needing; II. i. 46.
New-fangled, fond of what is new; IV. i. 152.
Nice, trifling; IV. i. 15.
Nurture, good manners, breeding; II. vii. 97.

Observance, attention, III. ii. 242; reverence, respect, V. ii. 102, 104 (the repetition is probably due to the compositor; "endurance," "obedience," "deservance," have been suggested for line 104).
Occasion; "her husband's o." = an opportunity for getting the better of her husband; IV. i. 178.
Of; "searching of" = a-searching of, II. iv. 44; "complain of," *i.e.* of the want of; III. ii. 31; by; III. ii, 352; III. iii. 91.
Offer'st fairly, dost contribute largely; V. iv. 173.
Oliver; 'O sweet O.," the fragment of an old ballad; III. iii. 99.

Painted cloth, canvas painted with figures, mottoes, or moral sentences, used for

hangings for rooms; III. ii. 283.



This representation of a meeting between Death and a fop is a copy of a painting formerly preserved in the Hungerford Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral. The dialogue between the characters is painted on the labels over their heads.

Pantaloon, a standing character in the old Italian comedy; he wore slippers, spectacles, and a pouch, and was invariably represented as an old dotard; taken typically for a Venetian; St. Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice; II. vii. 158.

Parcels, detail; III. v. 125.

Pard, leopard; II. vii. 150.

Parlous perilous; III. ii. 45.

From Calot's series of plates illustrating the Italian comedy.

Passing, surpassing, exceedingly; III. v. 138.

Pathetical, probably "affection-moving," perhaps used with the force of "pitiful"; IV. i. 196.

Payment, punishment; I. i. 165.

Peascod, literally the husk or pod which contains the peas, used for the plant itself; "our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love affairs to employ the devination of a peascod, and if the good omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, they presented it to the lady of their choice"; II. iv. 52.

Peevish, wayward, saucy; III. v. 110.

Perpend, reflect; III. ii. 68.

Petitionary, imploring; III. ii. 194.

Phœnix; "as rare as p."; the phœnix, according to Seneca, was born once only in 500 years; IV. iii. 17.

Place = dwelling-place; II. iii. 27.

Places, topics, subjects; II. viii. 40.

Point-device, i.e. at point device, trim, faultless; III. ii. 393.

Poke, pocket; II. vii. 20.

Poor; "p. a thousand crowns," the adjective precedes the article for the sake of emphasis, and probably also because of the substantival force of the whole expression "a thousand crowns"; I. i. 2.

Portugal; "bay of P.," still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of P. from Oporto to the headland of "Cintra"; IV. i. 213.

Practice, plot, scheme; I. i. 155.

Practices, plots, schemes; II. iii. 26.

Present, being present; III. i. 4.

Presentation, representation; V. iv. 112.

Presently, immediately; II. vi. 11.

Prevents, anticipates; IV. i. 61.

Priser, prize-fighter; II. iii. 8.

Private, particular, individual; II. vii. 7.

Prodigal; "what p. portion have I spent," *i.e.* "what portion have I prodigally spent"; I. i. 40.

Profit, proficiency; I. i. 7.

Prologues; "the only p.," *i.e.* "only the p."; V. iii. 13.

Proper, handsome; I. ii. 120.

Properer, more handsome; III. v. 51.

Puisny, unskilled, inferior; III. iv. 42.

Pulpiter (Spedding's emendation for "Jupiter," the reading of the Folios); III. ii. 158.

Purchase, acquire; III. ii. 351.

Purgation, vindication; I. iii. 52; proof, test; V. iv. 45.

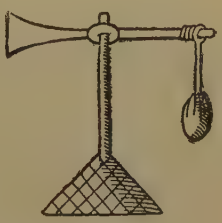
Purlieus, the grounds on the borders of the forest; IV. iii. 77.

Pythagoras' time, an allusion to that philosopher's doctrine of the transmigration of souls; III. ii. 182.

Quail, slacken; II. ii. 20.

Question, conversation; III. iv. 34.

Quintain, a figure set up for tilting at in country games, generally in the likeness of a Turk or Saracen, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club with his right, which moved round and struck a severe blow if the horseman made a bad



From Stow's *Survey of London* (1603).

aim; I. ii. 253. The illustration shows a rudimentary form of the more elaborate Quintain.

Quintessence, the extract of a thing, containing its virtues in a small quantity; originally, in mediæval philosophy, the fifth essence, or spirit, or soul of the world, which consisted not of the four elements, but was a certain fifth, a thing above or beside them; III. ii. 142.

Quip, a smart saying; V. iv. 78.

Quit, acquit; III. i. 11.

Quotidian, a fever, the paroxysms of which return every day, expressly mentioned in old writers as a symptom of love; III. ii. 374.

Ragged, rough, untuneful; II. v. 14.

Rank, row, line; IV. iii. 80; "butter-women's r a n k" ["rate," "rack," "rant(at)," "canter," have been proposed] = file, order, jog-trot; III. ii. 101.

Rankness, presumption; I. i, 90.

Rascal, technical term for lean deer; III. iii. 57.

Raw, ignorant, inexperienced; III. ii. 74.

Reason, talk, converse; I. ii. 54.

Recks, cares; II. iv. 81.

Recountments, things recounted, narrations; IV. iii. 141.

Recover'd, restored; IV. iii. 151.

Religious, belonging to some religious order; III. ii. 353.

Remembrance, memory; I. i. 66.

Remorse, compassion; I. iii. 69.

Removed, remote; III. ii. 351.

Render, describe; IV. iii. 123.

Resolve, solve; III. ii. 240.

Reverence; "his reverence," the respect due to him; I. i. 53.

Right, downright; III. ii. 101; true; III. ii. 123.

Ripe, grown up; IV. iii. 88.

Roundly, without delay; V. iii. 11.

Roynish, rude, uncouth; II. ii. 8.

Sad, serious; III. ii. 151.

Sad brow, serious face; III. ii. 221.

Satchel; II. vii. 145; *cp.* the following illustration:—

From an allegorical picture of learning and its rewards (1589), in the Strasburg Library.

Saws, maxims; II. vii. 156.

School, (probably) university; I. i. 6.

Scrip, shepherd's pouch; III. ii. 166.

Seeks (used instead of the singular); V. i. 65.
Seeming, seemly; V. iv. 71.
Se'nnight = seven-night, a week; III. ii. 325.
Sententious, pithy; V. iv. 65.
Shadow, shady place; IV. i. 222.
Shall, must; I. i. 133.
She, woman; III. ii. 10.
Sheaf, gather into sheaves; III. ii. 110.
Should be, came to be, was said to be; III. ii. 177.
Shouldst = wouldst; I. ii. 229.
Show, appear; I. iii. 80.
Shrewd, evil, harsh; V. iv. 179.
Simples, herbs used in medicine; IV. i. 17.
Sir, a title bestowed on the inferior clergy, hence Sir Oliver Mar-text, the country curate; probably a translation of "Dominus," still applied to "Bachelors" at the University; III. iii. 42.
Smirch, besmear, darken; I. iii. 111.
Smother; "from the smoke into the s."; thick suffocating smoke; I. ii. 289.
Snake, used as a term of scorn; IV. iii. 71.
So, if, provided that; I. ii. 11.
Sorts, kinds, classes; I. i. 173.
South-sea of discovery, a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown ocean; the whole phrase is taken by some to mean that a minute's delay will bring so many questions that to answer them all will be like a voyage of discovery. Perhaps the reference is to Rosalind's discovery of her secret, of the truth about herself; III. ii. 202.
Speed, patron; I. ii. 211.
Spleen, passion; IV. i. 211.
Squandering, random; II. vii. 57.
Stagger, hesitate; III. iii. 48.
Stalking horse; "a horse, either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game"; V. iv. 111.

From a MS. *de la Chasse des bestes sauvages* (XVth Cent.), preserved at Paris.

Stay, wait for; III. ii. 216.
Sticks, strikes, stabs; I. ii. 244.
Still, continually; I. ii. 228.
Still music, *i.e.* soft, low, gentle music; V. iv. 113-114.
Straight = straightway, immediately; III. v. 136.
Successfully, likely to succeed; I. ii. 153.
Suddenly, quickly, speedily; II. ii. 19.

Suit, used quibblingly (1) petition, (2) dress; II. vii. 44.
Suits = favours (with a play upon "suit," "livery"); I. ii. 248.
Sun; "to live i' the s.," *i.e.* to live in open-air freedom; II. v. 41.
Sure, firmly joined; V. iv. 141.
Swashing, swaggering; I. iii. 119.
Swift, keen of wit; V. iv. 65.

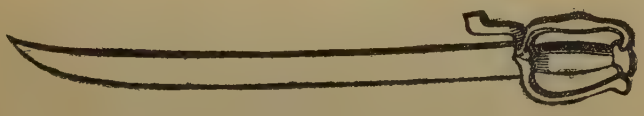
Ta'en up, made up; V. iv. 50.
Taxation, censure, satire; I. ii. 84.
Tempered, composed, blended; I. ii. 14.
Thatched house, alluding to the story of Baucis and Philemon; III. iii. 11.
That that = that which; V. iv. 62.
Thought, melancholy; or perhaps "moody reflection"; IV. i. 211.
Thrasonical, boastful (from Thrasc the boaster, in the Eunuchus of Terence); V. ii. 34.
Thrice-crowned Queen, ruling in heaven, earth, and the under-world, as Luna, Diana, and Hecate; III. ii. 2.
Thrifty; "the th. hire I saved," *i.e.* "that which by my thrift I saved out of the hire"; II. iii. 39.
To, as to; II. iii. 7.
Touches, characteristics; III. ii. 155.
Toward, at hand; V. iv. 35.
Toy, bagatelle, trifling affair; III. iii. 75.
Traverse, crossways; III. iv. 41.
Trow you, know you; III. ii. 184.
Turn'd into, brought into; IV. iii. 23.

Umber, brown pigment, brought from Umbria; I. iii. 111.
Uncouth, unknown, strange; II. vi. 6.
Unexpressive, inexpressive, unable to be expressed; III. ii. 10.
Unkind, unnatural; II. vii. 175.
Unquestionable, unwilling to be conversed with; III. ii. 384.
Unto, in addition to; I. ii. 240.
Untuneable (Theobald and other editors "untimeable," *cp.* the page's reply), out of tune, perhaps also "out of time"; V. iii. 36.
Up; "kill them up"; used as an intensive particle; II. i. 62.

Velvet, delicate ("velvet is the technical term for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of its growth"); II. i. 50.
Vengeance, mischief; IV. iii. 48.
Villain, bondman, serf; with play upon the other sense; I. i. 58.
Voice; "in my voice," *i.e.* as far as my vote is concerned; II. iv. 87.

Ware, aware; II. iv. 58; cautious; II. iv. 59.
Warp, turn, change the aspect of, twist out of shape; II. vii. 187.
Ways; "come your ways" = come on; I. ii. 210.
Weak evils, evils which cause weakness; II. vii. 132.
Wear, fashion; II. vii. 34.
Wearing, wearying; II. iv. 38.
Week, an indefinite period of time, perhaps = "in the week," *cp.* the phrase "too late in the day"; II. iii. 74.
Wherein went he, how was he dressed? III. ii. 229.
Where you are = what you mean; V. ii. 32.
Wit, whither wilt; an exclamation of somewhat obscure meaning, used evidently when any one was either talking nonsense or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him; IV. i. 167; *cp.* "Wit! whither wander you"; I. ii. 57.
Woeful, expressive of woe; II. vii. 148.
Woman of the world, ie. married; V. iii. 4.
Working, endeavour; I. ii. 204.
Wrath, passion, ardour; V. ii. 44.
Wrestler (trisyllabic); II. ii. 13.

You = for you; II. v. 32.
Young, inexperienced; I. i. 55.



A XVIIth Cent. Curtle-Axe (see I. iii. 116).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. The pronunciation of *'Jaques'* is still somewhat doubtful, though the metrical test makes it certain that it is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare: there is evidence that the name was well known in England, and ordinarily pronounced as a monosyllable; hence Harrington's *Metamorphosis of A-jax* (1596). The name of the character was probably rendered *'Jakës'*: the modern stage practice is in favor of *'Jaq-wes.'*

I. i. 1. *'it was upon this fashion: bequeathed,'* etc. The Folio does not place a stop at *'fashion,'* but makes *'bequeathed'* a past participle; the words *'charged'* . . . *'on his blessing'* presuppose *'he'* or *'my father'*; the nominative may, however, be easily supplied from the context, or possibly, but doubtfully, *'a'* (=*'he'*) has been omitted before *'charged.'* There is very much to be said in favour of the Folio reading; a slight confusion of two constructions seems to have produced the difficulty. Warburton, Hanmer, and Capell proposed to insert *'my father'* before *'bequeathed.'* Others punctuate in the same way as in the present text, but read *'he bequeathed'* or *'my father bequeathed'*; the Cambridge editors hold that the subject of the sentence is intentionally omitted.

I. ii. 32. *'mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel'*; *cp. 'Fortune is painted with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation,' Henry V.*, III. vi. 35. *'Good-housewife,'* as Harness puts it, 'seems applied to Fortune merely as a jesting appellation.'

I. ii. 82. The Folio prefixes *'Rosalind'* to the speech: Theobald first proposed to change to *'Celia,'* and he has been followed by most editors. Capell suggested *'Fernandine'* for *'Frederick'* in the previous speech. Shakespeare does not give us the name of Rosalind's father; he is generally referred to as *'Duke Senior'*; Celia's father is mentioned as *'Frederick'* in two other places

From the English translation (Cott. MS., XVth Cent.) of William de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of Human Life*.

(l. 236 of this Scene, and V. iv. 160). One has, however, a shrewd suspicion that Touchstone is referring to the exiled king as '*old* Frederick,' and that Rosalind speaks the words, '*my father's love is enough to honour him:*' the expression is so much in harmony with her subsequent utterance, ll. 237-240:—

'*My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul.*'

And again, in the next scene, l. 30:—

'*The Duke my father loved his father dearly.*'

I. ii. 209. '*You mean*'; Theobald proposed '*An' you mean,*' and the Cambridge editors suggest that '*and*' for '*an*' (=*if*) may be the right reading, omitted by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage-direction '*Orl. and*' for '*Orland.*'

I. ii. 274. '*the taller*'; but Rosalind is later on described as '*more than common tall,*' and Celia as '*the woman low, and browner than her brother*': probably '*taller*' is a slip of Shakespeare's pen: '*shorter,*' '*smaller,*' '*lesser,*' '*lower,*' have been variously proposed; of these '*lesser*' strikes one perhaps as most Shakespearian.

I. iii. 101. '*charge*'; Folio 1, which is followed by Cambridge editors, '*change*'; '*charge,*' *i.e.* 'burden,' the reading of Folios 2 and 3, seems to be the true reading.

I. iii. 127. There has been much discussion of the scansion of this line; several critics, in their anxiety to save Shakespeare from the serious charge of using a false quantity, proposes to accent '*Aliena*' on the penultimate, but for all that it seems most likely that the line is to be read—

'*No lóng|er Cél|ya bút| Alí|ena.*'

II. i. 5. '*Here feel we but*'; Theobald first conjectured '*but*' for '*not*' of the Folios, and his emendation has been accepted by many scholars, though violently opposed by others. Most of the discussions turn on '*the penalty of Adam,*' which ordinarily suggests toil—'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'—but in this passage Shakespeare makes the penalty to be "the season's difference," *cp. Paradise Lost,* x. 678, 9:—

'*Else had the spring Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers.*'

II. i. 13-14. '*like the toad, ugly and venomous,*' etc. A favourite Euphuistic conceit, *e.g.* '*The foule toade hath a faire stone in his head,*' Euphues, p. 53 (ed. Arber), based on an actual belief in toad-stones. The origin of the belief is traced back to Pliny's description of a stone as 'of the colour of a frog.'

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.'
From an early edition (c.1495?) of the *Ortus Sanitatis.*

II. iii. 12. '*No more do yours:*' a somewhat loose construction, but one easily understood, the force of the previous sentence being 'to some kind of men their graces serve them not as friends.'

II. iii. 71. '*seventeen*'; Rowe's emendation for '*seaventie*' of the Folios.

II. iv. 1. '*weary*'; Theobald's emendation for '*merry*' of the Folios, and generally adopted; some scholars are in favour of the Folio reading, and put it down to Rosalind's assumed merriment; her subsequent confession as to her weariness must then be taken as an aside.

II. iv. 52. '*from whom,*' *i.e.* from the peascod; similarly '*her*' in the next line: he was wooing the peascod instead of his mistress.

II. v. 3. '*turn,*' so the Folios: Pope substituted '*tune*'; but the

change is unnecessary; according to Steevens '*to turn a tune* or *note*' is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians.

II. v. 61. '*I' ll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.*' According to Johnson, '*the first-born of Egypt*' was a proverbial expression for high-born persons, but it has not been found elsewhere. Nares suggests that perhaps Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented persons, rail against his betters. There is no doubt some subtler meaning in the words, and the following is possibly worthy of consideration:—Jaques says if he cannot sleep he 'll rail again all first-borns, for it is the question of birthright which has caused him 'leave his wealth and ease,' merely as he had previously put it 'to please a stubborn will'; this idea has perhaps suggested Pharaoh's stubbornness, and by some such association 'all first-borns' became 'all the first-born of Egypt'; or, by mere association, the meaningless tag 'of Egypt' is added by Jaques to round off the phrase, and to give it some sort of colour.

II. vii. 19. Touchstone of course alludes to the common saying 'Fortune favours fools,' *cp. Every man out of his humour,* I. i.:

> '*Sogliardo.* Why, who am I, sir?
> *Macilente.* One of those that fortune favours.
> *Carlo.* [*Aside*] The periphrasis of a fool.'

II. vii. 34, 36. '*A worthy fool*' . . . '*O worthy fool*': the '*A*' and '*O*' should probably change places, according to an anonymous conjecture noted in the Cambridge Edition.

II. vii. 55. '*Not to seem*'; the words '*not to*' were first added by Theobald: the Folios read '*seem*'; Collier, following his MS. corrections, proposed '*but to seem*'; the meaning is the same in both cases. Mr. Furness follows Ingleby in maintaining the correctness of the text, and paraphrases thus:—"He who is hit the hardest by me must laugh the hardest, and that he must do so is plain; because if he is a wise man he must seem foolishly senseless of the bob by laughing it off. Unless he does this, viz., shows his insensibility by laughing it off, any chance hit of the fool will expose every nerve and fibre of his folly."

II. vii. 73. '*the weary very means,*' the reading of the Folios (Folios 1 and 2, '*wearie*'; Folios 3, 4, '*weary*'). Pope proposed '*very very*'; Collier (MS.) '*the very means of wear*'; Staunton '*weary-very,*' or '*very-weary.*' Others maintain the correctness of the original reading, and explain, 'until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb.' A very plausible emendation

was suggested by Singer, viz., *'wearer's'* for *'weary,'* and it has been adopted by several editors: *cp. Henry VIII.*, I. i. 83-5:—

> *'O, many*
> *Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em*
> *For this great journey.'*

II. vii. 178. *'Because thou art not seen,' i.e.* "as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence" (Johnson): several unnecessary emendations have been proposed, *e.g. 'Thou causest not that teen'* (Hammer); *'Because thou art foreseen'* (Staunton), etc.

II. vii. 189. *'As friend remember'd not,' i.e.* 'as forgotten friendship.' or 'as what an unremembered friend feels': *cp. 'benefits forgot,' supra.*

III. ii. 116. *'the very false gallop,' cp.* Nashe's *Four Letters Confuted,* "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort his rime dogrell aright, I must make my verses (as he does his) run hobling like a Brewer's Cart upon the stones, and observe no length in their feet."

III. ii. 158. *'pulpiter'*; Spedding's suggestion for *'Jupiter'* of the Folios.

III. ii. 431. *'living,' i.e.* lasting, permanent; the antithesis seems to require *'loving,'* which has been substituted by some editors: it is noteworthy that in some half-dozen instances in Shakespeare *'live'* has been printed for 'love,' but it is questionable whether any change is justifiable here.

III. iii. 5, 6. *'Your features! . . . what features?'* Farmer's conjecture, *'feature! . . .* what's feature?' seems singularly plausible; *c.p.* l. 17, *'I do not know what "poetical" is.'*

III. iii. 79. *'her,'* so Folios 1, 2; *'his,'* Folios 3, 4: the female bird was the falcon; the male was called 'tercel' or 'tassel.'

III. iv. 44. *'noble goose:'* Hanmer substituted *'nose-quilled'* for *'noble,'* which is, of course, used ironically.

III. v. 7. *'dies and lives,' i.e.* 'lives and dies,' *i.e.* 'subsists from the cradle to the grave'; the inversion of the words seems to have been an old idiom: *cp. 'Romaunt of the Rose,'* v. 579:—

> *'With sorwe they both die and live,*
> *That unto Richesse her hertis yive.'*

Other passages in later literature might be adduced where the exigencies of metre do not exist.

IV. i. 155. *'like Diana in the fountain.'* Stow mentions in his *Survey of London* (1603) that there was set up in 1596 on the east side of the cross in Cheapside "a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast." It is very doubtful whether Shakespeare is referring to this particular 'Diana,' as some have supposed.

IV. ii. 13. The words *'Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden,'* are printed as one line in the Folios. Theobald was the first to rearrange, as in the text. Knight, Collier, Dyce, and others take the whole to be a stage-direction. Knight first called attention to the fact that possibly the original music for this song is to be found in John Hilton's *'Catch that Catch Can; or, a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds,'* etc., 1652 (printed Furness, p. 230, 231).

IV. iii. 76. *'fair ones'*; Mr. Wright suggests that perhaps we should read 'fair *one*,' and Mr. Furness assents to the view that 'Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Celia was apparently the only woman present.' But surely it is noteworthy that Oliver a few lines lower down gives the description:—*'The boy is fair,'* etc.

IV. iii. 88. *'Like a ripe sister: the woman low'*; the pause at the woman low cæsura takes the place of a syllable.

IV. iii. 102. *'Chewing the food,'* usually quoted as 'chewing the cud,' a correction of the line first suggested by Scott (*cp.* Introduction to *Quentin Durward*).

V. ii. 21. *'fair sister'*; Oliver addresses 'Ganymede' thus for he is Orlando's counterfeit Rosalind (*cp.* IV. iii. 93). Some interpreters of Shakespeare are of opinion that Oliver knows the whole secret of the situation.

V. ii. 77. *'which I tender dearly'*; probably an allusion to the Act "against Conjuracons, Inchantments, and Witchecraftes," passed under Elizabeth, which enacted that all persons using witchcraft, etc., whereby death ensued, should be put to death without benefit of clergy, etc.

V. iii. 16. Chappell printed the music of the song from a MS., now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century (*cp.* Furness, pp. 262, 263). In the Folios the last stanza is made the second. Mr. Rolfe is of opinion that Shakespeare contemplated a trio between the Pages and Touchstone.

V. iv. 4. *'As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.'*

A large number of unnecessary emendations have been proposed for this plausible reading of the Folios; *e.g.* '*fear, they hope, and know they fear*'; '*fear their hope and hope their fear*'; '*fear their hope and know their fear,*' etc. The last of these gives the meaning of the line as it stands in the text.

V. iv. 93. '*we quarrel in print, by the book*'; Shakespeare probably refers to "*Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two Bookes. The first intreating the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels*"; printed in 1594.

V. iv. 94. '*books for good manners,*' *e.g.* "*A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpritation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat*"; printed at London in 1554 (*cp.* Dr. Furnivall's *Book of Norture of John Russell,* etc., published by the *Early English Text Society,* 1868). *Cp. Hamlet,* v. ii. 149, '*he* (*i.e. Laertes*) *is the card or calendar of gentry,*' a probable allusion to the title of some such 'book of manners.'

V. iv. 120. '*her hand with his*'; the first and second Folios '*his hand*'; corrected to '*her*' in the second and third Folios.

V. iv. 154. '*Even daughter, welcome*'; Theobald proposed '*daughter-welcome,*' *i.e.* 'welcome as a daughter.' Folios 1, 2, 3, read '*daughter welcome*'; Folio 4, '*daughter, welcome.*' The sense is clear whichever reading is adopted, though the rhythm seems in favour of the reading in the text: 'O my dear niece,' says the Duke, 'nay, daughter, welcome to me in no less degree than daughter.'

Epilogue, 18. '*If I were a woman*'; the part of Rosalind was of course originally taken by a boy-actor; women's parts were not taken by women till after the Restoration.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

54, 55. *What, boy!* etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "There is a beauty here. The word *boy* naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and with the retort of *elder* brother, he grasps him with firm hands, and makes him feel he is no boy."

58 *et seq. I am no villain,* etc.:—"The tale of Gamelyn," says Lloyd, "was written for an audience that sympathized highly with manly or rather muscular prowess, and was glad to find their favoured champion with a plausible excuse for exerting a heaviness of hand that even in the excused cases is not unfrequently mere brutality. To such an audience it was a preparation for enjoyment for heirs and elder brothers, justices, sheriffs, and jurors, abbots, and grey friars to be fairly placed so far in the wrong as to justify—so they thought, any outrage from younger brothers and outlaws. The spirit of Gamelyn rises like that of Orlando against the ill-treatment from his brother in contravention of his father's will, and we trace Orlando in his reply to an insult:—

'Then saide to him Gamelyn
The childe that was ying,
Christ his cursè mote he havin
That clepeth me gadling (vagabond).
I am no worse gadling than thee
Pardee ne no worse wight,
But born I was of a lady
And gotten of a knight.'"

121. *Robin Hood*:—This prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I., and had his chief residence in Sherwood forest, Nottinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy"; and in Percy's *Reliques* is an old ballad entitled *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne,* showing how his praises were wont to be sung. Of his mode of life one of the best accounts is contained in the twenty-sixth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion.* His life and character are also well set forth in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd,* as they likewise are in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe.*

124. *the golden world*:—Of this fabled golden age—an ancient and very general tradition wherein the state of man in Paradise appears to have been shadowed—some notion is given in Gonzalo's Commonwealth, *The Tempest,* II. i. The matter is further illustrated by a passage in Fanshawe's version of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*:—

> "Fair golden age! when milk was th' only food,
> And cradle of the infant world the wood
> Rock'd by the winds; and th' untouch'd flocks did bear
> Their dear young for themselves! None yet did fear
> The sword or poison: no black thoughts begun
> T' eclipse the light of the eternal sun:
> Nor wand'ring pines unto a foreign shore
> Or war, or riches (a worse mischief,) bore.
> That pompous sound, idol of vanity,
> Made up of title, pride, and flattery,
> Which they call honour, whom ambition blinds,
> Was not as yet the tyrant of our minds.
> But to buy real goods with honest toil
> Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
> Was honour to those sober souls that knew
> No happiness but what from virtue grew."

168-179. *Farewell,* etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge has a very characteristic remark: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths, which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy

self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."

Scene II.

81. *old Frederick*:—*Old* is here used merely as a term of familiarity, such as fools were allowed to apply or address to persons of every sort.

84. *whipped*:—It was the custom to whip fools, when they used their tongues too freely.

104. *laid on with a trowel*:—This is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do any thing without delicacy. If a man flatter grossly, it is a common expression to say, he *lays it on with a trowel,* or, as we often hear, *lays it on thick.*

Scene III.

11. *my child's father*:—So in the original. Rowe suggested that it should be "my father's child," and that reading has been adopted in several editions. Moberly declares that "Shakespeare would have smiled at the emendation." Coleridge says, "Who can doubt that it is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? A most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason; and besides, what a strange thought, and how out of place, and unintelligible!" Halliwell, as quoted by Rolfe, adds: "The original reading would undoubtedly be indelicate now, but it was not considered so in the Poet's day. Besides, the change is inconsistent with the conduct of the dialogue, in which Rosalind is represented as constantly thinking and speaking of her lover." A full discussion of the subject may be found in White's *Shakespeare's Scholar.*

36. *doth he not deserve well?*—Celia has already shown that she has no sympathy with her father's crime, and she here speaks ironically, implying the severest censure upon him; her meaning apparently being, "It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, on your principle of reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?"

106. *To seek my uncle,* etc.:—"Before I say more of this dramatic treasure," observes Campbell, "I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her

cousin Celia, 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind—for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated! When I think of the lovely Mrs. Jordan in this part, I have no more desire for proofs of probability on this subject (though 'proofs pellucid as the morning dews'), than for 'the cogent logic of a bailiff's writ.'"

113 *et seq. Were it not better,* etc.:—"There is no real suffering for Rosalind," says Dowden, "in leaving a weary court ruled by the usurper, and flying to the forest of Arden, where her father and his companions are fleeting their time carelessly as they did in the golden world; where, moreover, many young gentlemen flock to her father; why not among them a certain gallant wrestler, son of the banished Duke's old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys? She will not wander alone, for Celia goes with her, and Touchstone is to be a comfort to her travel. Rosalind is not a wronged and solitary wife like Imogen; she is a girl of bright temper, quick inventive wit, and glad heart. Accordingly, she throws herself into the adventure with *abandon,* and will play her part with high spirit."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

26. *The melancholy Jaques,* etc.:—"The melancholy of Jaques," says Brandes, "is a poetic dreaminess. He is described to us before we see him. The banished Duke has just been blessing the adversity which drove him out into the forest, where he is exempt from the dangers of the envious court. He is on the point of setting forth to hunt, when he learns that the melancholy

Jaques repines at the cruelty of the chase, and calls him in that respect as great a usurper as the brother who drove him from his dukedom. The courtiers have found him stretched beneath an oak, and dissolved in pity for a poor wounded stag which stood beside the brook."

31. *Under an oak,* etc.:—"Shakespeare," says Coleridge, "never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects: he is never tedious or elaborate; but while he now and then displays marvelous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings-up to the imagination. Thus, . . . he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line:—

'Under an oak whose antique root peeps out.'

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare, the 'antique' root furnishes the whole picture."

Steevens quotes Gray's *Elegy*:—

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

40. It was an ancient notion that a deer, being closely pursued, "fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and *wepeth,* when he is take." Drayton in the thirteenth song of his *Polyolbion* has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up with an allusion to the same matter:—

"He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."

And in a note upon the passage he adds, "The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine."

49. *To that which had too much*:—So in 3 *Henry VI.,* V. iv. 8, 9:—

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength *to that which hath too much.*"

Scene III.

63. *a rotten tree*:—Moberly remarks: "Orlando *says* melancholy things, as in I. ii.; but his elastic mind rises instantly from such thoughts; and in a few moments he anticipates 'some settled low content.' A fine instance of the same manly temper is found in *Iliad* vi., where Hector at one moment dwells sorrowfully on his wife's inevitable doom of slavery at Argos (447-465), and the next thinks of her as a joyful Trojan mother welcoming back her victorious son (476-481)."

Scene IV.

52. *peascod*:—According to Davy, the Suffolk kitchen-maid, "when she shells green pease, never omits, if she finds one having nine pease, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart." "Winter-time for shoeing, peascod time for wooing" is a Devonshire proverb. Gay is thus quoted by Halliwell:—

> "As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
> One that was closely fill'd with three times three;
> Which, when cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
> And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
> The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in
> But, in his proper person, —— Lubberkin."

The following is from Browne's *Brittania's Pastorals*:—

> "The peascod greene oft with no little toyle
> Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'st soile,
> And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
> And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her."

Scene VII.

44 *et seq. It is my only suit,* etc.:—"It is Shakespeare's own mood that we hear in these words," says Brandes. "The voice is his. The utterance is far too large for Jaques: he is only a mouthpiece for the Poet. Or let us say that his figure dilates in such passages as this, and we see in him a Hamlet *avant la lettre*."

64-69. *Most mischievous,* etc.:—"The Duke," says Dowden,

"declares that Jaques has been 'a libertine, as sensual as the brutish sting itself'; but the Duke is unable to understand such a character as that of Jaques. Jaques has been no more than a curious experimenter in libertinism, for the sake of adding an experience of madness and folly to the store of various superficial experiences which constitute his unpractical foolery of wisdom."

70 *et seq.* Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* was first acted in 1599, and probably written before *As You Like It.* The character of Asper, wherein the author clearly personates himself, is in some respects quite similar to that of Jaques; insomuch that a writer in the *Pictorial Shakspere* thinks the latter to have been meant partly as a satire upon the former. Asper's satire is perfectly scorching, his avowed purpose being to "strip the ragged follies of the time naked as at their birth"; and the Induction has some lines bearing so strong a resemblance to this speech of Jaques', as might well suggest that the Poet had them in his mind:—

> "If any here chance to behold himself,
> Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
> For, if he shame to have his follies known,
> First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
> Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
> Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
> As lick up every idle vanity."

139 *et seq.* "Ben Jonson," says Brandes, "is said to have inquired, in an epigram against the motto of the Globe Theatre. where the spectators were to be found if all the men and women were players? And an epigram attributed to Shakespeare gives the simple answer that all are players and audience at one and the same time. Jaques' survey of the life of man is admirably concise and impressive. The last line—

> 'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing'—

with its half French equivalent for 'without,' is imitated from the *Henriade* of the French poet Garnier, which was not translated, and which Shakespeare must consequently have read in the original."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

17. *Make an extent,* etc.:—Lord Campbell, in *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements,* says this passage reveals the Poet's "deep technical knowledge of law." We also find in Stephen's *Commentaries on the Laws of England,* iv. 80: "Upon all debts of record due to the Crown, the sovereign has his peculiar remedy by writ of *extent*; which differs in this respect from an ordinary writ of execution at suit of the subject, that under it the body, lands, and goods of the debtor may be all taken at once, in order to compel the payment of the debt. And this proceeding is called an *extent,* from the words of the writ; which directs the sheriff to cause the lands, goods, and chattels to be appraised at their full, or extended, value (*extendi facias*), before they are delivered to satisfy the debt."

Scene II.

1-10. This passage seems to evince a most intimate knowledge of ancient mythology; but Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with Chapman's *Hymns to Night and to Cynthia,* which, though over-informed with learning, have many highly poetical passages, among which is the following:—

> "Nature's bright *eye-sight,* and the night's fair soul,
> That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell."

31. *of good breeding*:—In Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd,* Lionel says of Amie: "She 's sick *of* the young shepherd that bekist her"; sick *for want* of him. So often in Shakespeare.

150. *Atalanta's better part*:—A puzzling passage for the commentators. "The imagery selected," says Whiter, "to discriminate the perfections of Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those peculiar traits of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were, in the days of our Poet, the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the

coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of Helen, whether they were produced by the skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty*; and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. With respect to the 'majesty' of Cleopatra, it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. I infer, therefore, that the familiarity of the image was impressed, both on the Poet and his reader, from pictures or representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances. Atalanta, we know, was considered by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured, therefore, that her portraits were everywhere to be found. Since the story of Atalanta represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of virgin purity, and in delineating the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person. Lucretia (we know) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages; and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of 'modesty.'

"Such, then, are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress—that the ripe and brilliant *beauties* of Helen should be united to the elegant *symmetry* and virgin graces of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of Cleopatra, and the *matron modesty* of Lucretia."

190, 191. In Holland's translation of Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two *hills* removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retiring again with a most mighty noise."

Scene III.

[*Enter . . . Audrey.*] *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda.* The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.

38. *foul*:—Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair*; that is, for *plain, homely*. She has good authority for doing so. Thus, in Thomas's *History of Italy*: "If the maiden be *fair*, she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul*, they advance her with a better portion."

62. *horn*:—The learned Fool appears to use *horn* in a threefold sense for the ideal horn, which the Poet so often assigns to abused husbands, the horn of plenty, *cornucopia*, and such horns as are commonly worn by horned cattle.

99. The ballad of "O sweet Oliver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says, I will sing, *not* that part of the ballad which says, "Leave me not behind thee"; *but* that which says, "Begone, I say," probably part of the answer.

Scene V.

37-40. *What though you have no beauty*, etc.:—The commentators have made much ado over this passage. Some would strike out *no* before *beauty*, others would change it into *mo*, or *more*: whereas the peculiar force of the passage is, that Rosalind, wishing to humble Phebe, takes for granted that she is herself aware she has no beauty, and is therefore proud, even because she has none. Rosalind knows that to tell her she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her prouder; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud because she lacks it. The best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have anything to be proud of.

62. *Foul is most foul*, etc.:—That is, the ugly seem most ugly, when, as if proud of their ugliness, they set up for scoffers.

66, 67. *He's fallen in love with your foulness*, etc.:—The first clause of this sentence is addressed to Phebe; the other to the rest of the company. *Your* is commonly changed to *her*; whereas the very strength of the speech lies in its being spoken *to* the person herself.

78, 79. *though all the world*, etc.:—If all men could see you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but him.

82. This line is from Marlowe's translation of *Hero and Leander*, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection. The passage runs as follows:—

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

123. *constant red and mingled damask*:—Shakespeare apparently has reference to the *red rose,* which is red all over alike, and the *damask rose,* in which various shades of colour are *mingled.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

38. *swam in a gondola*:—That is, been at Venice, then the resort of travellers, as Paris is now; all visitors to Venice being supposed, of course, to sail in a gondola. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Quo Vadis?* to stem the fashion. Venice at that time was, according to Johnson, the seat of all licentiousness, where young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes and debased their characters.

66. *leer*:—This term was anciently used simply for *look,* its original meaning being face, countenance, complexion. In *The* Venice at that time was, according to Johnson, the seat of all the *leer* of invitation." And in an old ballad, *The Witch of Wokey*:—

"Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer."

Again, in Holland's *Pliny*: "In some places there are no other thing bred or growing but brown and duskish, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *leere,* but also the corne upon the ground, and other fruits of the earth."

140. *a girl goes before the priest*:—That is, goes faster than the

priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what was to be said first by Celia.

155. *Diana in the fountain*:—Figures, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in *The City Match*: "Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamentations."

172. *without her answer*:—This bit of satire is also to be found in Chaucer's Marchantes Tale, where Proserpine says of women on like occasion: "For lacke of answere none of us shall dien."

174, 175. *cannot make her fault*, etc.:—The text may be uncertain. As it stands, it appears to mean, "make her husband out to be the occasion of her fault."

Scene III.

102. *sweet and bitter fancy*:—Thus Lodge's novel: "Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the synople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste."

109. *A green and gilded snake*:—Hudson's original comment, introduced at this point, runs as follows: The bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical license, which the critics of course have not failed to grow big withal. Perhaps they did not see that the very grossness of the thing proves it to have been designed. By this irregular combination of actual things Shakespeare informs the whole with ideal effect, giving to this charming issue of his brain "a local habitation and a name," that it may link in with our flesh-and-blood sympathies, and at the same time turning it into a wild, wonderful, remote, fairy-land region, where all sorts of poetical things may take place without the slightest difficulty. Of course Shakespeare would not have done thus, but that he saw quite through the grand critical humbug, which makes the proper effect of a work of art depend upon our belief in the actual occurrence of the thing represented.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene IV.

113. [*Enter Hymen,* etc.] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

166 *et seq. Where meeting with an old religious man,* etc.:—In Lodge's novel the usurper is not turned from his purpose by any such pious counsels, but conquered and killed by the twelve peers of France, who undertake the cause of Gerismond, their rightful king. Here is a part of Fernandine's speech: "For know, Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troop'd with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join: therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and show yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers: so shall you for the benefit of your country discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honourable a parent."

202. [*Exit Jaques.*] "The reader," says Hudson, "feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in this manner; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel, makes him captain of the king's guard."

EPILOGUE.

18. *If I were a woman*:—As in the Poet's time, the parts of women were played by men or boys, no actress having appeared on the English stage before 1660, the following quotations from Pepys threw interesting light upon the assumption of female parts by male actors in Shakespeare's day and subsequently:—

August 18th, 1660. "Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to see the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,' where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life."

January 3, 1660. "To the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

January 8, 1660/1. "After dinner I took my Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them 'The Widdow,' an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women being too seek in their parts."

Feb. 12, 1660/1. "By water to Salsbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Scornfull Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me."

Questions on

As You Like It.

1. Give in brief the sources of this play.
2. Explain the title.
3. What place is doubtless celebrated in the scene of the action?

ACT FIRST.

4. What aspects of the general theme of the drama are depicted in the opening of the play?
5. Are the distresses that Orlando suffers such as lead one to expect a comedy or a tragedy? Support your view by arguments.
6. What is the function of Adam in the play?
7. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the wrestling match.
8. How does it serve to introduce the protagonists?
9. What is Rosalind's position in reference to her surroundings as shown in Sc. ii.?
10. What is Frederick's attitude towards Orlando? What reconciliation is here foreshadowed?
11. How does Shakespeare depict love at first sight? Where else in the play is there a repetition of the situation?
12. Summarize the points of superiority that Orlando possesses by reason of gentle birth and breeding.
13. Is Shakespeare aristocratic in social feeling? Do you find in any of his plays a treatment of love between unequals?
14. As the first Act depicts the essential traits of Rosalind and Celia, show in what way they are made to be foils. Is Celia any less individual because her part is only contributory to the story of Rosalind?
15. What is the dramatic purpose of the banishment of Rosalind? What motive for it does Frederick assign?
16. Who proposes flight to the forest of Arden? How does Rosalind describe herself in male attire? Compare this description with Portia's on the same theme. Mention other plays in which Shakespeare so disguises his heroines.

17. Show in what way the disguise is a liberator from social restraint, so that Rosalind has opportunity to display her real character.

ACT SECOND.

18. What comparison does the Duke make of the life of courts and the life of nature?

19. How do we see that *the stubbornness of fortune,* under which these denizens of the forest suffer, is really only a dramatic subterfuge and not the actual intent of the play?

20. How is Jaques introduced? Show the difference between the ordinary meaning of the word melancholy and Shakespeare's use denoting a melancholic disposition.

21. What sympathy with animal life is shown in Sc. i.?

22. How does Shakespeare show contrast between beasts of prey and beasts that are preyed upon by man?

23. Show how Scenes ii. and iii. are transition scenes in the action. What contrast is there between the two in dramatic method?

24. What humorous commingling of masculine and feminine touches do we observe in the first scene presenting Rosalind in male attire?

25. Show how gradation as a dramatic effect is employed by the early introduction of the love-affair of Silvius and Phebe.

26. Is Silvius rather a poetic abstraction, showing love untouched by social convention, than a rustic in love?

27. What aspect of love-passion does Touchstone represent? What episode of the play is foreshadowed in his comments on love?

28. Show how Sc. v. is of the nature of lyric interlude.

29. Why is so much of Act. II. given up to the depicting of Jaques?

30. What do you know of his past life?

31. Is his *melancholy* the result of disillusion, or is it an element in his nature?

32. How is Jaques affected by music? For an illuminating comment on his kind, and on his liking for music, see *The Merchant of Venice,* V. i. 83 *et seq.*

33. What report does he make of his encounter with Touchstone?

34. Who gives the cue for Jaques' speech, *All the world's a stage,* etc.

35. Cite parallel passages upon the world as a stage, to be found in Shakespeare and in other literature.

36. Repeat the song with which Act II. closes.

37. Consider the refrain at the end of each stanza. What is there distinctively Elizabethan in the temper of it? How differently would it be philosophized if it were written in the nineteenth century?

ACT THIRD.

38. What turn in the fortunes of Orlando is noted in Sc. i.?

39. What part of the action is foreshadowed here?

40. Through Touchstone, what aspects of life do we see satirized?

41. Is the wisdom of Corin sound from the rustic's point of view?

42. How does Shakespeare usually depict rustics?

43. What effect of contrast is produced by the scene following the dialogue of Touchstone and Corin?

44. How do lovers declare their passion in the forest of Arden?

45. What are the qualities that characterize the dialogue between Celia and Rosalind in Sc. ii.?

46. What is the dramatic purpose of this?

47. Indicate the purpose of the ensuing scene between Jaques and Orlando.

48. What did Jaques like in Orlando? Why did he allow himself to be so easily entrapped?

49. Was Orlando too full of love and self to appreciate Jaques? What is the underlying pathos of this dialogue?

50. Is not the spirit of Rosalind in her encounter with Orlando charged with sex? Why did not Orlando pierce the disguise?

51. Indicate the kind of humour in Sc. iii.

52. What reasons in nature do you see for the match between Touchstone and Audrey? What was Jaques' opinion regarding it?

53. Sc. iv. throws what new light upon Rosalind?

54. Construct from Rosalind's brief report her meeting with the Duke her father. How does Corin's message serve to link this with the following Scene?

55. Is it often Shakespeare's custom to make his scenes consecutive in action? What gain is there in reality by following the opposite course?

56. Though making her speak in poetic expression, how does

Shakespeare preserve the rustic nature of the Prebe? Comment on Sc. v., lines 8 *et seq.*

57. How is it shown that Phebe falls in love with Rosalind? Do you see Phebe in the same way that Rosalind did?

58. Does Phebe change at all her attitude toward Silvius after Rosalind goes out?

59. Collect the bits of personal description of Rosalind in the play and tell what she looks like.

60. Compare Phebe and Rosalind as lovers of men. How differently do their thoughts run?

ACT FOURTH.

61. Account for Jaques' interest in Orlando and in Rosalind. Is it owing to their youth? How old do you take Jaques to be?

62. How does Jaques account for his melancholy?

63. Why does Shakespeare always leave him worsted at the hands of inexperience?

64. How does Shakespeare satirize the travelled youth of his day?

65. How does this second encounter between Orlando and Rosalind begin?

66. How does Rosalind, like Phebe, answer the assertion that men suffer for love?

67. How do you defend the forwardness of many of Shakespeare's heroines in love-making?

68. What is said of a woman's wit?

69. On what pretext does Orlando leave Rosalind? Is there reality as well as humour in it?

70. How does Celia chide Rosalind after Orlando has gone? Is Orlando so in love with the idea of love that he is blind to realities?

71. Does Orlando ever make such a forthright demonstration of himself as to justify the opinions held of him by others? Does Shakespeare experience the same difficulty that Scott complained of in making his heroes interesting?

72. Does Sc. i. mark the climax of the drama?

73. What is Celia's humorous comment on Rosalind's ecstatic state? How long can all the world love a lover?

74. What does Sc. ii. contribute to the plot?

75. What new aspect of Rosalind is seen in her reading of the letter of Phebe? What message does Rosalind send?

76. When was Oliver last seen in the play? Why has Shake-

speare changed his speech from prose to verse? What story does he tell? Show how here begins the resolution of the drama. What part of the story causes Rosalind to faint?

77. How does Oliver penetrate the counterfeiting of Rosalind?

ACT FIFTH.

78. Is the scene between William and Touchstone a necessary part of the *resolution*?

79. Why has William not been introduced before?

80. What does the episodic nature of this Scene afford for the general action?

81. Is there adequate preparation for the love affair of Oliver and Celia? Does this failure amount to an artistic blemish? What motive was supplied by Lodge in the fiction from which Shakespeare derived the materials of this play? What harmony is there with one of the motifs of the play?

82. Why is so much of the fifth Act set down in prose? Describe the completion of the resolution.

83. How does Jaques show his interest in the marriage of Touchstone and Audrey?

84. What points of autobiography does Touchstone furnish?

85. What becomes of Jaques after the company in the forest disperses?

86. What is his prophecy for each of the men? Why has he no words for the women? Why are almost the last words of the drama in character given to him to speak?

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87. What is the dominant spirit of this play?

88. What principle of moral life may be said to be held in solution here?

89. What elements of implied tragedy does it contain?

90. Does the mediation of tragic forces in deference to the spirit of comedy become a legitimate expedient in art?

91. Indicate the kinds of humour displayed in Rosalind, Touchstone, and Jaques.

92. Mention some ways in which the atmosphere of the forest is conveyed.

93. In contrast with what is the free and untrammeled life of the forest presented?

94. Give some reasons why Shakespeare so frequently disguised his heroines in male attire.

Much Ado About Nothing

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Preface.

The Editions. A quarto edition of *Much Ado About Nothing* was published in 1600 with the following title-page:—"*Much Adoe About Nothing as it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants Written by William Shakespeare.* London.' (It had previously been entered on the Stationers' Register, August 23, 1600.) No other edition is known to have been published previous to the publication of the First Folio, 1623; the play was evidently printed from a copy of a Quarto in the possession of the Theatre, or of the original MS., corrected for the purposes of the Stage. (*Cp. Facsimile Quarto Edition,* ed. by Mr. Daniel.) There are many minor variations between the Quarto and the First Folio, but most of them seem due to the printer's carelessness.

Date of Composition. As the play is not mentioned by Meres, in 1598, and was printed in 1600, it may be safely assigned to the year 1599, in support of which date the following points are noteworthy:—(1) Probable allusion in the opening scene to a circumstance attending the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland, during the summer of 1599; (2) the character of "Amorphus, or the one Deformed," in *Cynthia's Revels,* 1600, may be compared with "*the one Deformed, a vile thief this seven year*" (*cp.* III. iii. 133-5, 175, 178); (3) the instructions which Dogberry and Verges give to the night-watch may possibly be intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets,* imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595.

Source of Plot. The incident of the interrupted marriage is identical with the story of Adriodante and Ginevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso,* Canto v.; this had been translated into English by Beverly in 1565, and by Harrington in 1591. The story was dramatised before 1582, and was rendered into English verse by George Turbervile. Later on it found a place in Spenser's *Fairy Queen,* Book ii. Canto iv. Shakespeare may, however, have derived his story from Belleforest's translation in his *Histoires Tragiques* of Bandello's 22nd Novella. It is noteworthy that about the same time the German Dramatist, Jacob Ayrer, founded his play *Beautiful Phœnicia* upon the same tale, and the English and German plays have certain points of resemblance. Possibly they were both indebted to a lost original (*cp.* Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*). Dr. Ward sums up the evidence as follows:—"As the date of Ayrer's piece is not known—it may have been written before or after 1600—and as that of Shakspere's is similarly uncertain, it is impossible to decide as to their relative priority. That, however, Ayrer did not copy from Shakspere seems, as Simrock points out, clear from the names of the characters in his play, which follow Bandello, while Shakspere has changed all the names except those of Don Pedro and old Leonato."

General Characteristics. The mixture of tragedy and comedy in this play is so perfectly blended that it may well be regarded as the culminating point of Shakespeare's second period of activity, the period to which belong *Twelfth Night, As You Like It,* and *The Merry Wives*; the metrical tests actually place it last in this group. Beatrice and Benedick should be compared with their prototypes, Rosaline and Biron, and Dogberry and his comrades should be contrasted with the earlier clowns, in order to understand the advance which this play marks in Shakespeare's career. "Perhaps," says Hazlitt, "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in

which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves, in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity."

Later Versions of the Play. Two plays were founded upon *Much Ado About Nothing*—(1) Davenant's *Law against Lovers*, which Pepys saw on Feb. 18th, 1661, and (2) *The Universal Passion*, by Rev. James Miller, 1737.

Duration of Action. For a detailed study of the "time" of the play the reader is referred to Mr. Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 144. He believes that just as the Prince forgets his determination to stay "at least a month" at Messino, so the "just seven-night" to the wedding was also either forgotten or intentionally set aside, and that only four *consecutive* days are actually included in the action of the drama—

1. Act I., and Act II. i. and ii.
2. Act II. iii., and Act III. i.-iii.
3. Act III. iv. and v.; Act IV.; Act V. i. ii., and part of iii.
4. Act V., part of iii., and iv.

Watchman with bill, lantern, bell and dog.
(From a woodcut in Decker's *English Villanies*, six severall Times prest to Death by the Printers.)

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Don Pedro, prince of Arragon, comes on a visit to Leonato, governor of Messina, accompanied by Benedick and Claudio, two young noblemen who have been serving with him in the wars. Between Benedick and Beatrice, Leonato's niece, there has been a merry war; so that "they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them." On the occasion of this meeting they are true to their reputations for antagonism. Meanwhile, Claudio is attracted once again by Leonato's daughter, Hero. Don Pedro kindly offers to sue to the lady and her father in the young lord's behalf.

II. A masquerade is given by Leonato in honour of visitors. Don Pedro seizes the opportunity to woo Hero, giving her to think that he is Claudio. Don John, an evil-minded natural brother of the prince, seeks to poison Claudio's mind by telling him that Don Pedro is wooing in his own behalf; and Claudio's spirits droop until the lady is actually promised him by her father. Seeing the small piece of villainy come to naught, Don John plots a much larger one. Benedick, on his part, fares badly at the masquerade. Beatrice flouts him so sadly that he is on the point of forsaking her society henceforth, when their friends, believing them to be well matched, decide upon a ruse to arouse their mutual affections. Benedick is made to overhear that Beatrice is in love with him.

III. Beatrice is informed in the same fashion that Benedick loves her. Their hearts become more tender

towards each other. Don John's evil plans are maturing against Hero and Claudio. He brings Claudio and Don Pedro beneath her window on the night before her wedding-day, and makes them believe that they are witnessing a meeting between her and some secret lover. The artifice is caused by Borachio, a follower of Don John, who addresses a waiting-maid as Hero; but the night is too dark to reveal the deception, and it would probably never have been discovered had not some blundering watchmen, by a happy chance, overheard Borachio telling of the adventure. They seize him and try to inform Leonato; but the latter, busied with the arrangements for the marriage, does not stop to listen to their rambling narrative.

IV. Claudio believes Hero faithless, and repudiates her at the very moment of the nuptials. Hero swoons, and by the advice of a friar it is given out that she is dead. Beatrice will not believe her cousin guilty, and demands of Benedick—who has avowed his love—a proof of his devotion in the shape of the life of Claudio, his friend.

V. Leonato is in the depths of despair and humiliation over the evil report concerning his daughter. He upbraids Claudio and wishes to fight him. Benedick challenges Claudio. The testimony of the watchmen finally comes to light, revealing the plot of Don John and the innocence of Hero. Claudio sues for forgiveness, which the generous Leonato grants, on condition that Claudio wed a niece who is said to be much like Hero, but whose face he is not permitted to see until after the marriage ceremony has been performed. Claudio, who had promised any penance, willingly consents to this. His happiness, therefore, is made perfect when the masked lady proves to be Hero, whom he has been mourning as dead. While Beatrice and Benedick, although they find out the trick that has brought them together, are not sorry for it, but stop their bickerings with a kiss.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Beatrice.

Shakspeare has exhibited in Beatrice a spirited and faithful portrait of the fine lady of his own time. The deportment, language, manners and allusions are those of a particular class in a particular age; but the individual and dramatic character which forms the groundwork is strongly discriminated, and being taken from general nature, belongs to every age. In Beatrice, high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other like fire and air. In her wit (which is brilliant without being imaginative) there is a touch of insolence, not infrequent in women when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant; and her satirical humour plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike, that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy. But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward; she is volatile, not unfeeling. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gayety, but of heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy—whose wit consists in a temporary illusion, or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief;—than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sidney:

In Beatrice, Shakspeare has contrived that the poetry of the character shall not only soften, but heighten its comic effect. We are not only inclined to forgive Beatrice all her scornful airs, all her biting jests, all her assumption of superiority; but they amuse and delight us the more, when we find her, with all the headlong simplicity of a child, falling at once into the snare laid for her affections; when we see *her*, who thought a man of God's making not good enough for her, who disdained

to be o'ermastered by " a piece of valiant dust," stooping like the rest of her sex, veiling her proud spirit, and taming her wild heart to the loving hand of him whom she had scorned, flouted, and misused, " past the endurance of a block." And we are yet more completely won by her generous, enthusiastic attachment to her cousin. When the father of Hero believes the tale of her guilt; when Claudio, her lover, without remorse or a lingering doubt, consigns her to shame; when the Friar remains silent, and the generous Benedick himself knows not what to say, Beatrice, confident in her affections, and guided only by the impulses of her own feminine heart, sees through the inconsistency, the impossibility of the charge, and exclaims, without a moment's hesitation,

O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

. . . A haughty, excitable, and violent temper is another of the characteristics of Beatrice; but there is more of impulse than of passion in her vehemence. In the marriage scene where she has beheld her gentle-spirited cousin—whom she loves the more for those very qualities which are most unlike her own—slandered, deserted, and devoted to public shame, her indignation, and the eagerness with which she hungers and thirsts after revenge, are, like the rest of her character, open, ardent, impetuous, but not deep or implacable. When she bursts into that outrageous speech—

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!

And when she commands her lover, as the first proof of his affection, " to kill Claudio," the very consciousness of the exaggeration,—of the contrast between the real good nature of Beatrice and the fierce tenor of her lan-

guage, keeps alive the comic effect. mingling the ludicrous with the serious. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the point and vivacity of the dialogue, few of the speeches of Beatrice are capable of a general application, or engrave themselves distinctly on the memory; they contain more mirth than matter; and though wit be the predominant feature in the dramatic portrait, Beatrice more charms and dazzles us by what she is than by what she *says*. It is not merely her sparkling repartees and saucy jests, it is the soul of wit, and the spirit of gayety informing the whole character—looking out from her brilliant eyes, and laughing on the full lips that pout with scorn—which we have before us, moving and full of life.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Beatrice Criticized and Defended.

Mrs. Jameson, in her characters of Shakespeare, concludes with hoping that Beatrice will live happy with Benedick, but I have no such hope; and my final anticipation in reading the play is the certainty that Beatrice will provoke her Benedick to give her much and just conjugal castigation. She is an odious woman. Her own cousin says of her:—

> "Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
> Misprising what they look on; and her wit
> Values itself so highly, that to her
> All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
> Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
> She is so self-endeared."

I once knew such a pair; the lady was a perfect Beatrice; she railed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of

sentiments, each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world. Beatrice is not to be compared, but contrasted, with Rosalind, who is equally witty; but the sparkling sayings of Rosalind are like gems upon her head at court, and like dew-drops on her bright hair in the woodland forest.

CAMPBELL: *Introduction to the Play.*

We extract this last criticism, partly in deference to Campbell's general exquisite taste and reverent appreciation of Shakespeare's genius, and partly as an example of the manner in which accidental personal associations influence taste and opinion. The critical poet seems to have unhappily suffered under the caprices or insolence of some accomplished but fantastical female wit, whose resemblance he thinks he recognizes in Beatrice; and then vents the offences of the belle of Edinburgh or London upon her prototype of Messina, or more probably of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Those who, without encountering any such unlucky cause of personal prejudice, have looked long enough upon the rapidly passing generations of wits and beauties in the gay world to have noted their characters as they first appeared, and subsequently developed themselves in after-life, will pronounce a very different judgement. Beatrice's faults are such as ordinarily spring from the consciousness of talent and beauty, accompanied with the high spirits of youth and health, and the play of a lively fancy. Her brilliant intellectual qualities are associated with strong and generous feelings, high confidence in female truth and virtue, warm attachment to her friends, and quick, undisguised indignation at wrong and injustice. There is the rich material, which the experience and the sorrows of maturer life, the affection and the duties of the wife and the mother, can gradually shape into the noblest forms of matronly excellence; and such, we doubt not, was the result shown in the married life of Beatrice.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

IV.

Benedick.

Benedick betrays a lurking partiality for his fascinating enemy; he shows that he has looked upon her with no careless eye when he says,

"There's her cousin [meaning Beatrice], an she were not possessed with a fury, excels her as much in beauty as the first of May does the last of December."

Infinite skill, as well as humour, is shown in making this pair of airy beings the exact counterpart of each other; but of the two portraits, that of Benedick is by far the most pleasing, because the independence and gay indifference of temper, the laughing defiance of love and marriage, the satirical freedom of expression, common to both, are more becoming to the masculine than to the feminine character. Any woman might love such a cavalier as Benedick, and be proud of his affection; his valour, his wit, and his gayety sit so gracefully upon him! and his light scoffs against the power of love are but just sufficient to render more piquant the conquest of this "heretic in despite of beauty." But a man might well be pardoned who should shrink from encountering such a spirit as that of Beatrice, unless, indeed, he had "served an apprenticeship to the taming-school."

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

The wit of Benedick . . . springs more from reflection [than that of Beatrice], and grows with the growth of thought. With all the pungency and nearly all the pleasantry, it lacks the free, spontaneous volubility, of hers. Hence in their skirmishes she always gets the better of him. But he makes ample amends when out of her presence, trundling of jests in whole paragraphs. In short, if his wit be slower, it is also stronger than hers: not so agile in manner, more weighty in matter, it shines

less, but burns more; and as it springs much less out of the occasion, so it will bear repeating much better.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

Benedick's first greeting of Beatrice is as Lady Disdain, and at the masked ball it is his charge against her that she is "disdainful," and disdain is a complaint that scarcely occurs but to a lover; hence it is Hero's charge—

> "No truly, Ursula, she is too *disdainful,*
> I know her spirits are as *coy* and wild
> As haggards of the rock."

He himself betrays himself, when he places his "simple true judgement" of a lady, in opposition to his "custom as professed tyrant to the sex." When Claudio declares his love to Don Pedro, Benedick brings in his own sentiments as to marriage, and turns and engrosses the whole conversation on his proper sentimental idiosyncrasy, with little regard for poor Claudio's suspended communication. After a sharp encounter with the lady, he can still indicate a full appreciation of her beauty, "an she were not possessed with a fury"; and after one still sharper, when she drops a word that is almost unpardonable—"the fool will eat no supper," he advances, for advance it is, one step nearer to self-knowledge in averring, "I would not marry her if——" it matters not what follows, for conditions were indifferent after the thought was once fairly entertained. It is comic and characteristic that the acute, the observant Benedick, never catches a glimpse of the true incitement of the persecution of Beatrice; he supposes a base or bitter disposition—anything rather than the truth that at heart she thoroughly admires him, and would be pleased and flattered to be admired and attended to in turn, and that it is pique and not contemptuousness that arms her tongue. Apparently he has himself, and his self-sufficient parade of superiority to Love—a divinity who will not be insulted with impunity, to thank for his false and uncomfortable position. Beatrice speaks of a

time when they seem to have had more peaceable relations, and he gained a heart of her, though it proved to be with false dice; indifference, however, is almost as dire a crime as treachery in a court of love, especially in the bachelor, and therefore it is that Benedick suffers most by the mutual persecution, and, by the course of his conversation, is justly exposed to far more ridicule than attaches to Beatrice in her recovery, inasmuch as she, though with irregular weapons, was at least vindicating the natural rights of her beauty and attractions.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

V.

Benedick and Beatrice Well Matched.

By her [Beatrice's] side Shakespeare has placed Benedick, a Mercutio redivivus; a youth who is the reverse of amatory, opposed to a maiden who is the reverse of tender. He abhors betrothal and marriage quite as vehemently as she, and is, from the man's point of view, no less scornful of all sentimentality than she, from the woman's; so that he and she, from the first, stand on a warlike footing with each other. In virtue of a profound and masterly psychological observation, Shakespeare presently makes these two suddenly fall in love with each other, over head and ears, for no better reason than that their friends persuade Benedick that Beatrice is secretly pining for love of him, and Beatrice that Benedick is mortally enamoured of her, accompanying this information with high-flown eulogies of both. Their thoughts were already occupied with each other; and now the amatory fancy flames forth in both of them all the more strongly, because it has so long been banked down. And here, where everything was of his own invention and he could move quite freely, Shakespeare has with delicate ingenuity brought the pair together, not by means of empty words, but in a common cause, Beatrice's first advance to Benedick taking place in the form of an

appeal to him for chivalrous intervention in behalf of her innocent cousin.

The reversal in the mutual relations of Benedick and Beatrice is, moreover, highly interesting in so far as it is probably the first instance of anything like careful character-development which we have as yet encountered in any single play of Shakespeare's. In the earlier comedies there was nothing of the kind, and the chronicle-plays afforded no opportunity for it. The characters had simply to be brought into harmony with the given historical events, and in every case Shakespeare held firmly to the character-scheme once laid down. Neither *Richard III.* nor *Henry V.* presents any spiritual history; both kings, in the plays which take their names from them, are one and the same from first to last. Enough has already been said of Henry's change of front with respect to Falstaff in *Henry IV.*; we need only remark further that here the old play of *The Famous Victories* unmistakably pointed the way to Shakespeare. But this melting of all that is hard and frozen in the natures of Benedick and Beatrice is without a parallel in any earlier work, and is quite plainly executed *con amore.* And the real substance of the play lies not in the plot from which it takes its name, but in the relation between these two characters, freely invented by Shakespeare.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

Hero.

It is not every lady—I speak under correction, who, although disposed to be as placable as Hero under grievous insult and injury, would be satisfied with reparation proffered in the exact form, that appears to indicate a promptitude to be consoled, that goes far to cancel the merit of penitence. The veil of Hero would have been thrown down, by some, not to welcome the contrite lover with an

agreeable surprise, but to confound him by the sight of the lost bride, who might claim a right, under the circumstances, to have at least detained his affections; and there must, in fact, be great peculiarity in the love and engagement of the pair, for us to be able to witness the scene, without expecting reproaches on one side, and shame and confusion on the other. The instance of the indignation of Hermione, and the penance she exacts, for a similar outrage, is an extreme contrast, but exhibits the principle of feeling involved. . . .

Hero has to be depicted, and is depicted, of such temper and disposition as will accept this not very complimentary form of reparation, and yet of such susceptibilities as to feel her false accusation acutely, and to interest our esteem and sympathy.

The lady herself is the sweet docile creature, with well-proportioned beauty, intelligence, and disposition for affectionateness, that so frequently accepts her fate from the arrangements of other people, and, with moderate good fortune, may enjoy and confer a temperate happiness in any one of many possible engagements. Benedick's definition of her excellence is all-sufficient. She claims no commendation in excess; yet were she other than she is she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, Benedick and such as he may not like her, but without art, or invitation, or coquetry, she will be one of the last to go through her teens without a husband, notwithstanding.

It is wonderful how Shakespeare has been able to interest us by the mere attractiveness of simple, affectionate, and cheerful disposition in a female character, with scarcely a touch of passion, and for independent will so nearly a nonentity. When Leonato thinks Don Pedro is the suitor for his daughter, he proposes to "acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true." The theory of the communication appears in a subsequent speech:—"Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do

solicit you in that kind, you know your answer"; and Hero by her silence, or probably by the courtesy that gives Beatrice her cue, acquiesces. Beatrice has a theory of filial obedience in these matters, that her cousin does not, or has no occasion at least, to dream of. "Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'As it please you,' but yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'" Clearly, if Beatrice is to be fitted with a husband by any will or choice other than her own, it must be managed by a different and far more artificial process. The limits of the independence that Hero was prepared to assert, are marked by a few dextrous touches, in her not ungraceful repartees with the masked Don Pedro; prepared to be wooed, we suspect she is also prepared to consent, yet to indulge withal in those slighter ceremonious holdings off that are the feminine prerogative in the most absolute surrender—their honours of war.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Claudio.

To Claudio we cannot reconcile ourselves. He allows himself to be convinced, by the clumsiest stratagem, that his young bride, in reality as pure and tender as a flower, is a faithless creature, who deceives him the very day before her marriage. Instead of withdrawing in silence, he prefers, like the blockhead he is, to confront her in the church, before the altar, and in the hearing of every one overwhelm her with coarse speeches and low accusations; and he induces his patron, the Prince Don Pedro, and even the lady's own father, Leonato, to join him in heaping upon the unhappy bride their idiotic accusations. When, by the advice of the priest, her relatives have given her out as dead and the worthy old Leonato has

lied up hill and down dale about her hapless end, Claudio, who now learns too late that he has been duped, is at once taken into favour again. Leonato only demands of him—in accordance with the mediæval fable—that he shall declare himself willing to marry whatever woman he (Leonato) shall assign to him. This he promises, without a word or thought about Hero; whereupon she is placed in his arms. The original spectators, no doubt, found this solution satisfactory; a modern audience is exasperated by it, very much as Nora, in *A Doll's House,* is exasperated on finding that Helmer, after the danger has passed away, regards all that has happened in their souls as though it had never been, merely because the sky is clear again. If ever man was unworthy a woman's love, that man is Claudio. If ever marriage was odious and ill-omened, this is it. The old taleteller's invention has been too much even for Shakespeare's art.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Dogberry.

At first it seems as if Shakspeare intended by the introduction of Dogberry and his ineffective watch merely to interpolate a bit of comic business, by parodying the important phrases and impotent exploits of the suburban constable. But Dogberry's mission extended farther than that, and is intimately woven with delightful unconsciousness on his part into the fortunes of Hero.

Dogberry is not only immortal for that, but his name will never die so long as village communities in either hemisphere elect their guardians of the peace and clothe them in verbose terrors. If the town is unfortunately short of rascals, the officer will fear one in each bush, or extemporize one out of some unbelligerent starveling to show that the majestic instructions of his townsmen have not been wasted on him. This elaborate inefficiency is frequently selected by busy communities, because so few

persons are there clumsy enough to be unemployed. Such a vagrom is easily comprehended. Dogberry has caught up the turns and idioms of sagacious speech, and seems to be blowing them up as life-belts; so he goes bobbing helplessly around in the froth of his talk. 'I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it." He ties his conversation in hopeless knots of absurdity; when pomp takes possession of a vacuous mind, it rattles like the jester's bladder of dried pease. Have not his fellow-citizens invested him? He will then lavish the selectest phrases. I heard a village politician once say with scorn in town meeting, "Mr. Moderator, I know nothing about your technalities." Dogberry is the most original of Malaprops, says to the Prince's order that it shall be suffigance, and tells the watch that salvation were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them. He has furnished mankind with that adroit phrase of conversational escape from compromise, "Comparisons are odorous." Where common men would suspect a person, Dogberry says the person is auspicious. His brain seems to be web-footed, and tumbles over itself in trying to reach swimming water; as when he says, "Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly." This is the precipitancy of a child's reasoning.

His own set do not discover by his malapropisms how futile he is, for their ears are accustomed to this misplacing of terms; which, indeed, is not uncommon among people of stronger native sense. Even the spelling-book and primer are not prophylactic against this failing, which seems to be owing to cerebral inability to keep words from gadding about with each other after they have once entered the mind: a laxness between notions and memory which results in verbal hybridity, as when a man, who was

well informed enough, used to say, when the castors were passed, that he never took condignments with his food; and the Western lawyer said of a man that he could not tell a story without embezzlements. . . .

Dogberry has a pondering look and a fribbling emphasis. He rolls the plump phrases over and over like a quid, but ejects them with a kind of strenuous drivel. He makes pauses, as if discriminating the juiciest reflection, but really settles at random, like a pigeon whose brain has been vivisected; so he concludes that, if a man will not stand when he is bid to, he may go; and that, though a thief ought to be arrested, they that touch pitch will be defiled; and that, on the whole, it is better to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Thus he attains to the merit of genius when it chips the egg and lets loose the struggling chick of the ordinary mind. He voices the perplexity of the watch, and lends to it the color of concession and sagacious compromise. It is exactly what old Verges thought but did not know how to incubate into definite expression. So all the people who sit upon political fences, and find the edge growing inconvenient, welcome the pad which postpones the necessity for a jump to either side.

Dogberry admires and cossets his own authority, but is too timid to enforce it save with poor old Verges, whose mental feebleness is an exact shadow of Dogberry's; and the latter manages to step upon himself in amusing unconsciousness. "An old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were." A good old man, sir; but he will gabble. All men are not alike, alas! So he goes on, dismissing himself, and slamming to the door without observing it.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

Most delightful is the contradiction between appearance and reality, between subjective conception and objective reality, as we have it exhibited in the Clown of the piece,

the dutiful constable Dogberry, who considers his position so very important and maintains it so zealously, but who is always uttering contradictory maxims and precepts; who is so presumptuous and yet so modest; who looks at things with so correct an eye and yet pronounces such foolish judgements; talks so much and yet says so little, in fact, perpetually contradicts himself, giving orders for what he advises to be left undone, entreating to be registered an ass, and yet is the very one to discover the *nothing* which is the cause of the *much ado*. He is the chief representative of that view of life upon which the whole is based, inasmuch as its comic power is exhibited most strongly and most directly in him. For this contrast, which, in accordance with its nature, usually appears divided between its two poles, is, so to say, individualised in him, that is, united in the one individual and fully reflected in his inconsistent and ever contradictory doings and resolves, thoughts and sayings. Dogberry personifies, if we may say so, the spirit and meaning of the whole, and, therefore, plays essentially the same part as the Fool in *Twelfth Night*, Touchstone in *As You Like It*, Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the majority of the clowns in Shakspeare's comedies. Besides this, he is also an important character in so far as it is he who discovers the rascally trick of Don John and his accomplice which gives rise to the whole complication; in fact, the comic caprice of accident delights in employing the most comic of all characters, the clowns *par excellence*, to bring to light that which it was indeed easy enough to discover, which, however, the sense of the sensible personages did not perceive. At all events our point of view gives an easy and simple explanation as to why Shakspeare conferred the difficult task of unravelling the entangled knot upon such a peculiarly foolish fellow as Dogberry, and why he made him the clown of the piece and conceived his character in this and in no other light.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

Don John.

In the person of Don John, the poet has depicted mere unmixed evil, and has disdained to supply a motive for his vile action in any single injury received, or desire unsatisfied. Don John is one of the sour, envious natures which suck poison from all sources, because they suffer from the perpetual sense of being unvalued and despised. He is, for the moment, constrained by the forbearance with which his victorious brother has treated him, but "if he had his mouth he would bite." And he does bite, like the cur and coward he is, and makes himself scarce when his villainy is about to be discovered. He is an ill-conditioned, base, and tiresome scoundrel; and, although he conscientiously does evil for evil's sake, we miss in him all the defiant and brilliantly sinister qualities which appear later on in Iago and in Edmund. There is little to object to in Don John's repulsive scoundrelism; at most we may say that it is a strange motive-power for a comedy.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

X.

General.

The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa,* as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the *Much Ado About Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action—

take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in Shakespeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

COLERIDGE.

When we turn to the old stories upon which Shakespeare based his plays, we get, perhaps, a deeper impression of his essential originality than we should were the plots wholly his own, whatever might be their merits as plots. We are brought, in this way, to a deeper sense of the workings of the inner spirit which subjected all its appropriations to its own creative purpose. We see that the work grew from what the workman had within himself, and not merely from following what others had done before him. We see that the old story has been less worked into, than employed as the scaffolding of, his dramatic structure. . . .

The life and the main interest of *Much Ado About Nothing* are due to characters which, so far as we know, were entirely original with Shakespeare, namely, Benedick and Beatrice, Dogberry and Verges. The other characters have prototypes in the original story, which is found under various forms, the earliest being the tale of Ariodante and Ginevra, in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto.

CORSON: *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare.*

[*Much Ado About Nothing*] is brilliant, spirited, charged with vivacity, and sparkling with wit; it is a masterpiece of keen characterization, of flashing conversation, of striking contrasts of type, and of intellectual energy, playing freely and buoyantly against a background of exquisite beauty. The dramatist was now

completely emancipated from his earlier teachers, and had secured entire command of his own genius and of the resources of comedy as a literary form. In this splendid creation of his happiest mood in his most fortunate years, the prophecy of sustained and flashing interchange of wit in Lyly's court plays is amply fulfilled, and the promise of individual power of characterization clearly discerned in Biron and Rosaline is perfectly realized in Benedict and Beatrice; while Dogberry and Verges mark the perfection of Shakespeare's skill in drawing blundering clowns. In this play the blending of the tragic and humorous or comic is so happily accomplished that the two contrasting elements flow together in a vital and exquisite harmony of experience, full of tenderness, loyalty, audacity, and brilliancy; the most comprehensive contrast of character is secured in Hero and Claudio, Benedict and Beatrice, as chief actors in the drama, with Dogberry and Verges as centres of interest in the minor or subsidiary plot. Hazlitt declares with reference to this play that perhaps "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity." In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare drew with a free hand the large and rather coarse qualities of English middle-class life; in *Much Ado About Nothing* he presented a study of life in the highest stage of the social order, touched at all points with distinction of insight, characterization, and taste. The gayety and brilliancy of the great world as contrasted with the little world of rural and provincial society are expressed with a confidence and consistency which indicate that the poet must have known something of the court circle and of the accomplished women who moved in it.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

Much Ado About Nothing

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DON PEDRO, *prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence.*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua.*
LEONATO, *governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHASAR, *attendant on Don Pedro.*
CONRADE, } *followers of Don John.*
BORACHIO, }
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGBERRY, *a constable.*
VERGES, *a headborough.*
A SEXTON.
A BOY.

HERO, *daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, *Messina.*

Much Ado About Nothing.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that

joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he 's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he 'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the

taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend

Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat

winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she 's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.
D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.
D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in

my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and

money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she 's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here 's no place for you maids': so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter

for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad

legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink a-pace into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.
Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.
Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here 's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there 's an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?
Bene. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales':—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.
Bene. What 's he?
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, believe me.
Beat. Did he never make you laugh?
Bene. I pray you, what is he?
Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible

slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Benc. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet

in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every

one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how

to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, —in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier;

and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I 'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that 's certain; wise, or I 'll none; virtuous, or I 'll never cheapen her; fair, or I 'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claud. Yes, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We 'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthasar with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we 'll hear that song again.
Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crochets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for tomorrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never coun-

terfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I

will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'; there 's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me'; that 's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[*Approaching the bower.*

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward; if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgement,—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have,—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I 'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She 's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

Beat. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now

crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Perdo. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess

not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-

houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child crying in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool 's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window,

sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another: I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband': an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap 's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there 's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God 's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examine these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you;

here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!
Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,

Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,

Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.
Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.
Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.
Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?
Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.
Sex. Which be the malefactors?
Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.
Verg. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.
Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.
Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?
Bora. Borachio.
Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?
Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

BENEDICT GOES TO CHALLENGE CLAUDIO.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV , Scene i.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that 's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God 's my life, where 's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet

forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a house-holder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second-grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem'! when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give perceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I 'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that 's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord,—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*
D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter Benedick.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have

been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife 's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit

the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit': 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit': 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise': 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues': 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the

bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I 'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified

unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what 's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments: how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?
Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.
D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villany.
Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.
Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time
our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the
matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify,
when time and place shall serve, that I am an
ass.
Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato,
and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?
Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?
Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white

and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on.
We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

Scene II.

Leonato's garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge;

and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Very ill too.
Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder 's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?
Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?
Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?
A Lord. It is, my lord.
Claud. [*Reading out of a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what 's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here 's the friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter.
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she 's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify:
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here 's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?
Bene. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We 'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Dance. Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; V. ii. 100.
Accordant, favourable; I. ii. 13.
Adam; alluding to the outlaw Adam Bell, famous as an archer (*cp.* Percy's Reliques); I. i. 259.
Advertisement, moral instruction; V. i. 32.
Afeard, afraid; II. iii. 153.
Affect, love; I. i. 296.
Affection, desire; II. ii. 6.
After, afterwards; I. i. 326.
Agate; an allusion to the little figures cut in agates, often worn in rings; a symbol of smallness; III. i. 65.
Aim; "a. better at me," form a better opinion of me; III. ii. 95.
Alliance; "Good Lord for al." *i.e.* "Heaven send me a husband," or "Good Lord, how many alliances are forming!"; II. i. 321.
Alms; "an alms" = a charity; II. iii. 159.
Ancientry, old fashioned manners; II. i. 77.
Angel, a gold coin (with pun upon *noble* and *angel,* both coins); II. iii. 35.
Answer; "to your a.," *i.e.* "to answer for your conduct"; V. i. 231.
Antique, antic, buffoon; III. i. 63.
Antiquely, fantastically; V. i. 96.
Apes; a reference to the old superstition that old maids had to lead apes in hell; II. i. 40.
Appear itself, appear as a reality; I. ii. 20.
Apprehension; "professed ap.," *i.e.* "set up for a wit"; III. iv. 65.
Approved, tried, proved; II. i. 384; IV. i. 45.
Argument, subject (for satire); I. i. 256; proof; II. iii. 235.
At a word = in a word; II. i. 114.
Ate, goddess of Fury and Mischief; II. i. 257.

Baldrick, belt; I. i. 242.
Bear in hand, keep in (false) hope; IV. i. 303.
Bear-ward (Quartos, Folios, read berrord; other eds., bear-herd), bear-leader; II. i. 40. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Beaten; "b. with brains," *i.e.* mocked; V. iv. 102.
Bel; "God Bel's priests" alludes to some representation in stained glass of the story of *Bel and the Dragon*; III. iii. 138.

From a copper-plate illustrating London Cries of the time of James I.

Below stairs; "shall I always keep below stairs," an expression of doubtful meaning; probably = "in the servant's room"; hence "remain unmarried"; V. ii. 10.

Bent, tension, straining (properly an expression of archery); II. iii. 224; disposition; IV. i. 187.

Bills; "set up his bills," *i.e.* "posted his challenge, like a fencing-master"; I. i. 37.

Bills, pikes carried by watchmen; III. iii. 43.

Bills, used quibblingly for (1) bonds, and (2) watchmen's halberds; III. iii. 184.

Bird-bolt, a short arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; I. i. 40.

Black, dark-complexioned; III. i. 63.

Blazon, explanation; II. i. 298.

Block, wooden model for shaping hats; I. i. 75.

Blood, temperament; I. iii. 28; passion; II. i. 181.

Bloods, young fellows; III. iii. 145.

Boarded, accosted; II. i. 144.

Books; "not in your books," *i.e.* "not in your good books"; I. i. 77.

Borrows; "b. money in God's name," *i.e.* "begs it"; V. i. 315.

Bottle, a small wooden barrel; I. i. 257.

Brave, becoming, fitting; V. iv. 128.

Break, broach the subject; I. i. 309, 326.

Breathing = breathing-space; II. i. 367.

Bring, accompany; III. ii. 3.

Bucklers; "I give thee the b.," *i.e.* "I yield thee the victory"; V. ii. 17.

By, concerning; V. i. 309.

Candle-wasters, those who burn the midnight oil, bookworms; V. i. 18.

Canker, canker-rose; I. iii. 27.

Capon, used as a term of contempt (? a pun, according to some = "a fool's cap on"); V. i. 155.

Carduus; "C. Benedictus," the holy-thistle; a plant supposed to cure all diseases, including the plague; III. iv. 70.

Care killed a cat, an old proverbial expression; V. i. 132.

Career; "in the c.," *i.e.* "in tilting, as at a tournament"; V. i. 135.

Carpet-mongers, carpet-knights; V. ii. 32.

Carriage, bearing, deportment; I. iii. 29.

Carry, carry out; II. iii. 215.

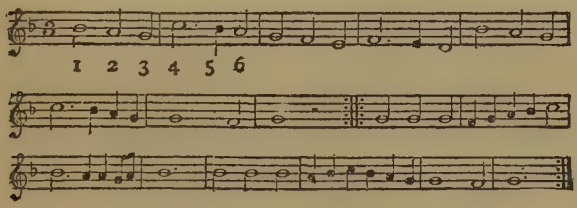
Carving, modelling, fashioning; II. iii. 18.

Censured, judged; II. iii. 225.

Charge, burden; I. i. 101; commission, office; III. iii. 7.

Cheapen, bid for; II. iii. 33.

Cinque-pace, a lively kind of dance; II. i. 74, 79. (*Cp.* accompanying specimens.)



From Naylor's Shakespeare and Music.

Circumstances; "c. shortened," *i.e.* "to omit details"; III. ii. 101.

Civet, a perfume made from the civet-cat; III. ii. 49.

Civil, used quibblingly, with a play upon "civil" and "Seville"; II. i. 296.

Claw, flatter; I. iii. 18.

Cog, to deceive, especially by smooth lies; V. i. 95.

Coil; confusion, III. iii. 97; old coil = much ado, great stir, "the devil to pay"; V. ii. 98.

Coldly, quietly; III. ii. 128.

Commodity, any kind of merchandise; III. iii. 183.

Company, companionship; V. i. 191.

Comprehended, blunder for "apprehended"; III. v. 49.

Conceit, conception; II. i. 300.

Conditions, qualities; III. ii. 65.

Confirmed, unmoved; V. iv. 17.

Consummate, consummated; III. ii. 1.

Contemptible, contemptuous; II. iii. 181.

Controlment, constraint; I. iii. 20.

Conveyance; "impossible c.," incredible dexterity; II. i. 246.

Count Comfect, i.e. "Count Sugarplum," with probably a play upon *conte* or *compte,* a fictitious story; IV. i. 316.

Counties, counts; IV. i. 315.

County, count; II. i. 189, 359.

Courtesies, mere forms of courtesy; IV. i. 320.

Courtesy = curtsey; II. i. 53.
Cousins, kinsmen, enrolled among the dependants of great families, little more than attendants; I. ii. 23.
Cross; "broke c.," *i.e.* "broke athwart the opponent's body" (an expression taken from tilting); V. i. 139.
Cuckold with horns; II. i. 43.

From Taylor the Water-Poet's tract "The World runnes on Wheeles ..." (1623).

Cunning, clever; V. i. 232.
Curst, shrewish; II. i. 20, 21, etc.

Daff, put off; V. i. 78.
Daffed, put aside; II. iii. 170.
Dangerous, threatening; V. i. 97.
Deadly, mortally; V. i. 177.
Dear happiness, a precious piece of good fortune; I. i. 127.
Decerns = a blunder for "concerns"; III. v. 3.
Defend, forbid; II. i. 94.
Defiled (the reading of the Quartos, omitted in the Folio), defiled by slander; V. iv. 63.
Deprave, practise detraction; V. i. 95.
Difference, used technically; "heraldic differences" distinguish the bearers of the same coat armour, and demonstrate their nearness to the representative of the family; I. i. 67.
Discover, reveal; III. ii. 92.
Discovered, revealed; I. ii. 11.
Division, order, arrangement; V. i. 227.
Doctor, a learned person; V. i. 204.
Don Worm (Conscience was formerly represented under the symbol of a worm); V. ii. 84.
Dotage, doting love; II. iii. 169, 216.
Double-dealer, one who is unfaithful in love or wedlock; V. iv. 114.
Doublet and hose; "in his d. and h.," *i.e.* "without his cloak"; alluding to the custom of taking off the cloak before fighting a duel; V. i. 202.
Doubt, suspect; V. i. 118.
Draw, draw the bow of a fiddle (according to others, draw the instruments from their cases); V. i. 128.
Drovier = drover; II. i. 195.
Dry hand (a sign of a cold and chaste nature); II. i. 118.
Dumb-show, a pantomime; II. iii. 218.
Dumps, low spirits; II. iii. 73.

Earnest, handsel, part payment; II. i. 39.
Ecstasy, madness; II. iii. 152.
Eftest, quickest (perhaps a blunder for "deftest"); IV. ii. 35.
Embassage, embassy; I. i. 280.
Engaged, pledged; IV. i. 332.
Entertained, employed; I. iii. 58.
Europa, Europe (used quibblingly); V. iv. 45-6.
Even, plain; IV. i. 264.
Every day, immediately, without delay, as the French *incessamment*; perhaps "E. to-morrow" = "every day (after) to-morrow"; III. i. 101.
Excommunication, blunder for "communication"; III. v. 67.
Exhibition; "e. to examine," possibly a blunder for "examination to exhibit"; IV. ii. 5.
Experimental; "e. seal," *i.e.* "the seal of experience"; IV. i. 167.

Faith, fidelity in friendship; I. i. 73; honour, pledge; V. iv. 8.
Fancy, love; III. ii. 31.
Fashion-monging, foppish; V. i. 94.
Fathers herself, is like her father; I. i. 110.
Favour, countenance; II. i. 94.
Fence, skill in fencing; V. i. 75.
Festival terms, not in everyday language; V. ii. 41.
Fetch me in, draw me into a confession; I. i. 223.
Fine, conclusion; I. i. 245.
Fleer, sneer; V. i. 58.
Fleet, company; II. i. 143.
Flight, shooting with the flight, a kind of light and well-feathered arrow; I. i. 38.
Flout; "f. old ends," *i.e.* make fun of old endings of letters; I. i. 288.
Flouting Jack, mocking rascal; I. i. 184.
Foining, thrusting; V. i. 84.
Frame, order, disposition of things; IV. i. 129.
Framed, devised; V. i. 71.
From, away from; "f. all fashions," averse to all fashions, eccentric; III. i. 72.
Full; "you have it full," *i.e.* "you are fully answered"; I. i. 108.
Full, fully; III. i. 45.
Furnish, to dress; III. i. 103.

Girdle; "to turn his girdle," to give a challenge (alluding to the practice of turning the large buckle of the girdle behind one previously to challenging any one); V. i. 142.
God save the Foundation! (the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses); V. i. 324.
Go in = join with you in; I. i. 186.
Good den, good evening; III. ii. 79.

Good-year, supposed to be a corruption of *goujère,* a disease; used as a mild imprecation; I. iii. 1.

Go to the world, to marry; II. i. 321.

Grace, favour; I. iii. 22.

Gracious, attractive; IV. i. 108.

Grant; the fairest grant = "the best boon is that which answers the necessities of the case"; I. i. 317.

Great Cham, the Khan of Tartary; II. i. 271.

Guarded, ornamented; I. i. 286.

Guards, ornaments; I. i. 287.

Guerdon, recompense; V. iii. 5.

H, i.e. ache; the latter word and the name of the letter were pronounced alike; III. iv. 53.

Haggards, wild, untrained hawks; III. i. 36.

Half-pence, very small pieces; II. iii. 142.

From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Happiness; "outward happiness," *i.e.* "prepossessing appearance"; II. iii. 184.

Hare-finder, one skilled to find the hare; with perhaps a play upon "hair-finder"; I. i. 184.

Head; "to thy head" = "to thy face"; V. i. 62.

Hearken after, inquire into; V. i. 214.

"*Heigh-ho for a hundred,*" the title of an old ballad still extant (*cp.* III. iv. 51, 52); II. i. 323.

Height, highest degree; IV. *i.* 301.

High-proof, in a high degree; V. i. 123.

Hobby-horses (used as a term of contempt); III. ii. 71.

Hold it up, continue it; II. iii. 124.

Holds; "h. you well," thinks well of you; III. ii. 97.

How, however; III. i. 60.

"*Hundred Merry Tales,*" a popular jest-book of the time (included in Hazlitt's Collection of Shakespeare Jest-Books, 1864); II. i. 130.

Important, importunate; II. i. 71.

Impose me to, impose upon me; V. i. 279.

In, with; II. i. 65.

Incensed, instigated; V. i. 240.

Infinite, infinite stretch, utmost power; II. iii. 105.

In respect of = in comparison with; III. iv. 17.

Intend, pretend; II. ii. 34.

In that, inasmuch as; V. iv. 109.

Invention, mental activity; IV. i. 195.

Inwardness, intimacy; IV. i. 246.

Jacks (used as a term of contempt); V. i. 91.

Just, that is so; II. i. 27.

Kid-fox, young fox; II. iii. 44.
Kind, natural; I. i. 26.
Kindly, natural; IV. i. 74.

Lapwing, a reference to the habit of the female green plover; when disturbed on its nest it runs close to the ground a short distance without uttering any cry, while the male bird keeps flying round the intruder, uttering its peculiar cry very rapidly and loudly, and trying, by every means, to draw him in a contrary direction from the nest; III. i. 24.
Large, "large jests," broad jests; II. iii. 198.
Large, free, licentious; IV. i. 52.
Leap'd, covered; V. iv. 49.
Learn, teach; IV. i. 30.
Lewd, depraved; V. i. 339.
Liberal, licentious; IV. i. 92.
Light o' Love, a popular old dance tune, often referred to; III. iv. 42.
Limed, snared as with bird-lime; III. i. 104.
Liver (used as "heart" for the seat of love); IV. i. 232.
Lock, a love-lock; III. iii. 176.
Lock; "he wears a key in his ear, and a l. hanging by it," a quibbling allusion to the "love-locks" worn at the time, and perhaps to the fashion of wearing roses in the ears; V. i. 316.

From a portrait of Christian IV. of Denmark.

Lodge, the hut occupied by the watchman in a rabbit-warren; II. i. 216.
Low, short; III. i. 65.
Lustihood, vigour; V. i. 76.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. i. 41.

March-chick, chicken hatched in March, denoting precocity; I. iii. 56.
Marl, a kind of clay; II. i. 63.
Match, mate, marry; II. i. 64.
Matter, sense, seriousness; II. i. 335.
Matter; "no such matter," nothing of the kind; II. iii. 217.
May, can; IV. i. 265.
Measure, used quibblingly in double sense in connection with dance; II. i. 72.
Medicinable, medicinal; II. i. 5.
Meet with, even with; I. i. 45.

Merely, entirely; II. iii. 218.
Metal, material; II. i. 59.
Misgovernment, misconduct; IV. i. 99.
Misprising, despising; III. i. 52.
Misprision, mistake; IV. i. 186.
Misuse, deceive; II. ii. 28.
Misused, abused; II. i. 240.
Moe, more; II. iii. 72.
Monument; "in m." = "in men's memory"; V. ii. 79.
Moral, hidden meaning, like the moral of a fable; III. iv. 75.
Moral, ready to moralise; V. i. 30.
Mortifying, killing; I. iii. 12.
Mountain, a great heap, a huge amount; II. i. 371.
Mountanta, i.e. montanta, a term in fencing, "an upright blow or thrust," applied by Beatrice to Benedick; I. i. 30.

Near, dear to; II. i. 163.
Neighbours; the time of "good n.," *i.e.* "when men were not envious of one another"; V. ii. 77.
New-trothed, newly betrothed; III. i. 38.
Night-gown, dressing gown; III. iv. 17.
Night-raven, the owl or the night-heron; II. iii. 84.
Noncome; "to a n.," probably = to be *non compos mentis*; III. v. 65.
Nothing, pronounced much in the same way as "noting"; hence the pun here on "nothing" and "no-ting"; II. iii. 59.
Nuptial, marriage ceremony; IV. i. 68.

Of, by; I. i. 124.
Off, away from; III. v. 9.
On, of; IV. i. 138.
Only, alone, of all others; I. iii. 40.
Opinioned, a blunder for "pinioned"; IV. ii. 66.
Orchard, garden; I. ii. 9.
Orthography = orthographer, one who uses fine words; II. iii. 21.
Out-facing, facing the matter out with looks; V. i. 94.
Over-borne, overcome; II. iii. 152.

Pack'd, implicated; V. i. 305.
Palabras, i.e. pocas palabras (Spanish) = "few words"; III. v. 18.
Partridge wing (formerly considered the most delicate part of the bird); II. i. 150.
Passing, exceedingly; II. i. 81.
Passion, emotion; V. i. 23.
Pent-house, a porch or shed with sloping roof; III. iii. 107.
Philemon's roof; an allusion to the story of the peasant Philemon and his Baucis, who received Jupiter into their thatched cottage; II. i. 96.

From an engraving of an old timber-house in the market place at Stratford-on-Avon.

Piety, Dogberry's blunder for "impiety"; IV. ii. 78.

Pigmies, a race of dwarfs fabled to dwell beyond Mount Imaus in India; II. i. 272.

This curious fanciful representation is reproduced from MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 c. 38.

Pikes, central spikes screwed into the bucklers or shields, of the 16th century; V. ii. 21.

Pitch; "they that touch pitch," etc., a popular proverb derived from *Ecclesiasticus* xiii. 1; III. iii. 60.

Pleached, interwoven; III. i. 7.

Pleasant, merry; I. i. 36.

Pluck up, rouse thyself; V. i. 205.

Possess, inform; V. i. 287.

Possessed, influenced; III. iii. 159.

Practice, contrivance, plotting; IV. i. 189.

Preceptial; "p. medicine," *i.e.* "the medicine of precepts"; V. i. 24.

Present, represent; III. iii. 78.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 56.

Press; an allusion to the punishment known as the *peine forte et dure,* which consisted of piling heavy weights on the body; III. i. 76.

Prester John, Presbyter John, a mythical Christian King of

From a MS. (Bibl. Reg. 17 c. 38 of Mandeville of the XVth Cent.)

India, of whose wonders Mandeville tells us much; II. i. 270.

Prized, estimated; III. i. 90.

Prohibit (used amiss by Dogberry); V. i. 333.

Prolong'd, deferred; IV. i. 255.

Proof; "your own p.," *i.e.* "in your own trial of her"; IV. i. 45.

Proper, handsome; II. iii. 183.

Properest, handsomest; V. i. 173.

Propose, conversation; III. i. 12.

Proposing, conversing; III. i. 3.

Push; "made a push at," *i.e.* "defied"; V. i. 38.

Qualify, moderate; V. iv. 67.

Queasy, squeamish; II. i. 389.

Question; "in q.," *i.e.* "under trial, subject to judicial examination"; III. iii. 185.

Question = that 's the question; V. ii. 82.

Question, investigation; V. iv. 6.

Quips, sarcasms; II. iii. 241.

Quirks, shallow conceits; II. iii. 237.

Quit, requite; IV. i. 201.

Rabato, collar, ruff; III. iv. 6.

Rack, stretch, exaggerate; IV. i. 221.

Reasons (punning, according to some commentators, upon "reasons" and "raisins"); V. i. 209.

From a Monument in Ashford Church, Kent.

Recheat, a term of the chase; the call sounded to bring the dogs back; I. i. 240.

Reclusive, secluded; IV. i. 243.

Redemption, a blunder for "perdition"; IV. ii. 56.

Reechy, reeky, dirty; III. iii. 137.

Reformed, Dogberry's blunder for "informed"; V. i. 260.

Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 212.

Render, give back; IV. i. 29.

Reportingly, on mere report; III. i. 116.

Reprove, disprove; II. iii. 233.

Reverence, privilege of age; V. i. 64.

Rheum, tears; V. ii. 83.

Right; "do me right," give me satisfaction; V. i. 147.

Sad, serious; I. i. 183; I. iii. 60; II. i. 348-9.

Sadly, seriously; II. iii. 221.

Salved, palliated; I. i. 315.

Saturn; "born under S.," *i.e.* "of a saturnine or phlegmatic disposition"; I. iii. 11.

Scab, used quibblingly for (1) sore, and (2) a low fellow; III. iii. 104.

Scambling, scrambling; V. i. 94.

Seeming, hypocrisy; IV. i. 56.

Self-endeared, self-loving; III. i. 56.

Sentences, sententious sayings; II. iii. 241.

Seven-night; "a just s.," *i.e.* "exactly a week"; II. i. 364.

Shape of two countries; III. ii. 34.

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mynde what rayment I shall were;
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
Now I will were I cannot tell what."
(From Borde's 'Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge.')

Shaven Hercules, probably alludes to Hercules, shaved to look like a woman, while in the service of Omphale; III. iii. 139.

Shrewd, shrewish; II. i. 19.

Side, long; III. iv. 19.

Sigh; "sigh away Sundays," possibly an allusion to the Puritans' Sabbath; according to others the phrase signifies that a man has no rest at all; I. i. 202.

Slanders, misapplied by Dogberry for "slanderers"; V. i. 219.

Slops, large loose breeches; III. ii. 36.

Smirched, soiled; III. iii. 139.

Smoking, fumigating; I. iii. 59.

So, if; II. i. 88.

Soft you, hold, stop; V. i. 207.

Sort, rank; I. i. 7; I. i. 33.

Sort, turn out; V. iv. 7.

Speed's, i.e. speed us; V. iii. 32.

Spell; "s. him backward," misconstrue him; III. i. 61.

Squarer, quarreller; I. i. 80.

Staff, lance; V. i. 138.

Stale, harlot; IV. i. 65.

Stalk, walk, like a fowler behind a stalking-horse; II. iii. 95.

Start-up, up-start; I. iii. 66.

Stomach, appetite; I. iii. 15.

Stops, the divisions on the finger-board of a lute; III. ii. 59.

Strain, family, lineage; II. i. 384.

Strain; "strain for strain," *i.e.* feeling for feeling; V. i. 12.

Style (used with a quibble on "stile"); V. ii. 6.

Success, the issue; IV. i. 235.

Sufferance, suffering; V. i. 38.
Suffigance, blunder for "sufficient"; III. v. 55.
Sun-burnt, homely, ill-favoured; II. i. 322.
Sure, faithful; I. iii. 69.
Suspect, misapplied for "respect"; IV. ii. 73, 74.
Suspicion (*i.e.* suspicion of having horns under it); I. i. 199.
Swift, ready; III. i. 89.

Taken up, used quibblingly for (1) arrested, and (2) obtained on credit; III. iii. 184.
Tale; "both in a tale," *i.e.* "they both say the same"; IV. ii. 30.
Tax, to censure; I. i. 44.
Teach, to be taught; I. i. 291.
Temper, compound, mix; II. ii. 21.
Temporize, make terms; I. i. 274.
Terminations, terms; II. i. 250.
Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven; I. ii. 9.
Tickling (trisyllabic); III. i. 80.
Tire, head-dress; III. iv. 12.
To, with; II. i. 237.
Tongues; "he hath the t.," *i.e.* "he knows foreign languages"; V. i. 166.
To-night, last night; III. v. 33.
Tooth-picker = tooth-pick; II. i. 268.
Top; "by the top" = by the forelock; I. ii. 14.
Trace, walk; III. i. 16.
Trans-shape, caricature; V. i. 171.
Trial; "to trial of a man," *i.e.* "to combat, man to man"; V. i. 66.
Trow = trow ye, *i.e.* think ye? III. iv. 56.
Truth, genuine proof; II. ii. 48.
Tuition, guardianship; I. i. 281.
Turned Turk = completely changed for the worse; III. iv. 54.
Tyrant, pitiless censor; I. i. 168.

Unconfirmed, inexperienced; III. iii. 119.
Underborne, trimmed, faced; III. iv. 20.
Undergoes, is subject to; V. ii. 57.
Unhappiness, wanton or mischievous tricks; II. i. 351.
Untowardly, unluckily; III. ii. 130.
Up and down, exactly; II. i. 118.
Upon, in consequence of; IV. i. 224.
Use, usury, interest; II. i. 281.
Used; "hath u.," *i.e.* has made a practice of; used equivocally; V. i. 316.
Usurer's chain, an allusion to the gold chains worn by the more wealthy merchants, many of whom were bankers; II. i. 190.

Vagrom, Dogberry's blunder for vagrant; III. iii. 26.

Venice, the city of pleasure-seekers, frequently alluded to as such by Elizabethan writers; I. i. 272.

Weak, foolish; III. i. 54.
Weeds, garments, dress; V. iii. 30.
Windy; "on the w. side of care," *i.e.* "to windward of care" (the metaphor being from two sailing boats racing); II. i. 318.
Wish, desire; III. i. 42.
Wit, wisdom; II. iii. 187.
With = by; II. i. 61; V. iv. 126.
Wits; "five wits," *i.e.* "the five intellectual powers—common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory"; I. i. 64.
Woe, woful tribute; V. iii. 33.
Woo, press; II. iii. 50.
Woodcock, fool; V. i. 157.
Woollen, blankets; II. i. 31.
Wring, writhe; V. i. 28.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 216. The English story of 'Mr. Fox' alluded to here was first written down by Blakeway, who contributed to Malone's Variorum Edition a version of the tale he had heard from an old aunt (*cp.* Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*).

II. i. 80. *'sink a-pace,'* etc.; Camb. Ed. following Q. *'sink into his grave'*; Folio 1, Folio 2, *'sinkes'*; Capell, *'sink-a-pace'*; so MS. corrector of Collier's Folio.

II. i. 215. *'as melancholy as a lodge in a warren'*; the phrase suggests "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," Isaiah i. 8.

II. i. 246. *'impossible,'* Theobald, *'impassable.'*

II. ii. 44. Some editors substitute 'Borachio' for 'Claudio' in order to relieve the difficulty here, but, as the Cambridge editors point out, "Hero's supposed offence would not be enhanced by calling one lover by the name of the other. . . . Perhaps the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio."

II. iii. 38. The Folio reads:—*'Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson'*: the latter was probably the singer who took the part of Balthasar.

III. ii. 27. *'Where is but a humour or a worm'*; toothache was popularly supposed to be caused by a worm at the root of the tooth.

III. iii. It is an interesting fact that 'Dogberry,' the vulgar name of the *dogwood,* was used as a surname as far back as the time of Richard II., and that 'Verges,' a provincial corruption for *verjuice,* occurs in an ancient MS. (MS. Ashmol. 38) as the name of a usurer, whose epitaph is given:—

> "Here lies father Varges
> Who died to save charges."

III. iii. 89. *'Keep your fellows' counsels and your own.'* It has been pointed out by students of Shakespeare's legal acquirements

that these words still form part of the oath administered by judges' marshal to the grand jurymen at the present day.

III. v. 18. *'Comparisons are odorous.'* An elaborate extension of this joke occurs in the old play of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (c. 1603).

III. v. 37. *'When the age is in, the wit is out'*; a blunder for the old proverbial expression, 'when the ale is in, wit is out'—

> "When ale is in, wit is out,
> When ale is out, wit is in,
> The first thou showest out of doubt,
> The last in thee hath not been."
> HEYWOOD'S *Epigrams and Proverbs.*

IV. ii. Nearly all the speeches of Dogberry throughout the Scene are given to the famous comedian 'Kemp,' those of Verges to 'Cowley.' William Kemp and Richard Cowley are among the 'principall actors' enumerated in the First Folio. The retention of the names of the actors "supplies a measure of the editorial care to which the several Folios were submitted." Dogberry's speech is assigned to *'Andrew,'* probably a familiar appellation of Kemp, who, according to the Cambridge Edition, often played the part of 'Merry Andrew.'

IV. ii. 5. *'we have the exhibition to examine.'* Verges' blunder is not quite clear: possibly 'exhibition' is used in the sense of 'allowance' or 'permission,' otherwise he perhaps means 'examination to exhibit.'

From a MS. Pontificale ad usum Ecclesiæ Romanæ et Anglicanæ. XIVth Cent.

V. i. 16. *'Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem"!'* The Quarto and the first and second Folios read, *'And sorrow wagge, crie hem'*; Folio 3, *'And hallow, wag, cry hem'*; Folio 4, *'And hollow wag, cry hem.'* Many emendations have been suggested. Capell's *'bid sorrow wag,'* is now generally adopted. Johnson proposed *'Cry, sorrow wag! and hem.'* ('Sorrow wag,' like 'care away,' was probably a proverbial phrase.) One other suggestion is perhaps noteworthy:—*'And, sorry wag, cry "hem."'*

V. i. 315. *'key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it.'*

V. i. 318. *Lend, for God's sake.*

V. iii. 21. *'Heavily, heavily'*; so reads the Quarto; the Folios, *'Heavenly, heavenly,'* adopted by many editors. The same error, however, of *'heavenly'* for *'heavily'* occurs in the Folio reading of *Hamlet*, II. ii. 309.

"The slayers of the virgin knight are performing a solemn requiem on the body of Hero, and they invoke Midnight and the shades of the dead to assist, until *her* death be *uttered*, that is, proclaimed, published, sorrowfully, sorrowfully" (Halliwell).

V. iv. 123. *'there is no staff more revered than one tipped with horn'*; *i.e.* having a tip of horn, a horn handle; there is, of course, a quibbling allusion in the words to the favourite Elizabethan joke.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

23. *a badge of bitterness*:—In Chapman's version of the 10th Odyssey, a somewhat similar expression occurs: "Our eyes wore the same wet badge of weak humanity." This is an idea which Shakespeare apparently delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*, I. iv.: "My plenteous joys, wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves in drops of sorrow."

54, 55. *stuffed with all honourable virtues*:—Mede in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam, says, "He whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed man*, and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A stuffed man appears to have been one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold.

184, 185. *to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder*, etc.:—Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a good carpenter?

216-218. *Like the old tale*, etc.:—In illustration of this passage, Mr. Blakeway has given his recollections of an old tale, which he thinks may be the one alluded to, very like some that we in our childhood have often lain awake to hear and been kept awake with thinking of after the hearing: "Once upon a time there lived a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, who made it his business to decoy or force young women to his house, that he might have their skeletons to adorn his chambers with. Near

by dwelt a family, the lady Mary and her two brothers, whom Mr. Fox often visited, they, especially the lady, being much pleased with his company. One day, the lady, being left alone and having nothing else to do, thought to amuse herself by calling upon Mr. Fox, as he had often invited her to do. Knocking some time, but finding no one at home, she at length opened and went in. Over the portal was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* Going forward, she saw the same over the stairway, and again over the door of the chamber at the head of the stairs. Opening this door, she saw at once what sort of work was carried on there. Retreating hastily, she saw out of the window Mr. Fox coming, holding a sword in one hand, and with the other dragging a young lady by the hair. She had just time to hide herself under the stairs before he entered. As he was going up stairs the young lady caught hold of the banister with her hand, whereon was a rich bracelet; he then cut off her hand, and it fell, bracelet and all, into Mary's lap. She took it, and, as soon as she could, hastened home. A few days after, Mr. Fox came to dine with her and her brothers. As they were entertaining each other with stories, she said she would tell them a strange dream she had lately had. She said, I dreamed, Mr. Fox, that as you had often invited me to your house, I went there one morning. When I came, I knocked, but no one answered; when I opened the door, over the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox and smiling, *It is not so, nor it was not so.* Then she went on with the story, repeating this at every turn, till she came to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, saying, *It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so*; which he kept repeating at every turn of the dreadful story, till she came to his cutting off the lady's hand; then, upon his saying the same words, she replied, *But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,* at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap; whereupon the guests drew their swords, and cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

236, 237. *but in the force of his will*:—Alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.

257. *hang me in a bottle like a cat*:—It seems to have been one of the inhuman sports of the time to enclose a cat in a wooden tub or bottle suspended aloft to be shot at.

261. This line is from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, 1599.

317. *The fairest grant is the necessity*:—Hayley, with great

acuteness, proposed to read, "The fairest grant is *to* necessity"; i.e., *necessitas quod cogit defendit.* The meaning may, however, be, "The fairest or most equitable concession is that which is needful only."

Scene III.

12, 13. *I cannot hide what I am*:—This is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure and too sullen to receive it, often endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty or the dignity of haughty independence.

18. *claw no man in his humour*:—So in Howell's *Letters*: "Here it is not the style to *claw* and compliment with the King." *Claw-back* occurs in the same sense both as a noun and a verb. Thus Camden says of Queen Elizabeth: "When she often used the saying, That most men neglected the setting sun, these *claw-backs* ceased not to beat into her ears—Who will neglect the wholesome beams of the clear sunshine, to behold the pitiful sparkling of the smaller stars?"

40. That is, "for I make nothing else my counsellor."

59. *smoking a musty room*:—The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford to *sweeten* our chambers."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

94, 95. *God defend the lute*, etc.:—That is, God forbid that your face should be like your mask.

130. *'Hundred Merry Tales'*:—This was the term for a *jest-book* in Shakespeare's time, from a popular collection of that name, about which the commentators were much puzzled, until a large fragment was discovered in 1815, by the Rev. J. Conybeare, Professor of Poetry in Oxford. It was printed by Rastell, and therefore must have been published previous to 1533. Another collection of the same kind, called *Tales and Quicke Answeres*, printed by Berthelette, and of nearly equal antiquity, was

also reprinted at the same time; and it is remarkable that this collection is cited by Sir John Harrington under the title of *The Hundred Merry Tales*. It continued for a long period to be the popular name for collections of this sort.

209, 210. *puts the world*, etc.:—That is, who takes upon herself to personate the world, and so fancies that the world thinks just as she does. In nearly all modern editions, *the base, though bitter, disposition* (lines 208, 209) is changed to *the base, the bitter disposition*; probably because the editors could not discover the relation between *base* and *bitter*, nor divine that *though* here means *since* or *because*, as often in Shakespeare.

215, 216. *a lodge in a warren*:—A similar image of loneliness occurs in *Measure for Measure*: "At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana."

257, 258. *Ate in good apparel*:—Upon this passage Warburton remarks, and Collier endorses him, that "the ancient poets and painters represent the *Furies in rags*." Ate, however, was not a Fury, but the daughter of Jupiter, and goddess of mischief and discord.

269, 270. *bring you*, etc.:—How difficult this had been, may be guessed from Butler's account of that distinguished John:—

> "While like the mighty Prester John,
> Whose person none dares look upon,
> But is preserv'd in close disguise
> From being made cheap to vulgar eyes."

Scene II.

44. *term me Claudio*:—So in all the old copies. Theobald thought it should read *Borachio* instead of Claudio; whereas the expression, *term me*, infers that a false name is to be agreed upon between the speaker and Margaret. Both Claudio and the Prince might well be persuaded that Hero received a clandestine lover, whom she *called* Claudio, in order to deceive her attendants, should any be within hearing; and this they would of course deem an aggravation of her offence. It is hardly worth the while to add, that *they* would be in no danger of supposing the man, whom Margaret *termed* Claudio, to be Claudio in fact.

Scene III.

[*Enter Benedick.*] In the original, both Quarto and Folio, the stage direction here is, "Enter Benedick alone"; in all modern editions till Collier's it is, "Enter Benedick and a Boy." The original is probably right, the design being that Benedick shall be seen pacing to and fro, ruminating and digesting the matter of his forthcoming soliloquy. In this state his mind gets so deep in philosophy that he wants a book to feed the appetite which passing events have awakened. Of course the boy comes when called for.

18, 19. *carving . . . doublet*:—This folly is the theme of all comic satire. In Barnabe Riche's *Faults and Nothing but Faults*, 1606, "the fashionmonger that spends his time in the contemplation of suites" is said to have "a sad and heavy countenance," because his tailor "hath cut his new sute after the olde stampe of some stale fashion that is at the least of a whole fortnight's standing."

36, 37. *her hair*, etc.:—Disguises of false hair and of dyed hair were quite common, especially among the ladies, in Shakespeare's time; scarce any of them being so richly dowered with other gifts as to be content with the hair which it had pleased Nature to bestow. The Poet has several passages going to show that this custom was not much in favour with him; as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii., where Biron "mourns that painting and usurping hair should ravish doters with a false aspect." That in this as in other things Shakespeare's mind went with Nature, further appears from his making so sensible a fellow as Benedick talk that way.

60-62. A similar tribute to the power of music occurs in *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 59, 60, where it is spoken of as able to "draw three souls out of one weaver."

95. *stalk on*:—An allusion to the *stalking-horse*, whereby the fowler anciently screened himself from the sight of the game. It is thus described in John Gee's *New Shreds of the Old Snare*: "Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fen-countries and elsewhere, that do shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wild fowl, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carry before them, having pictured on it the shape of a horse; which while the silly fowl gazeth on, it is knocked down with hail-shot, and so put into the fowler's budget."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

61. *spell him backward*:—That is, *misinterpret* him. An allusion to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. In like sort, we often say of a man who refuses to take things in their plain natural meaning, as if he were on the lookout for some cheat, "He reads everything backwards."

76. *press me to death*:—The allusion is to an ancient punishment inflicted on those who refused to plead to an indictment. If they continued silent, they were pressed to death by heavy weights laid on the stomach.

107. *What fire is in mine ears?*—Alluding to the proverbial saying, which is as old as Pliny's time, "That when our *ears do glow and tingle,* some there be that in our absence do talke of us."

113. *Taming,* etc.:—This image is taken from falconry. She has been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; she therefore says that, wild as her heart is, she will *tame* it *to the hand.*

Scene II.

11. *hangman*:—That is, executioner, slayer of hearts.

21. *the toothache*:—So in *The False One,* by Fletcher:—

> "O, this sounds mangily,
> Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
> You had best be troubled with the *tooth-ache* too,
> *For lovers ever are.*"

24, 25. *hang it first, and draw it afterwards*:—Apparently a quibbling allusion to the old custom of "hanging, drawing, and quartering."

34, 35. *two countries at once*:—So in *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London,* by Dekker, 1606: "For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's body that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places: his codpiece, in Denmarke; the collar of his dublet and the belly, in France; the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy; the short waste hangs over a botcher's stall in Utrich; his huge sloppes speak Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes," etc.

58. *a lute-string*:—*Love-songs*, in Shakespeare's time, were sung to the lute. So in 1 *Henry IV.*, I. ii. 81: "*A lover's lute.*"

67. *buried with her face upwards*:—That is, in her lover's arms. So in *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 129-132:—

> *Flo.* What, like a corse?
> *Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
> Not like a corse; or if, not to be *buried*
> But quick and in mine arms.

Scene III.

[*Dogberry and Verges*] The first of these worthies is named from the *dogberry*, a shrub that grows in every county in England. *Verges* is the provincial pronunciation of *verjuice*.

7. *give them their charge*:—To *charge* his fellows seems to have been a regular part of the duty of the constable of the watch. So in *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1639: "My watch is set—*charge given*—and all at peace."

176. *a' wears a lock*:—A lock of hair, called "a love-lock," was often worn by the gay young gallants of Shakespeare's time. This ornament and invitation to love was cherished with great care by the owners, being brought before and tied with a riband. Prynne, the great Puritan hero, spit some of his bile against this fashion, in a book on *The Unloveliness of Love-locks*.

183, 184. *We are like to prove*, etc.:—We have the same conceit in 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. vii. 129, 130: "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and *take up commodities* upon our *bills*?"

Scene IV.

19. *down sleeves*:—That is, with pearls set along down the sleeves. *Side sleeves* are long, full sleeves. *Side* is from the Anglo-Saxon *sid*, long, ample. Peele, in his *Old Wives' Tale*, has "*side* slops," for long trousers. So likewise, in Jonson's play, *The New Inn*, V. i.:—

> "He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,
> And his branch'd cassock, a *side* sweeping gown,
> All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine."

Our word *side*, in its ordinary use, has reference to the *length* of the thing to which it is applied.

53. *For the letter*, etc.:—*For* here means *because of*. Heywood has an epigram which elucidates the identity in pronunciation between the word *ache* and the letter *H*:—

"H is worst among letters in the cross-row,
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thine arm or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
Into what place soever H may pike him,
Wherever thou find him *ache* thou shalt not like him."

70, 71. *Carduus Benedictus*:—The following is from Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1595: "This herb, for the singular virtue it hath, is worthily named *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to the physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God."

Scene V.

1 *et seq. What would you*, etc.:—"Under ordinary conditions," says Herford, "the discovery must follow at once, Hero would be vindicated before the marriage, and the whole scheme of the drama would dissolve. It was necessary that the discovery should be foreseen when that otherwise too harrowing scene takes place, but that it should not be actually made. This double result is secured by the admirable creations of Dogberry and Verges. Even Coleridge could regard them as somewhat irrelevant figures 'forced into the service' of the plot, 'when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action.' But the gist of the invention lies just in their being 'ingeniously absurd' in the particular way in which they are. Nothing but their delicious irrelevance prevents the truth from reaching Leonato in time; but—'neighbours, you are tedious,' and he hands over the 'two aspicious persons' who hold his daughter's fate in their hands to the constable's leisurely 'excommunication.' The very figure of Dogberry is reassuring; evil cannot be rampant in a city which he and his 'most quiet watchmen' sufficiently protect, nor the story finally disastrous to which he contributes a link. It is a part of the irony, grave but not yet bitter, which underlies the play, that in this community of brilliantly accomplished men and women, it is not by dint of wit but through the blind channels of accident and unreason that the discovery makes its way.

'What your wisdoms,' as Borachio says, 'could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light.'"

21. *the poor duke's officers*:—This stroke of pleasantry, arising from the transposition of the epithet *poor*, occurs in *Measure for Measure*. Elbow says, "If it please your honour, I am the *poor Duke's* constable."

38. *a world to see*:—This was a common apostrophe of admiration, equivalent to *it is wonderful*, or *it is admirable*. Baret in his *Alvearie*, 1580, explains "*It is a world to heare*" by "It is a thing worthie the hearing, *audire est operæ pretium*." In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* we have "Is it not *a world* to consider?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

11-13. *If either of you know*, etc.:—This is borrowed from the marriage ceremony, which (with a few changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in Shakespeare's time.

21, 22. *some be of laughing*, etc.:—Benedick is in a grammatical state of mind, and here quotes from his accidence.

68. *True! O God!*—Hero's words are in reply to the speech of Don John.

74. *kindly*:—*Kind* is often used in Shakespeare for *nature*, *kindly* for *natural*. So in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 66: "This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs." So likewise in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

> "The earth shall sooner leave her *kindly* skill
> To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,
> Than I leave you, my life, yborne of heavenly birth."

123. *The story*, etc.:—That is, the story which her *blushes* discovered to be true.

250, 251. Of this passage Johnson says: "This is one of Shakespeare's subtle observations upon life. Men, overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him."

293. *I am gone, though I am here*:—That is, though my person stay with you, my heart is gone from you.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* "I step aside for a moment," says Lloyd, "to remark the comic value of the character of Antonio, so often doomed to be neglected and left out. Leonato, at the commencement of the fifth Act, is immersed in grief for the disgrace of his child, but the spectator already knows that this grief will speedily be allayed by the publication of her innocence, and the additional knowledge that he is bound to exaggerate consciously the expression of his grief by the pretence of her death, still farther checks the spontaneousness of our compassion. Sympathy is balked and puzzled, and would rebel in affront, but that the Poet furnishes a fair excuse for the laugh which incongruity invites. by the grotesque comicality of the indignation of Antonio. With like humanity, in the scene where the sleeping Juliet is mourned by her parents as dead, a vent for our importunate sense of absurdity is supplied in the ludicrously exaggerated wailings of the nurse. In the present instance there is great comic truth in the interchange of position by the brothers in the course of the Scene. At the commencement Antonio ministers as best he may in the character of moralist and philosopher to the excitement of his brother, and at the conclusion it is he himself who has to be held back and soothed by Leonato, in a violent outburst of passionate abuse."

18. *candle-wasters*:—The following passage occurs in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels,* III. ii.: "Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a whoreson *book-worm, a candle-waster*?" Leonato's whole speech is aimed at those comforters who moralize by the book against our natural emotions; who would have us drown our troubles in a cup of bookish philosophy.

102. *wake your patience*:—That is, rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger, by remaining longer in your presence.

128, 129. *bid thee draw,* etc.:—"I will bid thee draw thy sword, as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles, merely to please us."

139. *broke cross*:—It was held very disgraceful for a tilter to have his spear broken across the body of his adversary, instead of by a push of the point. Thus, in *As You Like It,* III. iv. 42-44: "As a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose."

142. *to turn his girdle*:—Thus Sir Ralph Winwood in a letter to Cecil: "I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me." The phrase came from the practice of wrestlers, and is thus explained by Holt White: "Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind was therefore a challenge."

157. A *woodcock* was a common term for a foolish fellow; that savoury bird being supposed to have no brains. Claudio alludes to the stratagem whereby Benedick has been made to fall in love. Thus Sir William Cecil, in a letter to Secretary Maitland, referring to an attempted escape of some French hostages: "I went to lay some lime-twigs for certain *woodcocks*, which I have taken." The proverbial simplicity of the woodcock is often celebrated by Shakespeare.

228, 229. *one meaning well suited*:—That is, *one meaning put into many different dresses*; the prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.

290. It was the custom to attach, upon or near the tombs of celebrated persons, a written inscription, either in prose or verse, generally in praise of the deceased.

296. *she alone is heir to both of us*:—It would seem that Antonio's son, mentioned in I. ii., must have died since the play began.

Scene II.

77. *the time of good neighbours*:—That is, when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.

Scene III.

3. *Done to death*:—This phrase occurs frequently in writers of Shakespeare's time: it appears to be derived from the French phrase, *faire mourir*.

13. *thy virgin knight*:—*Knight* was a common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time; probably in allusion to their being the votarists of Diana, whose chosen pastime was in knightly sports. So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, V. i.:—

> "O, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
> Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,

Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy *female knights*
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe."

Scene IV.

43. *the savage bull*:—Still alluding to the passage quoted from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy,* in the first Scene of the play.

123, 124. *no staff more reverend,* etc.:—This passage refers to the staves or walking-sticks used by elderly persons, which were often *tipped with horn.* Chaucer's *Sompnour* describes one of his friars as having a "scrippe and *tipped staff*"; and he adds that "His felaw had *a staf tipped with horn.*"

Questions on

Much Ado About Nothing.

1. Mention some facts that help to establish the date of the play. From what Italian sources may some of the incidents have been derived?

ACT FIRST.

2. How is it shown in the first Scene that the play will deal with love as a warfare?

3. What unconscious confession does Beatrice make in her inquiries of the messenger concerning Benedick?

4. Was Benedick loved by women? How does one find it out?

5. How is his speech on the subject answered by Beatrice?

6. What may be assumed as the previous relations of Benedick and Beatrice accounting for their attitudes in the opening Scene?

7. Describe the way Claudio introduces the subject of his love for Hero to Benedick and to Don Pedro.

8. What arrangement is made between Don Pedro and Claudio to further the latter's suit?

9. Concerning Hero's love affair, what blunder is made by Antonio, and how does he support his case?

10. Don John gives what account of himself in the third Scene? Why is his character so definitely drawn thus early in the play?

11. What third version of the Hero intrigue do we gain from Borachio?

12. What lines of action are laid down in the first Act that prove the title of *Much Ado*?

ACT SECOND.

13. What is the dramatic purpose of the dialogue preceding the entrance of the revelers?

14. Show how it is made apparent that Hero is one ruled by her father. Compare her with Ophelia.

15. What is the character of the scene that follows the dialogue?

16. Indicate the import of the conversation between Hero and Don Pedro; between Ursula and Antonio.

17. What impression of Margaret is derived from her interview with Balthasar?

18. Did Beatrice recognize her *vis-à-vis* in the masked scene?

19. Explain the triple misconstruction in the scene between Don John and Claudio.

20. What important point in the plot is marked by the soliloquy of Claudio?

21. Comment on the spirit of Benedick's reply to Claudio, Sc. i. 195.

22. Your estimate of Claudio as he has so far revealed himself.

23. State the various misunderstandings of the love affair of Claudio and Hero. What single character is following the thread of it with a clear apprehension of the real facts?

24. Cite from *Hamlet* an expression similar to Benedick's (line 251) *she would infect to the north star.*

25. Explain the dramatic significance of the moment when Beatrice says (line 308) *Speak, count, 'tis your cue.*

26. Where in the play do the words of Beatrice to Hero (line 313) rebound upon herself?

27. Characterize the traits of Beatrice, displayed in the closing parts of the first Scene.

28. What scheme is proposed and agreed to at the close of this Scene?

29. Detail the plot laid to put a blight upon Hero. Who devised it?

30. Compare the intellectual qualities of Don John and of Iago.

31. Explain the change of attitude of Benedick as shown in the two soliloquies in Sc. iii. How does the device by which Benedick comes to a knowledge of Beatrice's regard for him ally itself with other devices of the rising action? Who is the author of this stratagem?

32. At the close of the Scene, how do Beatrice and Benedick exemplify the characters that have been attributed to them? What saves Benedick from a fatuousness similar to that of Malvolio?

ACT THIRD.

33. Compare the stratagem as wrought by the men on Benedick with that worked by Hero and Ursula on Beatrice. What traits natural to each sex are displayed? What touch of irony in Hero's words?

34. Compare Beatrice's soliloquy after the practised stratagem with Benedick's. Indicate the comic element of the situation. What indications have we that the stratagem, as concerns Benedick, has been effectual?

35. What temper of mind do you find in Claudio upon the eve of the revelations concerning Hero?

36. Contrast the manner of Claudio and of Don Pedro upon hearing the revelations of Don John.

37. What is the humorous effect of Sc. iii? Indicate its dramatic purpose.

38. Mention some traits possessed in common by Dogberry and Shallow (*Merry Wives*).

39. What part in the action do the watchmen play?

40. On what ground were Borachio and Conrade apprehended? What is there essentially comic in this Scene?

41. Account for the mood of Beatrice in Sc. iv. How does Margaret's wit compare with that of Beatrice?

42. On what purpose bent did Dogberry and Verges (Sc. v.) visit the house of Leonato?

43. How does Sc. v. suggest a way by which the tragic consequences of the fourth Act might have been averted?

44. Yet is not the development of the plot at this point absolutely convincing? Is there an effect here of a postponed climax?

ACT FOURTH.

45. Comment on the art with which Shakespeare has made the conduct of Claudio at the altar tolerable from an artistic point of view.

46. What earlier situations are only sketched or reported that might have been brought into the action?

47. What causes Hero finally to swoon?

48. Who among the company believe in her innocence?

49. By what art does Shakespeare bring Benedick and Beatrice to the point of mutual avowal of love?

50. Comment on the difference between art and nature, using as a basis the long speech that Leonato delivers over the lifeless body of Hero.

51. What expedient is employed to gain time for proving the innocence of Hero?

52. Compare the Friar of this play with that in *Romeo and Juliet.*

53. What two things demand that the scene of vindication follow closely upon the scene of accusation?

54. State the problem that the resolution of the plot has to deal with.

ACT FIFTH.

55. What impression do the lamentations of Leonato make upon you?

56. Show how the case of Leonato suggests materials of tragic grief, and yet in actuality falls short of displaying it.

57. Describe the quarrel between Leonato and Claudio.

58. What is the bearing of Claudio in the encounter with Benedick?

59. In the banter of Claudio and Don Pedro, what echo is there of an earlier scene? Is this a dramatic expedient?

60. Where else in the last Act do you find use of such an expedient?

61. What art consistent with comedy makes Borachio untie the knot?

62. Define Dogberry's position in relation to the resolution of the plot.

63. Comment on Borachio's justification of Margaret (lines 307-309).

64. Define the episodic purpose of Sc. iii.

65. Outline the last Scene of the play.

66. Do the repentance of Claudio and Don Pedro, and the forgiveness of Leonato satisfactorily account for the change in the natural conclusion of the story?

67. Account for the happy ending.

68. Has Claudio proved worthy of the great gift that is bestowed upon him?

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69. Comment upon the structural perfection of this play.

70. What about its adaptability to stage representation?

71. Comment upon its wit. How does it compare, for instance, with that of *Measure for Measure*?

72. What change in the tone of social intercourse do we observe between Shakespeare's era and our own?

73. Wherein resides the great charm of Beatrice? What are her splendid womanly qualities?

74. Critics have disagreed as to the probable happy marriage. What is your prophecy?

75. Do you think highly of Benedick? Had he a chivalrous nature? Had he been penetrating, would he not have seen the real drift of Beatrice's persecutions?

76. To what things was Claudio's nature especially sensitive? What were his limitations?

77. Where does Beatrice point out his gravest misdemeanor?

78. Is there any dramatic purpose in creating Hero as one lacking in positive qualities?

79. Estimate the character of Don Pedro; of Borachio; of Margaret.

80. Show the fitness of the title, *Much Ado About Nothing*.

81. How does the drama differ from the novel in respect to the degree in which mystery may be employed to shroud the true course of events?

82. While dealing with a harrowing episode like the plot against Hero, how does Shakespeare all along convey the feeling that things will come out well?

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